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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**LIFT-OUT: HOW TO MAKE FOLDING PAPER PUPPETS**  
**NEW TRICKS FOR SETTING YOUR OWN HAIR by KENNETH**  
**THREE TYPES OF INSOMNIA: YOU CAN BEAT THEM ALL**





## TEENAGE MORALS AND THE PILL

### FIVE EXPERTS SPEAK OUT!

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**Australian Home Journal**

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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#### OUR COVER

● Like to wear your heart on your glove? Well, why not—fashionably, hearts are trumps right now. In his spring collection, Louis Feraud places hearts on dresses and shortie gloves. It's an easy idea to copy, too. Just cut a heart-shape from a scrap of red felt and applique it on to glove or dress.

## The Weekly Round

**D**R. M. N. Pai, who tells "How To Beat Insomnia" on page 7, has been interested in sleep research for more than 40 years.

His interest started in his student days when he began to suspect that mankind was enslaved by the old wives' tale that eight hours was the ideal, or perhaps the minimum, time to sleep.

And, he says, there appeared to be a widespread belief that insufficient sleep led to incurable insanity, if not early death.

Yet he learned of many people, like Shakespeare and Edison, who had lived full and active lives on only three or four hours' sleep a night, while others were living long and useful lives on naps alone.

Dr. Pai defines sleep:

"A psycho-physical state characterised by a dimming of consciousness, a relaxation of the skeletal muscles, and by temporary changes in the sensory motor functions. It is simply the absence of conscious activity."

And he has this forecast: "As indoor lighting continues to improve, the time spent in sleep will continue to decrease, and by A.D. 2000 man may be averaging only three hours a night."

THERE was a typographical error in the recipe for One-Egg Slab Cake, featured in the Prize Recipe Booklet in our March 30 issue. The ingredient "5 table-spoons baking powder" should have read "5 tea-spoons baking powder."



### Beauty in the twenties

In the early twenties the complexion is at its loveliest, and you should take care to treat it wisely and well by smoothing a film of moist tropical oil over the face and neck before applying make-up so that your skin, particularly the delicate tissue surrounding the eyes, is nourished and beautified. This tropical moist oil of Ulan gives your make-up a beautiful finish and ensures your complexion retaining a bloom of youthful loveliness for the years ahead.

... Margaret Merritt

Edmont

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# Lord and Lady De L'Isle

By ANNE MATHESON, in London

There were two ceremonies when Lord De L'Isle, former Governor-General of Australia, was married in Paris to Margaret, Lady Glanusk, widow of the third Baron Glanusk — a civil service in the British Embassy that was followed by a religious ceremony in the Embassy Church.

Happy Lord De L'Isle and his bride, Margaret, the former Lady Glanusk, walk along the Rue d'Alsace-Lorraine after their wedding in Paris. Below, the Place Vendôme (from left) Mrs. W. Legge Brooke (the bride's daughter), Lady De L'Isle, the Hon. Philip Sidney (the bridegroom's son), with his niece and the bridegroom's granddaughter, Shaunagh Colthurst, Lord De L'Isle.



## And an Australian welcome for bride

A REAL Australian welcome was waiting for the new Lady De L'Isle when she and her husband returned from their brief honeymoon in North Africa to Lord De L'Isle's home, Penshurst Place, Kent.

An Australian butler, Owen Davies, who was with Lord De L'Isle in Canberra during his term as Governor-General, had everything in readiness for the bride.

As well, the ancestral home of the De L'Isle family will have an Australian flavor. Foundations are being laid for an Australian bungalow, to be used for informal entertaining on sunny days.

But it will not be long before Lady De L'Isle enjoys Australian life in all its aspects. Lord De L'Isle is taking his bride to Australia to see his property.

(He owns two properties near Armidale, N.S.W.)

"I can't wait to see Australia," she told me, "and I am longing to go jackarooping."

Her husband corrected her. "You mean boundary riding, don't you?"

"Well, I mean rounding up cattle and riding in the outback," she said.

Lord De L'Isle said, "Our

first big journey is to see my drought-stricken property."

He turned to Lady De L'Isle and said: "Margaret, you are going to love it."

But the welcome for the new bride at Penshurst would be quiet compared with the enormous gathering awaiting Lord and Lady De L'Isle when they go to Glanusk Park, Crickhowel, Wales.

Here all the bride's tenants (four busloads of them) and the whole of the Women's Institute (an institution in Britain to which every country woman belongs) will turn out to greet Lord De L'Isle.

### Film evening

Not only will the Women's Institute give him a warm Welsh welcome but they are promised an evening of films on Australia.

"It was the very first promise I extracted from Lord De L'Isle," his wife said, "to bring his marvellous movies of Australia and New Guinea and show them to the Institute."

Lord and Lady De L'Isle will divide their time between Penshurst (open to the public) and Glanusk Park (quiet and secluded on the banks of the Wye River in the beautiful green valley haloed by the famous Black Mountains of Wales).

"My husband loves fishing,

so I know he is going to enjoy my home as much as I am going to love Penshurst, particularly now that it has an Australian flavor and association," said Lady De L'Isle.

The Wye River is famous for salmon fishing.

Lady De L'Isle's first husband, the third Baron Glanusk, died in 1948. They had been married only five years.

The title passed to his kinsman, as they had only one child, a daughter, Shan, now married to Captain W. Legge Brooke.

The third Baron Glanusk's estate, valued at nearly £500,000, passed in its entirety to his widow.

Lady De L'Isle is Welsh and proud of it. She is a handsome woman, has a soft voice with a pleasant Welsh lilt. She is, of course, musical.

"I sing in our choir and sometimes conduct it," she said. "It is made up of our estate workers and we compete in local eisteddfods. I love singing."

As well, she breeds Welsh ponies, has been a justice of the peace for nine years, and is on the local council.

"You see, I am going to have a very busy married life, running two homes as well as the property in Australia, but I am going to love it," she said.





## NEXT WEEK

★ Just wait till you see our lift-out! It's a knitting catalogue packed with 70 exciting designs:



... and FREE leaflets are available for all 70 patterns.

### And:

★ Do you ever dream of owning your own business ... of being independent, making a good living, enjoying some of the luxuries of life? Read the helpful advice in

So ...

you want to be your *own* boss?

It tells you how to achieve this in seven different fields — and warns you of some of the pitfalls.

### And:



★ Our complete short novel is the romantic and very suspenseful story

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LITTLE BIRD"**

by Valerie Watkinson

### And:

★ In color:

**SPRING EVENING DRESSES**

... they're "gentle" or "strict."

### And:

**PASTA**

Spaghetti, lasagne, noodles, gnocchi



**BUSH WAIFS.** George and Joy Adamson (Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna) play with cubs.

Lions are the stars of a sentimental-but-true film

## "BORN

TO capture on film the 95 minutes of "Born Free," 42 weeks of location shooting in Kenya and a cast of hundreds of animals were needed. The result is, in one sense, the most English film ever made.

Its attitude to animals is unashamedly sentimental. Virginia McKenna as Joy Adamson, who wrote the best-seller, talks to the tiny cub Elsa in terms of endearment usually reserved for a woman's first-born.

Bill Travers, who plays George Adamson, the game warden, talks of Elsa's "first date," and, when the young lioness flirts and runs from a lion, remarks that she's behaving just like a girl.

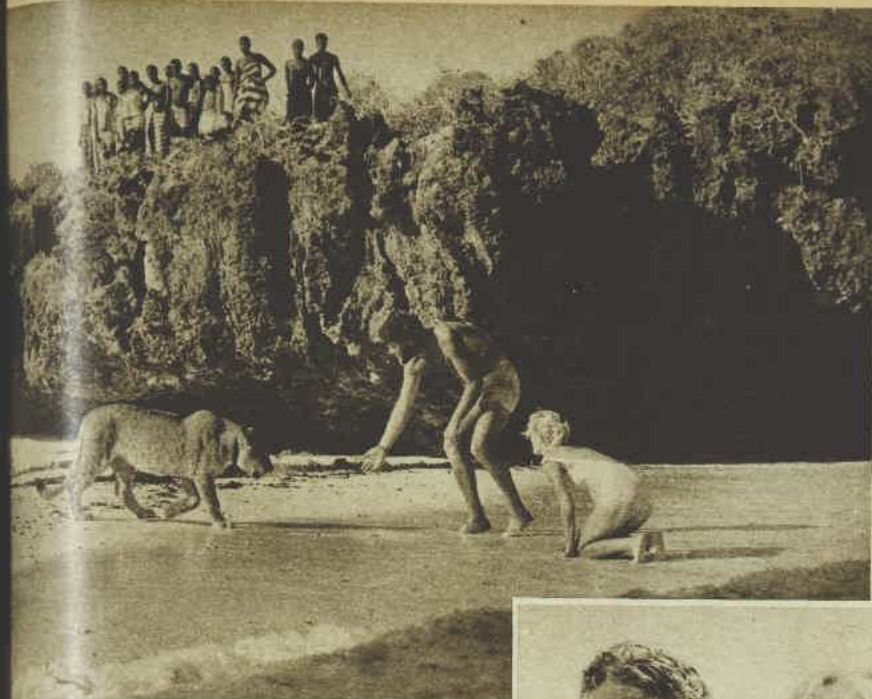
In spite of the script, "Born Free" has moments of genuine poignancy and some of the most thrilling shots of wild animals ever filmed.



**ELSA** (above and at right) grows in mischievousness and in her mistress' affections. During the filming Virginia and Bill became fond of the lions, and found it a wrench to leave them. "They widened the scope of our humanity," is how Travers put it. "Born Free" was chosen for a Royal Command Performance last month and critics remarked on its suitability for an animal-loving Queen.







**TRIBESMEN MARVEL** at the Adamsons' trust in Elsa, now almost fully grown. During the filming of such scenes with lions, someone always stood by with a loaded rifle.

## FREE

Elsa was played by no fewer than three young girls, and it's impossible to tell them apart. Real-life lion tamer Adamson helped to train them. They are all amateur actors and obviously had never heard of camera shyness.

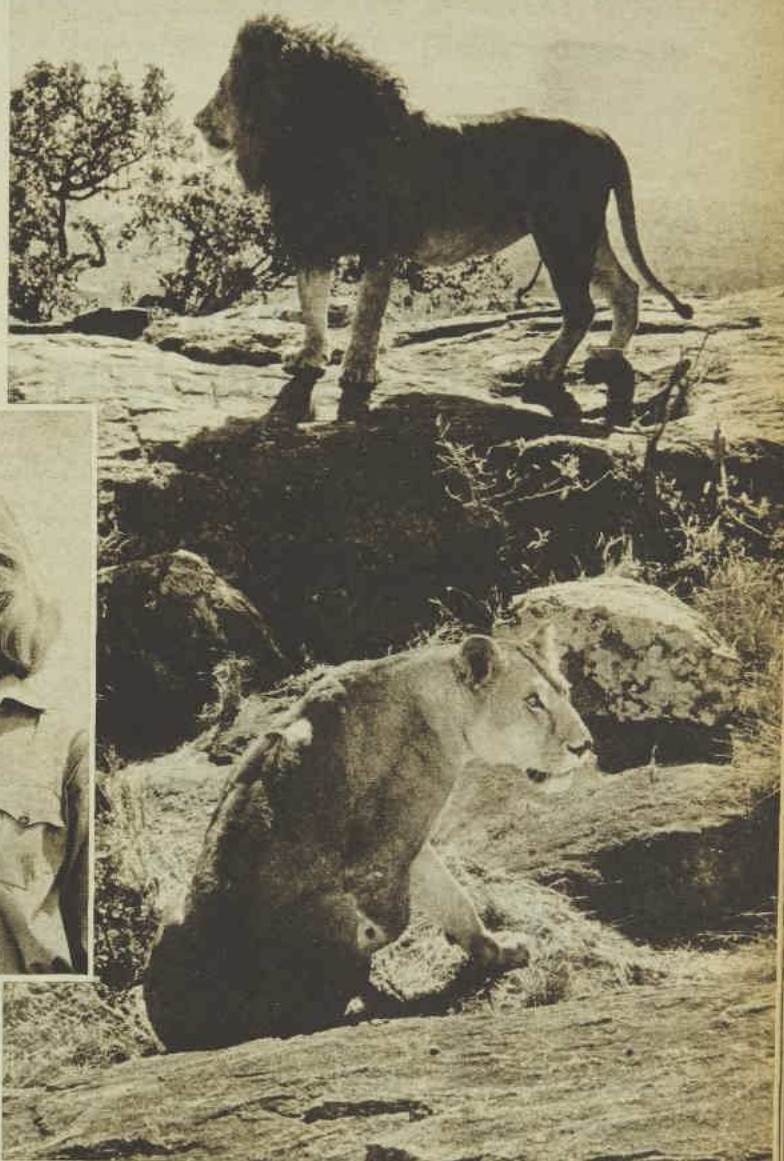
Elsa's battle with another lioness is ferocious and extremely realistic. Her final delight when she brings her three cubs back to the Adamsons to show them off is ridiculously like that of a beloved cat with kittens. There was one accident. Virginia McKenna slipped and broke an ankle when playing in front of the cameras with an over-boisterous lioness. She blamed herself. She had not slept well, she said, and the lions sensed her tenseness and was affected by it.

— From BETTY BEST, in London



**BILL TRAVERS and VIRGINIA McKENNA** are husband and wife in real life also.

**AT RIGHT: Elsa and mate.** She is back in the wilds—but returns later to show off her cubs.



**AN IMPORTANT VISITOR** (Geoffrey Keen), at first incredulous about the Adamsons' deep friendship with a lion, has to believe it—but sits on the edge of his chair.



**FAREWELL TO A PET.** The Adamsons conscientiously trained Elsa to hunt so that she could fulfil her destiny. Months later, in the bush, she greeted them again.



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the most talked about  
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**"I love its new look...all  
pretty and pink."  
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New York by Donald Deskey."**



**"Just adore its fragrance."  
"Actually, three fragrances blended together...  
just like their skin perfume."**



**"I'm using Three Flowers  
consistently now."  
"Well naturally, it's the talc for  
all grown up women."**



**"It feels wonderful  
on my skin...  
really silky."**



**"With real deodorant  
protection too!  
Almost unbelievable  
for 39c and 79c!"  
"Skin perfume 69c."**

**III three flowers talc and skin perfume for young women of all ages**



Do you lie awake worrying about not getting to sleep? Do you take sleeping-pills because you know that you will not sleep without them? Whether you suffer from

mild or chronic insomnia, DR. M. N. PAI, a consultant in Psychological Medicine in England, offers you the prospect of sound, refreshing sleep without any drugs.

# HOW TO BEAT INSOMNIA

STRICTLY speaking, insomnia means complete sleeplessness, which is a very rare condition.

Through general usage, the term is loosely applied to denote an inability to sleep when sleep is desired — what medically would be called hypsomnia.

There are very few persons who have not at some time or other missed a night's sleep. Such insomnia does not require any special treatment.

If you find it hard to sleep, get out of bed and do something positive and creative. Begin by having a hot bath, or a hot foot bath.

Then do some sewing or knitting; or write some letters; or study a foreign language — it may be useful, and if you feel bored, so much the better. Do not attempt anything beyond your capabilities, as a feeling of frustration may aggravate your insomnia.

Or you might try writing your autobiography, beginning at the present, and working back through time. This can be a fascinating and valuable exercise.

At times you may not be able to recall much beyond the previous day's happenings before, as the mind becomes blank, you begin to drift off to sleep. At other times you will be able to bring back vivid memories of long-gone acquaintances and events.

Quite apart from sharpening the memory, this exercise can have a cathartic effect, and you may find yourself being self-reproachful about episodes in which you were unkind or unjust to others.

Some time ago the relatives of a wealthy businessman were shocked to learn that in his will he had left all his property and realisable assets to a veterinary hospital and not a few for dogs. His closest friends were surprised, because he was known not to be a lover of animals at all, and at no time had he shown any interest in dogs.

The family might have guessed the will on the grounds of mental instability, but for the confidential revelation that several months before his death, while lying in bed one night, he had vividly recalled how in childhood he had thrown a large stone at a neighbor's dog and had blinded it. It was subsequently to be des-

troyed, but the actual culprit was never found out.

He had forgotten the incident until the late hours of that night when, suffering from mild insomnia, he was mentally reviewing his life. Having got out of bed and drafted his very simple will, he lay down again and fell fast asleep.

## Chronic insomnia

There are three types of chronic insomniacs:

(a) **Pre-sleep insomniacs.** There are millions of people of this type to whom the simple act of falling asleep at the beginning of the night has become a torment. Unable to get to sleep, they lose sleep mostly by worrying about sleeplessness.

(b) **Mid-sleep insomniacs.** These have no difficulty in getting to sleep, but wake up suddenly after two or three hours, and lie awake in the middle of the night.

(c) **Post-sleep insomniacs.** These get to sleep easily and enjoy it for five or six hours, but they wake up in the early hours of the morning and are unable to get to sleep again.

Now see how these three forms of insomnia can be overcome:

## Pre-sleep insomnia

This very common complaint may be subdivided into three categories, according to its origin:

- (1) Inability to relax.
- (2) Morbid anxiety.
- (3) Over-reliance on sleeping-pills.

Each of these three types of pre-sleep insomnia requires different methods to overcome it.

**Pre-sleep insomnia due to inability to relax:**

The basis of this insomnia, as of all psychological disorders, is fear. This fear the sufferers try to deny, or repress, or sometimes convert into bodily symptoms in the form of tense muscles. They refrain from taking sleeping-pills, but are unable, or have forgotten how, to relax. Worry about not sleeping is more important here than fear about other matters.

The conquest of this type of insomnia is in two stages.

First, you must understand that there is no need to deny your fear; that you need not be ashamed of your limitations, anxieties, or guilt; and that you must gain control of fear by free discussion of your problem with relatives and friends. Finally, you must learn to tackle the day-to-day problems yourself.

## Tenlax method

Second, you must learn the art of relaxation. When body muscles relax, the activity of the brain lessens, preparatory to sleep. Relaxation may be achieved by the Tenlax method:

1. Get into bed, switch off the light, and lie on your back. Close your eyes.
2. Deliberately tense your muscles.
3. Stretch your legs fully with the toes of both feet strained to stiffness and pointing away from you.
4. Deliberately tense the muscles of both legs as tightly as you can without bending the knees, and hold this position as long as possible.
5. Press the backs of your knees down into the mattress.
6. Let the muscles slacken suddenly and go limp.

Tense and relax the muscles of the legs six times.

7. With your arms lying by your sides, make their muscles tense. Clench your hands as tightly as you can without bending your elbows.
8. Suddenly relax and unclench your fists. Repeat this process six times.
9. If by now you do not feel sleepy, close your eyes and roll your eyeballs downward and inward as though trying to look at the tip of your nose.
10. With your eyes still closed, roll them upwards. Repeat these movements a few times, when sleep will overpower you.

The Tenlax method should be used at night. It may not be necessary to complete all ten steps before sleep overpowers you.

**Pre-sleep insomnia due to morbid anxiety:**

When a person is frightened, his thoughts and ideas of association run riot. Fear manifests itself in an easily recognised mental state, and in bodily symptoms.

Since the brain controls the body, the muscles become tense as part of a defence mechanism.

Other changes also occur, depending on the intensity of the fear: the heart beats faster, the pulse rate increases, breathing becomes rapid and shallower; there may be a sensation often described as "butterflies" in the stomach, which seems to turn over; the arms may tremble, and there may be a fine tremor in the hands and profuse sweating of palms and armpits.

In extreme cases there may be an urge to pass water frequently, and sometimes diarrhoea may occur.

These are the symptoms of fear, which is extreme anxiety. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that if you are beset by morbid anxiety you should find it hard to sleep.

If your insomnia does not respond to the Tenlax method, or if it is more distressing than a simple failure to relax would suggest, it should be regarded as a major, and perhaps the only, manifestation of a morbid anxiety.

But insomnia from this cause can be conquered, too. If, like a tortoise which draws in its limbs when threatened with danger from outside, you can succeed in divorcing your sense organs from external stimuli, your mind can attain that equanimity which leads to sleep.

## Pranayama method

This is not so difficult a process as is generally believed. It can be achieved by the Pranayama, or deep-breathing, method:

1. Sit in a comfortable posture, and loosen your clothing.
2. Hold the end of your nose lightly with the tips of three fingers of your right hand, so that the thumb rests on the right nostril, the index finger on the bridge of the nose, and the tip of the middle finger on the left nostril.
3. Pinch the right nostril by gentle pressure of the thumb, and breathe deeply in through the left nostril. Pinch the left nostril with the tip of the middle finger.
4. Concentrate on looking at the tip of your nose.
5. With both nostrils closed,

hold your breath as long as you can.

6. Then exhale slowly through the right nostril, pinching the left.
7. Repeat this process a few times, slowly and gently, all the while gazing at the end of your nose. As soon as your eyes feel tired, close them — and you are ready for sleep.

During the phases of Pranayama, or deep breathing — inhaling through the left nostril, holding your breath, exhaling through the right nostril — it is essential that the eyes be kept firmly focused on the tip of the nose.

When this procedure has been repeated a few times, your thoughts concentrate at first on the breathing and then on the focusing of the eyes, to the exclusion of other thoughts. The mind is thus gradually cleared of anxiety and fear.

Depending upon your co-operation, suspicions, jealousy, greed, anger, and whatever you have been worrying about, recede into the background; obsessional ruminations temporarily cease, to be replaced with tranquillity.

The contraction of the external and internal muscles of the eyes causes them to turn downward and inward and the pupils to dilate. As these muscles become tired, breathing slows down and drowsiness creeps in.

If you then lie down and close your eyes, the eye muscles relax fully, causing the eyes to turn upward and outward, a condition which precedes sleep.

**Pre-sleep insomnia due to over-reliance on sleeping-pills:**

Persons suffering from this form of insomnia have evidently lost their self-confidence and have forgotten how to sleep without pills. They seem to have lost their *joie de vivre* and to have become diffident and utterly dependent on drugs and doctors. They form the hard core of insomniacs who pester doctors for bigger and bigger doses after each trivial disappointment and minor frustration.

Many of them have no apparent reasons for their symptom, but psychiatric investigation may reveal deep causes such as feelings of guilt, or disguised phobias.

This extreme form of insomnia can be conquered like

## Your sleep requirements

**HOW** much sleep does the human body need?

A new-born baby sleeps nearly all the time, and usually wakes only for feeding. Children's needs vary, but the periods usually estimated are:

Up to 3 months	: 21 hours
Six months to 1 year	: 16 hours
Two years to 5 years	: 14 hours
Six years to 12 years	: 11 hours

Beyond the age of 12 the requirement gradually diminishes. The assumption, so long held, and still widely accepted, that an adult needs at least eight hours of sleep to maintain health has no valid physiological basis.

No one yet knows how much or how little sleep would cause an appreciable deterioration in physical health or any loss of mental power, or reduce the total human life span.

On the contrary, by spending fewer hours in sleep, a man can increase his effective life span.

Turn to page 14

Page 7



What do I think of the "Go-Together Game"? Help!

Miss SPORTSCRAFT

The look of Miss SPORTSCRAFT

The look of Miss SPORTSCRAFT

Miss SPORTSCRAFT

Polo neck sweater \$9.50 (approx.) Skirt \$18.00



Cardigan \$10.00 (approx.)  
Skirt \$14.00



Skirt \$18.50

The "Go-Together Game" started in Heather and Apricot. All pure new wool. A dream. I keep the sweater. Switch the skirt. One darling pleat. Too beautiful not to buy.

But I have to have this one, swishing and swirling. The cardigan, perfect. Ever-so-British. I'm all mixed up and everything matches. That's why they call it the "Go-Together Game". Some Game.

If you're low on will power keep away from the Sportscraft things. They co-ordinate too well, too temptingly.

P.S. Keep your kid sister away from the children's collection. It's just as stunning.

For its great feeling for fashion Sportscraft loves pure new wool  
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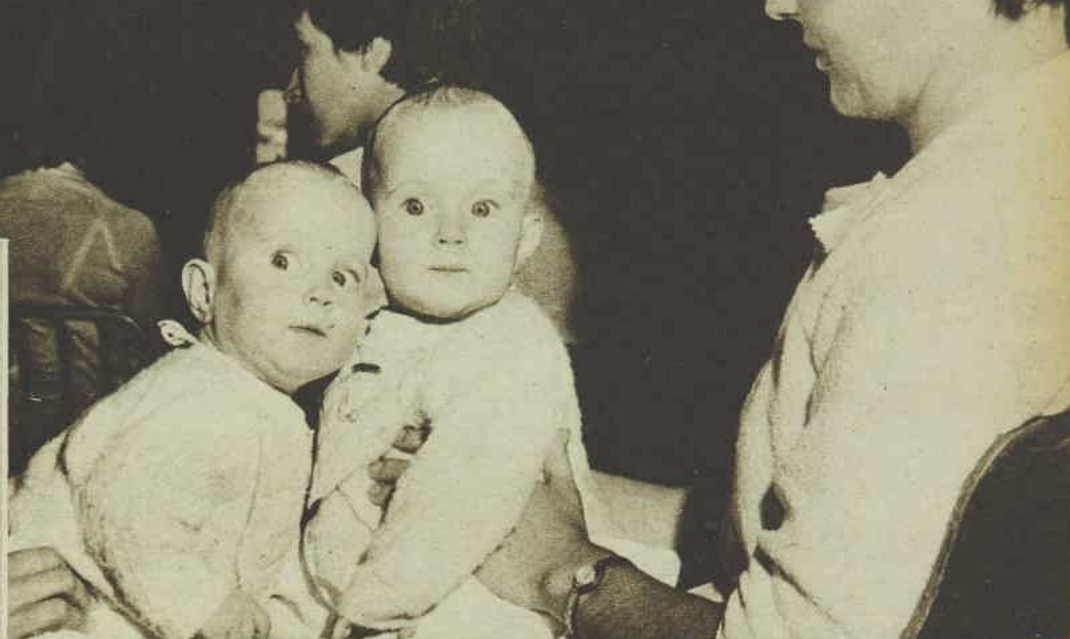
Skirt \$9.00 Top \$8.50 (approx.)



# THE WIVES THEY LEFT BEHIND



● It isn't only the big issues—loneliness, fear of being alone in the house at night, or of bearing a child with no husband pacing the corridor outside. Finicky little details mount up: the drains to be cleaned, suspicion that the garage mechanic is taking advantage of a woman's ignorance.



AT LEFT, Mrs. Roma Bates, wife of Sgt. Jim Bates, with their 6½-month-old twin daughters, Tina Louise and Wendy Jane, and Mrs. Noelene Ferguson.

THE armed services are traditionally paternalistic toward the families of their men. As an extra effort to help the families left behind when the first Australian troops went to Vietnam nearly a year ago, the Army established a new department: the Families Liaison Section.

So when the 1st Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, went overseas, the new section's head, Major John Acklerly, found himself temporarily paterfamilias of these servicemen's wives and children.

About 350 of the battalion live in N.S.W., mostly concentrated in the Liverpool area in military housing "villages" or nearby civilian suburbs, and about another 100 wives live in other states.

With a staff of five (two women—a captain and a sergeant; a driver; an Anglican priest; and a part-time Red Cross social worker), Major Acklerly helps wives deal with sickness, hire-purchase, and other financial worries, investigates inquiries about mail delays, and accommodation problems if these arise.

## A loan

A lot of the work is helping wives fill in forms (for the Army's health benefits, for example), as well as more dramatic assistance, such as shifting a wife from a city flat, where the landlord made advances to her as soon as her husband was posted overseas.

The Major can help, for instance, a newly married woman moving into married quarters from a city flat: "If she has no furniture, I can arrange a loan of up to \$700, interest free, from the AMF Relief Trust Fund."

The Section's job also includes co-ordinating other help, such as the Commonwealth legal aid program, and other services that the

wives sometimes don't know about.

Vivacious Judy Harper is one of the officers' wives who pitched in to work with the Section.

Her own little band of three daughters and a son is well organised to help out while their father, Major Brian Harper, is away—they even bring her breakfast in bed.

Of the Army's protective wing, Judy Harper said, "You've always been in the Army and you take their help for granted."

"Now we're all wives with husbands thousands of miles away. We don't think about rank. We just try to be good and kind to each other."

The wives formed the 1 RAR Welfare Club, which meets monthly and discusses mutual problems, large and small.

At one meeting several wives complained that garbage pick-up was only weekly

in their "village," so the Army has arranged for a second weekly pick-up.

In the meantime, as one wife put it, "Everywhere I go, every nice thing I wear seems a waste."

"I've had a lot of problems, but I think I'll pull through."

"When my husband first left, I remember going driving. I dropped our boy at nursery school, and I didn't go home again until after I picked him up, except to go and look once at every empty room and then out again. The younger child and I just drove around all day."

"Anyway, he's worse off than I am, and in doing my best while he's away I feel I'm bearing a little bit of his burden."

(Talking to these women, I gathered the impression that in one way they have welcomed some struggle. It

seems to make them feel part of the total effort, in a sort of long-distance partnership with their husbands.)

At a recent club meeting Doreen McCloughan wore a new blue dress she had made herself from some Vietnamese silk sent home by her husband, Warrant Officer John McCloughan.

They have seven children, aged from six to 15, but that didn't stop her from taking

have been terrific this year.

"A half dozen of the youth group from our church came up and painted my kitchen!" she said.

Roma Bates lives in Anzac Village (in the Liverpool area) with her five daughters, two of whom are twins 6½ months old. "My husband, Jim (he's a sergeant), hasn't seen them yet."

"We didn't know we were having twins when he left, and I was in hospital for three months before they were born."

"I just had to shut my mind off to things. But I think it was worse for him, really—he didn't know what was happening down here."

"Am I lonely at night? Well, I usually do the housework then, so I can pay attention to the children during the day."

"If the neighbors know you're by yourself, they're on your doorstep," Rhonda Brandt said. (Her husband, Alan, is a radio operator.)

"This separation is all a bit hard to take, believe me, but the Army helped me to get a house, and they've been very good."

By  
JUDE  
AINSWORTH

in another battalion wife who was lonely and having accommodation trouble—plus her four children, including a six-week-old baby.

Cheerful, energetic Mrs. McCloughan casually passed off this good deed: "No, we only have three bedrooms. When they were with us, we had children sleeping all over the lounge."

A clubwoman and active member of her local congregation, Mrs. McCloughan says her civilian neighbors

"If anything goes wrong, I just pick up the phone and ring through to the Families Liaison Section."

Josephine Bowtell is one of the Vietnam widows. Her husband, Corporal Robert Bowtell, was killed in February. She lives in the Army's Chatham Village with their three youngsters, and is expecting another child in May.

Young Peter Bowtell, who is nearly two, greeted Major Acklerly shyly but enthusiastically, and promptly put on his hat. Mrs. Bowtell is gentle and charming, but her surface fragility hides an iron determination to carry on with the children.

"The Army has been marvellous," she said as we sat in her orderly, polished living-room.

"I don't think you could ask for anything better under the circumstances. It's marvellous to have someone to talk to for moral support."

## A photo

Jeannette McDonald's husband, James, a warrant officer in the Australian Army Training Team, was also killed in Vietnam. With their son, Jimmy, three, and daughter, Cheryl, six, she is living in Anzac Village South.

"My husband was Army through and through—he loved it. This was something we accepted the day we married. It was his life and I wouldn't have changed him for the world. See, here is a photo from Vietnam—and he's still got a shine on his boots."

"The Army's done so much for us—it has given us security as a family. I did not realise the scope of its help until this happened. If young Jimmy wanted to be in the Army I'd have no regrets."

MRS. ROBERT BOWTELL with Major John Acklerly and two of her children, Peter and Susie (below).



MRS. JAMES (JEANNETTE) McDONALD with her children, Cheryl, 6, and Jimmy, 3.







● Kelly Stanley, of Washington, U.S.A., left, can shin up and down this 95ft. tree trunk in 30 seconds. Using a rope belt and spiked shoes, his descent looks almost a fall.

● Ben Hur comes to life on the Sydney Showground arena (above) as Don Ross, one of the Ross brothers from Queensland, urges his steeds forward at a gallop.



● Resplendent in red coats and white sulus, the band of the Fiji Military Forces delights Show visitors with an exhibition of precision marching to the band, Fijian songs, and their own arrangement of "Waltzing Matilda" on the green arena.



● John Brady, of Broken Hill, and Pow Wow give an incredible exhibition of trick riding, show how a man and a horse can seem almost as one. John has just returned from three years in Europe, where he performed with a French and German circus.



● Twenty pretty girls (left) competing in the Miss Royal Easter Show Girl competition wave from the Mississippi paddle-steamer float during the pre-Show parade through the city. Graeme Bell and his jazz boys provided a music background for the girls' appearance.



# ALL THE THRILLS OF EASTER SHOW

• Feats of endurance, of skill, of music and song — they're all there at the 1966 Royal Easter Show's arena performances.

They're all there in movement, in color, and in thrills, making a visit to the arena a must for the thousands of showgoers.

Here are some of the attractions.

• A short, sharp explosion, a puff of smoke (right), and lissom blonde Marcia Zacchini and her brother Emanuel, the "Gemini Twins," are sent hurtling 150 yards over the Showground arena, fired from a compressed air rocket to land in a waiting net. **BELOW:** Emanuel leads toward the nose of the cannon, from which both are shot out of a 16in. barrel at 100 mph—twice a day.



— Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg





**"I sat in the Theatre of Dionysus in Athens, where theatre really began..."**  
**says Doris Fitton** ➔



## Around the world on a play quest

● If you've ever complained about the high cost of play-going, spare a thought for Miss Doris Fitton. Four months' concentrated playgoing round the world has cost her more than \$4000, not including air fare and car fare.

AND this founding-director of Sydney's Independent Theatre thinks it was worth every cent.

Plays are her business and her pleasure, and plays were the object of her world pilgrimage.

The search led her to the United States, the United Kingdom, Europe, Russia, and the East.

From November to March, she saw plays or read plays or met play-agents or playwrights or producers or actors every day and night.

She sat in big theatres and little theatres, national theatres and try-out theatres, plush theatres and shabby ones ("beside which the Independent is a palace").

All this without suffering from play-indigestion. In fact, she told me, she wouldn't have changed a moment of her packed four months abroad. ("Except the fact that my husband wasn't with me. I'll never go away without him again.")

### Had friends

As soon as she arrived in a new city, she would con its programs and make a choice of the plays offering.

In most cities, of course, there would be a language problem. Doris Fitton seldom took it very seriously. Either she knew the play's English version word for word, comma for comma (like "The Winslow Boy," which she saw in Vienna in a German version), or she'd have a friend along to interpret.

Everywhere, in fact, Doris Fitton had friends or made them. In the United States, there was Sumner Locke-Elliott, of Sydney, who had written six full-length

comedies by the age of 20, all of them first produced at the Independent.

Now Sumner is a distinguished writer in the U.S.

There was another close friend, American author-actress Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Australia's Cyril Ritchard, and many more.

In Britain, there was a host of Australian writers and actors, now "names," whom she had helped, or discovered, and a steady stream of English stars who had visited Australia and come to know her.

For instance, there was Sir Laurence Olivier.

"In the Oliviers' home in Brighton, he told me he'd be very interested indeed in appearing at the opening of the Sydney Opera House. What a season that first one could be, if we started planning for it early..."

The Opera House kept bobbing up wherever Doris Fitton's pilgrimage took her. Everyone seemed to know all about its ups and downs.

For example, there was Jean Louis Barrault, celebrated director of Paris' Theatre of France.

Doris Fitton had never met him, but sent a card round during a performance.

"Just an ordinary card saying I was Doris Fitton from the Independent Theatre, North Sydney. M. Barrault invited me backstage and bombarded me with questions about Australia."

The handsome young Frenchman asked if Australia would be interested in a visit from his company.

Doris was sure Australia would, but suggested he might wait till the Opera House was finished.

"He looked at me," she told me, smiling, "raised an

eyebrow, and laughed and laughed."

Like so many other distinguished Europeans, though, Barrault would love to take part in the opening season.

In Britain she made an exciting contact with Bernard Miles, of the progressive Mermaid Theatre, for an exchange of plays.

"The first play he asked for was Sumner's 'Rusty Bugles.' I said we'd be delighted to let him have it, so long as he used an all-Australian cast."

### Trunk-load

I asked if the long odyssey had turned up the kind of plays she'd been looking for. "Dozens of them," she said. "I sent some ahead, I brought some home, and I have a trunk-load following me by sea."

"Did you do any normal run-of-the-mill touring?"

"No time," she said. "Oh, except in Greece. I became a tourist when I reached Athens. I got on buses and went to Delphi and I saw the Parthenon at sunset and I sat in the Theatre of Dionysus, where theatre really began..."

"Oh, yes, and I went to India just to see the Taj Mahal."

"And clothes? Did you buy any clothes?"

"No money," smiled Doris. "Except in Rome. I thought, I can't come to Rome without buying a dress."

"Well, I did buy a few things here and there, but theatre had to take priority."

"For instance, a week in Russia cost me \$400! But I saw the Moscow Art Theatre and talked with the cast. I saw the Kirov Ballet and other wonderful things. It was worth every rouble."

—Kay Keavney

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

**THERE'S** a new, very small committee in Sydney about to tackle the mammoth task of raising \$30,000 in the space of about eighteen weeks.

If enthusiasm is any help, the twelve members of the women's committee who will work for the 11th Congress of the International Society of Haematology and the 11th Congress of the International Society of Blood Transfusion won't find their task too difficult.

Headed by Mrs. Edgar Thomson, they're busy arranging luncheons, theatre parties, and other functions to get the money to provide travel grants to bring top lecturers to Australia from overseas for the joint congresses.

And believe it or not, their job doesn't finish when they finally have the money in hand — they then have to set to and arrange hospitality for the 1000 delegates and 200 wives who'll come from fifty countries for the joint congresses, to be held from August 21-29.

INTERESTING Melbourne visitors who'll be in Sydney for Easter are Mr. and Mrs. Sam Holt, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Holt and their son, Christopher, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Holt and baby daughter, Sophie, who will stay with the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, and Mrs. Holt at Kirribilli House. Also here will be Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lynch and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Van Egmond.

AND from Sydney to Melbourne will go Mr. and Mrs. Murray Macgowan, of Darling Point, with their daughters, Marian and Tempe, and baby son, Richard, who is the only grandson of the Governor-General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey. On Easter Sunday the baby will be christened Richard Thorburn at Christ Church, Berwick, the Casey family church. A christening party will follow at "Edrington," the Caseys' home, for about fifty family members and friends.

DATE for your diary... the children's fashion parade to be held in the Glenbrook School of Arts on April 29 to raise money to build a hall for a kindergarten.

DID you know that thirty-five of Sydney's young men-about-town have arranged what has become their annual Easter Saturday party in a hall in the depths of the Western Suburbs? With "Australiana" as the theme, guests have been invited to "come as an Australian identity (other than yourself) from some time between 1788 and 1968." Parties in the past have included a "007" party, a Wild West party held in a boatshed, and one simply called Pirates.



AT LUNCHEON. Mrs. David McGrath, Mrs. Jim Findlater, and Mrs. Mick Daly (left to right) were among guests at the luncheon and fur fashion parade arranged by the Women's Committee of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital at the Australia Hotel. President Mrs. Robert O'Kane welcomed guests as they arrived.

HOW nice to have news of the delightful Arrighi family, who were reunited in London recently. Mrs. Arrighi and the two girls, Nike and Luciana, have been having such fun redecorating the flat they have taken in Edge Street at the end of a cul-de-sac. Mrs. Arrighi leaves London soon to spend several months in Italy, and Luciana, who is working as a set designer for the BBC, is about to leave for a holiday in Greece. Nike has left the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and is working in repertory theatre in Worthing after finishing her part in "The Tunnel of Love." Between parts she is studying dancing and singing and accepting modelling assignments in London and Paris.

CARD from Monte Carlo from Chris Weekes tells of her plans to return home soon after more than a year abroad, and of her most recent expedition — a three-week tour through Spain with Sydney friend Diana Thomson. While there the girls were lucky enough to be in Valencia during the gay National Festival, and sat through the bullfights and saw six bulls killed. Chris has now returned to The Hague, where she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fabricius. She plans soon to sell her little car, either in The Hague or in Frankfurt, where she bought it, and then return home via England. During her stay abroad Chris has become quite fluent in Italian, after doing three courses at the Foreign University in Florence, and hopes to get a job in Sydney in which she can make use of it.

INCIDENTALLY, Gail Porter, who sailed to Europe last year with Chris, is now living in London and was at the airport to greet her stepsister, Debbie Hall, who arrived last week to spend a year abroad. Gail has a flat in Cope Place with South African friend, Maggie Sumner, and is working as assistant to the Director of European Economic Research at the World Secretariat. Debbie will stay with her a short while and then the two of them will drive to Paris, where Gail will set her into Mme Harel Darc's finishing school at Neuilly. Believe three unexpected visitors who called on Gail recently were K. Vernon, Mitty McCoy, and Marg Waise, who'd just arrived back from Europe and discovered they had no hotel booking. The four girls sat up all night and exchanged news of their Australian friends.





WHO GAVE THEIR  
LIVES IN WAR  
1914-1918



**JUST WED.** Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Susan Kirkby, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyal Kirkby, of "Glen Prairie," Moree. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton, of "Millamolong," Mandurama.

**MARRIED.** Mr. and Mrs. Richard Newman outside All Saints' Church, Woollahra, with their attendants, left to right, Mrs. David Strelitz, Miss Anne Capper, Mrs. Patrick Forbes, and Miss Susan Staughton, after their marriage. The bride was formerly Miss Jennifer Vickery, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Vickery, of "Dobikin," Bellata. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Newman, of Darling Point.



**IN VESTRY.** Mr. and Mrs. Beresford Goldstiver signing the register after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Miss Helen Hadgis, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hadgis, of Dubbo. The bridegroom is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Goldstiver, of Waverley.



**ABOVE:** Dr. and Mrs. Tony Diethelm (centre), with Captain and Mrs. John Dowson, and Mrs. Diethelm's daughters, Melinda and Catriona O'Gorman Hughes, following their marriage at HMAS Albatross at Nowra, where Captain Dowson is commanding officer. Mrs. Diethelm was formerly Mrs. Jocelyn O'Gorman Hughes.



**AT LEFT:** Mr. and Mrs. Casey Joosse in the vestry after their marriage at The Scots Kirk, Mosman. The bride was Miss Helen McGregor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McGregor, of Beauty Point. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Joosse, of The Hague, Holland.



the others. Those suffering from it need:

First, to be weaned off the drug addiction and helped to regain their confidence and faith. During this trying stage of the withdrawal of the drug they need sympathy, encouragement, and friendship, to comfort and reassure them.

Those looking after them should possess an understanding of human weakness, infinite patience, and the power to exert kindly discipline.

Second, to be taught the art of sleeping naturally.

## Nidra method

The art of sleeping without drugs is taught by the Nidra method, which is most successful if practised with a background of soft, restful music in a darkened room:

1. Lie on your back on a firm mattress. Loosen all clothing. Breathe deeply through one nostril only, hold your breath as long as possible, and then exhale through the other nostril. Repeat this process a few times.
2. Stretch your legs fully with the toes pointing away from you. Hold them in this position as long as possible, then allow them to flop limp.

Similarly, stretch your arms and clench your fists, then relax.

3. With your eyes open, lift your head and shoulders but stop when you see your feet; hold for a few seconds, then flop back.
4. Lie on your face. Clasp your hands behind your back and raise your head and shoulders. Hold the position for 20 seconds, then relax.

5. Stretch your right leg with pointed toes and, without bending your knee, raise your leg from the hip. Hold it there for 15 seconds, then let it flop back.
6. Repeat with your left leg. Continue with alternate legs four times each.

7. Clench your fists, bend your elbows, hold them tightly as long as you can, then relax.
8. Turn over, and again lie in the supine position. Close your eyes and breathe deeply, lying fully relaxed.

The whole sequence lasts about 20 minutes. Each individual movement lasts about 15 to 20 seconds, followed by 15 to 20 seconds of complete relaxation before the start of the next movement. It is quite possible that you may fall asleep after the first few movements.

These relaxation movements are designed to assist you to regain control over your body and limbs, while soft music helps to divert attention away from your mind.

Many insomniacs find they can learn this art of sleep after only a few lessons, and can then gain much benefit from either a short nap, or by practising the method at their proper bedtime. Several who had not known for years what it was like to sleep without the aid

of drugs can now manage without them.

A final word against resorting to drugs as an aid to sleeping:

Barbiturates are very effective hypnotics. They act by depressing the central nervous system.

Although they are of great service to patients suffering from certain diseases, unless there are strong indications for taking them, their consumption as a routine to help one sleep is bad for a variety of reasons.

Once people start taking drugs they may be tempted to take more than the prescribed dose when assailed by some extra worry.

Addiction takes place easily, and the drug may fail to act effectively unless the dose is increased from time to time.

If a person who has taken sleeping-pills does not drop off to sleep immediately, he may, if the pills are kept by his bedside, be tempted to take a further dose, and yet be too confused to be certain of the quantity taken.

So drugs for sleeping should be the last resort. There are few types of insomnia that will not respond to drugless treatment.

Remember, insomnia has never killed anyone yet, but sleeping-pills have often been the direct cause of death.

## Mid-sleep insomnia

People who suffer from mid-sleep insomnia have no difficulty in dropping off to sleep, but suddenly wake up after two or three hours.

They are obviously in need of more sleep, and they will be able to get it provided they refrain from switching on the light or getting out of bed.

Such waking is usually due to intestinal carbohydrate dyspepsia caused by carbon dioxide and acetic and butyric acids produced by the fermentation of undigested starch taken with the last meal.

Attention to teeth, and the avoidance of starchy food at night, will overcome this type of insomnia. If the trouble persists, and if there is discomfort or definite pain in the stomach, a proper investigation should be made to exclude early gastric ulcer. Meanwhile, some relief may be obtained by drinking milk.

## Post-sleep insomnia

No particular exercises are needed to combat post-sleep insomnia: all that is required is a little understanding.

If you are one of those people who wake around 5 a.m. after five or six hours of sleep, and then find it difficult to get to sleep again, in all probability you have had enough rest for that night. It is, therefore, pointless to remain in bed tossing and turning, or simply staring at the ceiling, or wondering whether or not to take a pill; you will only set up nervous and muscular tensions which will create fatigue.

Get out of bed, bathe your eyes in warm water, and drink a cup of hot coffee or strong tea to give yourself the energy to remain awake.

Generally, people who suffer from insomnia need to be persuaded to go to bed each night at a given time, switch off the light, carry out some of the relaxation methods described, and stay in bed, whether asleep or not, until dawn.

If this advice is accepted, and acted upon, a natural adaptation soon takes place, and, simply by leaving the body to take charge, almost every normal person will be able to get all the sleep he or she needs.

The amount of sleep needed varies from person to person. Man now has more waking hours than his forebears as a result of improvements in interior lighting, and because of the increase in the sources of stimulation for the eye — better street lighting, shop lighting, TV screen, etc.

Modern man should not expect to sleep as many hours as he used to, or as his parents or grandparents suggested were necessary.

Disturbed sleep does not undermine physical health. No permanent physical or mental illness will result from missing a few hours' sleep for a few nights, or for a number of successive nights.

When Sir Richard Steele was unable to sleep overnight when he was staying at Richmond (England), he "arose at Four in the morning and took Boat for London with a Resolution to rove by Boat and Coach for the next Four and twenty Hours, till the many different Objects I must needs meet with should tire my Imagination, and give me an Inclination to a Repose more profound than I was at that time capable of."

The result of his insomnia was an interesting account given in the "Spectator" of August 11, 1712, of what he saw and heard from four o'clock in the morning, when he left Richmond and took the boat to London, until that evening.

If you learn to conform to a discipline of this nature, you will cease to panic simply because you are awake at 4 a.m. or 5 a.m. The body and mind can recuperate after exertion a lot more quickly than many people imagine.

Even in patients suffering from physical illness, the insomnia is not an invariable concomitant of the illness itself, but results from the patient's anxiety concerning its final outcome. Will they recover fully, or will residual symptoms diminish their earning capacity? Such is the kind of question which keeps many intelligent persons awake.

WHERE THERE IS IGNORANCE THERE IS FEAR AND WHERE THERE IS FEAR THERE TENDS TO BE INSOMNIA, BECAUSE FEAR CREATES THE NEED FOR VIGILANCE, WHICH PREVENTS SLEEP.

# They met as the Orcades ROMANCE...

From JOYCE BOWDEN, our staff representative with our World Discovery Tour 1966

● The first romance of our World Discovery Tour was revealed not long before the Orcades reached England. Two of our tourists, Mr. Leonard Manuel, of Broken Hill, N.S.W., and Mrs. M. R. Haub, of Arncliffe, Sydney, announced their engagement and will marry in Australia when they return.

MR. MANUEL and Mrs. Haub met for the first time on February 10, the day the Orcades sailed from Sydney, when they were standing side by side at the rail.

Mr. Manuel is a widower and Mrs. Haub is a widow. They have written home telling family and friends their happy news. Mrs. Haub has five children, all married and living in New South Wales — Mr. George Haub, of Leichhardt; Mrs. Charles Kirkwood, of Paddington; Mrs. A. Westernhagen, of Sylvania; Mrs. R. Pocock, of Holbrook; and Mrs. L. Campbell, of Arncliffe.

The engagement was announced at a surprise party given by friends, who included Mr. and Mrs. J. McElwee (Tasmania), Miss Bertha Marks, Mr. G. Minett, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Lilly, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Roche, Mrs. K. Hilly (all of N.S.W.), Mr. and Mrs. Bevis Saunders, Mrs. Olwen Pudney, Miss H. Gwynn (all of

New Zealand), Mrs. E. Davidson and Mrs. V. M. Sargeant (both of Brisbane).

Perhaps there will be more romances before the tour ends. Certainly there will be many firm friendships.

During the voyage, Tour Director Keith Fuller arranged meetings of passengers from the various States and from New Zealand.

## Many parties

There were parties nearly every day on the Orcades. The David Kleins, of Toorak, Vic., celebrated their 29th wedding anniversary and, a few days later, on David's birthday, Chief Purser Harry Mayhew gave a party for him.

And so our voyage continued, a round of entertainment, punctuated by the excitement of ports of call.

We saw one of the loveliest sights of the trip as we entered Bombay harbor just after sunrise. A dhow was silhouetted against the red sun, and a flock of birds flew past it. Cameras clicked all

along the ship's rail to cord the picture.

We were all fascinated by Bombay, with its huge buildings, its crowded streets where buffaloes and smartly turned-out victorias (hansom cabs) thread their way through motor traffic.

Our stops included beautiful hanging gardens at Malabar Hill and the house where Gandhi once lived. After (now a museum), and the beautiful marine drive called the Queen's Necklace because it sparkles with light.

Sitting next to me on the bus tour of Bombay was Mary Lewes, of Melbourne, who, in England, will miss her mother, whom she hasn't not seen for 20 years.

The day after we sailed from Bombay, Entertainment Officer Miss Lorna Jamieson arranged a fashion parade in which women passengers could display the bargains bought since leaving home.

One of the first of our tour members to appear was Mrs. Marjorie Johnson, of

# Join ship in your home

● Special arrangements will make it easy for passengers from all States and New Zealand to join our World Discovery Tour 1967 in their home ports.

THIS exciting holiday overseas covers an itinerary through 18 countries in 18 weeks.

For the basic price of \$1392 (£N.Z.585) per person, you'll get shipboard accommodation to and from Europe in P & O-Orient Line ships (Himalaya and Oriana); a 23-day, all-inclusive coach tour through eight European countries; a seven-day, all-inclusive coach tour through England and Scotland; sightseeing in London; a total of 13 nights' accommodation (room, breakfast, dinner) in London; transport transfers on arrival and departure (where part of itinerary); the services of bilingual couriers and your own Tour Director.

Ports of call to England include Hong Kong, Singapore, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, Naples, and Barcelona. On the return voyage Piraeus (port for Athens),

Port Said, and Colombo will be visited.

The tour officially begins in Sydney on February 2.

Most Western Australian passengers will be able to travel to Sydney in tourist-class in the Oronsay at no extra cost.

They may prefer to travel first-class in Oronsay, for which there is a small supplementary charge of \$18 per person.

## Round trip

Alternatively, Western Australians can leave Fremantle on January 14 in the tour ship Himalaya and have a 12-day holiday in Sydney for no extra charge — other than their shore accommodation.

(Arrangements for accommodation and sightseeing during this period will be made by your travel agent as a complimentary service.)

For only \$56 per person more, Western Australians

may stay on board the Himalaya after it leaves Sydney and do the round trip to New Zealand and back, prior to the official tour beginning in Wellington.

This gives Western Australian passengers a total of 20 weeks away from home. New Zealand passengers 18 weeks.

South Australians join the Oronsay in Adelaide on January 29. Victorians board the ship in Melbourne two days later.

After the Oronsay arrives in Sydney on February 2, all interstate passengers will be transported, free of charge, to the tour ship Himalaya, which leaves Sydney on February 14.

This second fabulous World Discovery Tour has been organised by World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., leaders in this type of group travel.

This time they have booked the WHOLE of



# Departed Sydney ON OUR WORLD TOUR



Arabia," Lilydale, Vic., who, although a great-grandmother, has an amazingly trim figure. She modelled a beautiful pale lace cocktail gown exquisitely beaded in the same color and later a camelhair and Vicuna sports coat.

Mrs. Johnson is travelling with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. Robertson, and a sister, Mrs. Scott.

Aden we had been warned not to go too far because there had recently been riots, but many passengers decided to "give it a go" as far as the main shopping area.

After a launch trip from the ship — which was anchored in the stream — I was guided by the Orcades' telephoneist, Dorothy Hammond, to Aly's — or, as I should say the particular person from whom Dorothy visited. As far as I could tell they were all called Aly!

As we left Aden in brilliant sunshine, with the gulls wheeling overhead, some passengers settled down to try their luck at the Missing competition, which was made up of Australian place-names.

This was won by Miss Mary Fox, of Brisbane. On the day of the Fancy

Dress Ball many passengers were missing from the public rooms. They were closeted in their cabins creating costumes. Never have I seen such an array of disguises.

One man who shared a dining-table with seven women went as Ibn Saud and his harem. He is Mr. Bill Maxted, of South Australia, who is travelling with his sister, Mrs. M. E. Whitelaw.

Mrs. Whitelaw was one of the harem along with his other table-mates — Miss Gwen White, of South Australia, Mrs. Thelma Harrigan, of Five Dock, N.S.W., Mrs. D. Scott and Mrs. Marjorie Johnson, both of Lilydale, Victoria, Miss Judith Franklin and her aunt, Miss Jean Hales, both of Ballarat, Victoria.

Most hilarious and ingenious were "The Bombay Ducks," a team of marching girls. They won first group prize. Their costume-skirts were made of cabin hand-towels, their headpieces of cabin waste-paper baskets. They wore paper serviettes as cravats and red sweaters and parkas as jackets.

At Suez, we disembarked for what proved to be our most strenuous shore excursion. Six hundred and eighty Women's Weekly tourists

took the trip. With other passengers, there were a thousand all told who travelled by road to Cairo and then to Port Said.

We had morning tea and lunch at the magnificent Cairo Hilton Hotel, visited the Pyramids, the bazaars, and the Museum of Antiquities. After lunch we set off on the 4½-hour drive via Ismailia to Port Said, where we were due to re-join the Orcades at 11 p.m.

## Sing-song

But the ship was held up in the canal and did not arrive until 2.30 a.m. Passengers curled up in public rooms and on stairways of the hotel.

One group organised a sing-song in the main lounge and others continued their shopping at a bazaar hastily

set up by local salesmen at the hotel entrance. The sands of the desert had indeed grown cold by the time we embarked at 3.30 a.m.

How we welcomed our little notes from P. & O. Orient apologising for the delay and telling us that hot drinks and sandwiches would be waiting for us in the public rooms! Although bone-tired the next day, passengers voted the tour the experience of a lifetime.

At Naples, we had the choice of several tours. I was torn between Capri and Pompeii, but chose Capri, resolving to go to Pompeii on the return voyage.

Between Naples and Lisbon, we encountered our first rough weather.

This was disappointing for Mr. and Mrs. Bill Hassett, of "Cabarita," Adelong, N.S.W., because it prevented

● Mr. Leonard Manuel, of Broken Hill, N.S.W., and Mrs. M. R. Haub, of Arncliffe, N.S.W., at their engagement party on board the Orcades. Mr. Manuel bought the engagement ring, a diamond surrounded with diamonds, in Naples.

—Pictures by Don McCrickard

some guests from attending the party they gave.

Mr. and Mrs. Hassett occupied the Orcades flat, the same accommodation in which Lord De L'Isle and his family travelled when they came to Australia.

Among the Hassett's guests at the party were Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Chapman, of Rainworth, Brisbane, who are also "first-trippers."

By the time we left Lisbon, it was hard to decide which of the ports we had enjoyed most, but Lisbon, with its almost agonising choice of shore tours, was a contender for favorite. I chose the tour to Sintra, the fishing port

Cascais, and the beautiful resort of Estoril.

England had put on her best early spring dress for us, and as we spun along from Tilbury to our London hotels we saw parks and gardens glowing with daffodils, hyacinths, and crocus against the brilliant green grass.

We said temporary good-byes to many fellow passengers, for, from now until May 14, when we all board the Oriana for home, we will be touring England and Europe in "waves." There are 47 on my "wave," and a bus tour of Europe is the first item on our program.

## Home port

Himalaya for the tour to England and the future tourist-class section of the Oriana for the return trip.

Although the tour price of £1392 has been costed to cover only for four-berth accommodation, single cabin, with and without private facilities, to be reserved for small additional supplements.

De luxe suites are available in the Himalaya, if required.

Sometime between the arrival and departure dates and the coach departure (coach departure may vary) there is a day free period.

Travellers on our first tour — now in progress — have used this time for visiting relatives and friends in Europe or for trips to Scandinavia, Ireland, Holland, Spain.

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If you can't join our World Discovery Tour 1967, consider a special

White Christmas Tour for October - November, 1967. Full details of this and the World Discovery Tour are in our special tour brochure, available from any of the General Sales Agents listed below.

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SOUTH AUSTRALIA: King's Travel Agency Pty. Ltd., 30 Currie St., Adelaide. Tel. 51-2146.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Wesfarmers Travel Service, 559 Wellington St., and 14 Terrace Arcade, Perth. Tel. 21-0191.

NEW ZEALAND: Russell & Somers Limited, 83 Customs St. East, Auckland. Tel. 20-959.

Or see your travel agent.



● Miss Hilary Nichol, of Adelaide, with English friend Susan Carroll.



● Dressed as "our tour" for Fancy Dress Ball. Above left, Mr. W. West, of Adelaide, Mrs. E. Buckmaster, of Heidelberg, Vic. Right: Miss Gwenyth Hubbard receives a prize from Captain E. G. H. Riddelsdell.



● In dining-room (from left): Mr. K. Simpson and Mrs. Simpson, of Kadina, S.A., Mrs. G. Smart and Mr. Smart, Adelaide, Mr. C. W. Ramsey and Mrs. Ramsey, Bellambi, N.S.W., Mr. S. E. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, Dromana, Vic.



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2. "laze on sun-soaked beaches"

3. "take a stroll by a waterfall"



4. "in a tropical Paradise"

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7. "skin diving on the Reef"



8. "cruise the coral seas"

9. "or be remote with me"



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**EVERYBODY  
KNOWS HER**

# "MOTHER of WORRIGEE"

● Jane Hickey has always been known in Nowra, on the south coast of N.S.W., as a "soft touch." Among what she calls "my people, the dark people," everyone always knew Mrs. Hickey, or was sent to her — a traveller needing a bed, or someone out of work, ill, or in trouble.



● Ted Stewart, Mrs. Hickey, Colin Little.



● Mrs. Hickey's present house.



● Ruins of her former house.



● Her daughter's new house.

BUT Mrs. Hickey's special weakness is for children. Besides her own five, she has reared 13 children from babyhood and cared for even more for shorter periods.

The "foster-children" have been related to her in varying degrees, from grandchildren to a far-distant degree that even Mrs. Hickey can't be precise about.

Unlike the old woman in the shoe, she never thought she had so many children she didn't know what to do. There was always room in her heart for more, even when the walls of the five-roomed tin shack at Worrigee, an aboriginal settlement outside Nowra, must have seemed close to bursting with the activity inside.

Her first husband was Jeffery Williams; he died many years ago. Mr. Hickey died four years ago.

Her own children are now grown-up: John, a worker on the Queensland railways, Mary, Marie, Grace, and Betty.

Mrs. Hickey has raised seven of Marie's children — babies: Kevin, Ted, and Jimmy Stewart. Another of Marie's daughters, Margaret, lived with Mrs. Hickey for several years; she is now a nurse in Sydney.

Mrs. Hickey travelled to northern N.S.W. to bring back and rear Netta, Graham, and John Williams, the children of her son John, when their mother died.

There were also the five Little children — Jimmy, the well-known aboriginal singer, Freddy, Colin, Betty, and Monica.

**By JUDE  
AINSWORTH**

The Littles are Mrs. Hickey's brother's children; she took them in when they were very young after their mother's death. "Colin has never left me from three to 23," she said.

"Jim went away on his ambition," is how his foster-mother put it. "Self-taught in everything, he was.

"Then I paid for him to learn his singing—I wanted him to take singing with a piano, but the teacher said he was determined to sing with a guitar.

"I wrote away to a radio station and got him audi-

Other members of the flock were Joan Kennedy ("my brother-in-law married her mother"), Joyce Perry ("she's related to me in a distant sort of way"), and Joyce's brother David, who has since been killed in a car accident.

An imposing matriarch of 65, with an air of steadfastness and dignity, Mrs. Hickey declared that she has never regretted taking in the children who have been brought to her.

"I've always been called 'The Mother of Worrigee' amongst all our people, because I was always at their beck and call," she said.

Most of the youngsters she raised have either done

law, four grandchildren, and Colin Little, Jimmy's brother.

(The citizens of Nowra collected enough furniture, clothing, dishes, and cutlery to keep the household going.)

At Worrigee, the aboriginal settlement has withered to two households, Mrs. Hickey's and her elderly aunt's.

She describes her aunt proudly as "100 years old and a full-blood." Mrs. Hickey herself is a half-caste, and she says her aunt is about the only pure-blood aboriginal she knows.

Mrs. Hickey's present home became available when her daughter Grace moved with her husband, Jim Coombs, and their four

find a house for rent in Nowra, but finding a place is difficult in the town these days, because of the influx from the nearby naval base.

And at the price she can afford places are even more scarce.

## Pea-picking

"I've been out to work since I was a girl of 13," she reflected, standing with folded arms outside her home. "And I've never had much help from the Board.

"Then 13 months ago there was a car smash, and my right arm's no good to me now. Until then I was pea- and bean-picking—just helping the boys along."

The family's steady income, Mrs. Hickey told me,

Mrs. Hickey is a strongly religious woman; although she is nominally an Anglican, she explains that she doesn't tie herself to any one denomination: "I go anywhere where I can hear the word of God."

She believes that excessive drinking is one of the basic causes of family instability among aborigines.

"Drink is a terrible thing, a curse, a ruination," she said emphatically.

Mrs. Hickey felt that the worst blow of the recent fire was the loss of "my 16-guinea Bible and all the rest of my Bibles and hymn books."

Various Nowra clergymen used to hold services in her house for the people of Worrigee; often there were two services a week.

"For three years we had a nice little church there, with gas lights inside. There were 250 people at the opening."

But the roof began to give way, so the congregation finally dismantled the church before it could fall in ruins.

"If I could have built my home back up there again I'd never leave Worrigee," she said regretfully.

"I've lived like that for 36 years. I've had full and plenty and never wanted for anything.

"A lot of people wonder today why I tied my life down like I did, but I've sort of devoted my life to children. I've been very fond of them, from a girl.

"No, I'm not tired — if I get a big house, I'd like to give my old auntie a home.

"What about more children? I'd take 'em in — they'd be no trouble to me."

## She brought up Jimmy Little

tioned. His present manager picked him up from there."

Jimmy was invited to make a Royal Command Performance in Adelaide during the Queen Mother's stay, and from there left for a tour of western N.S.W.

Freddy, who is younger than Jimmy, has begun a promising career singing in an all-aboriginal group of entertainers who are making the club circuit all over N.S.W. and touring Queensland as well.

As for the three Wellington children, Cyril, Margaret, and Etty, their mother was Mrs. Hickey's first cousin.

Conditions were pretty crowded at her place just then, so Mrs. Hickey was only able to keep the youngest three — the others went into a home.

several years of or finished high school.

"I've had as many as nine going to school at the same time," she said.

Some of them are now married, with families of their own, like Jimmy Little.

## No refunds!

None have ever been seriously ill — she joked that she kept up medical benefits payments in vain: "Unfortunately I never got a refund on them because nobody got sick!"

Now the home where she "mothered" her brood is a ruin — a flash fire burned it to the ground one Sunday night. She is living temporarily in the shack next door, with her invalid brother-in-

daughters into a new house built by the co-operative effort of Nowra's churches and service clubs with materials furnished by the Aboriginal Welfare Board.

The Board owns the house (pictured), with others in Nowra, and is renting it to the Coombs family.

Mrs. Hickey has refused the Board's offers of houses in two mission stations "because I've never lived on a mission station since I left school," and because she feels that Roseby Park, 16 miles from Nowra, and Wallaga Lake, more than 100 miles away, are too far from areas where the boys depend on finding casual labor.

"I'd like to have a home with electric light in it," she said softly, shyly, wistfully. At present she is hoping to





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Swoon . . . scream . . . gulp

# THE BEATLES ARE COMING in a TV singalong

• Half-hours of pure bliss, teenage style, start on TCN9 on Tuesday, April 12, at 5 p.m., when the Beatles star and sing as animated cartoon characters in a program that has caused an uproar on TV overseas.

By  
NAN MUSGROVE

Television



THE BEATLES: John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. Their fans can look forward to TCN9's new program series, in which the famous mop tops sing the songs they made famous.

THE reaction was just as enthusiastic in Australia. When the series was given a sneak preview on TCN9 last November uproar set in a big way.

The switchboard was jammed by eager fans inquiring when they'd see more.

Now, fans, old and new, should be happy, because from April 12 on, every day Monday to Friday, the Beatles will sing from 5 to 5.30 p.m.

Each cartoon segment is made up of two cartoon adventures with a singalong sandwiched between.

The first program features four Beatle songs, "Do you Want to Know a Secret," "If I Fell," "A Hard Day's Night," and "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

The first thing I noticed when I saw the preview release was that an Australian company, Artransa, gets a credit for animation.

When I investigated this, I found that the Beatles cartoons are practically a Commonwealth-wide venture — the soundtracks of the songs were recorded in England, the animation in Canada and Australia.

Australia's Artransa did most of the animation and was also responsible for most of the singalong segments of the program.

Movie fans may remember movie shorts that featured what was then known as "community singing" with a bouncing ball jumping from word to word in the beat required. The Beatles' singalong is very like this.

One thing about the



"I'M DELIGHTED to be in Australia for the second time. The first time was in my dreams," said Russian poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, left, who was weary but gracious when he arrived at Adelaide airport. With him is his interpreter, Madame Oksana Krugerskaya, and author Geoffrey Dutton.

Beatles is that their music has a beautiful sound when you hear it, and this is an opportunity to actually hear it, un-muffled by enthusiastic screaming.

## A feast of nostalgia

WHEN is Bobby Limb's "Sound of Music" Maurice Chevalier's "Sound of Music"?

The answer to this riddle is a happy one for viewers: Maurice takes over from Bobby on Good Friday, April 8, at 7.30 p.m.

Bobby introduces the program, a special called "Music by Cole Porter," but Maurice narrates, comperes, and sings in this feast of nostalgia.

He has notable assistance. Famous musical comedy star Robert Goulet also sings.

## Chan needs extroverts

THE remarkable Chan Canasta came back to ABC-TV last week. With a group of guest panellists, he entertained with his "experiments" in psychological perception.

The experiments in the first show were a series of remarkable card and memory tricks. I was a shade disappointed.

I didn't think Chan was as urbane, as suave as when I last saw him. He looked a little worn, and seemed to be concentrating to the exclusion of everything else.

Maybe it was the rather stolid panel, which included famous runner Herb Elliott and ABC's Gerald Lyons.

Herb looked very constrained in a neat dark business suit, sitting still instead of in his better-known commercial role, that of running down a beach dragging a giant roll of paper after him. But, constraint and all, he was still the panellist most prepared to be in it.

When I talked to Chan some weeks ago, he told me he liked to work with a panel of extroverts who didn't have

to be prodded into speech. His first panel had to be prodded all the time, which probably was the reason Chan seemed merely remarkable instead of amazing.

But even when he is only remarkable Chan is worth watching closely.

★ ★ ★  
SYDNEY viewers were treated to a TV look at the effect of Saturday's cyclone on the sea when ABC-TV tried to telecast the N.S.W. Inter-Branch Surf Life-Saving Championships.

The telecast was held up first because of the wild seas at Swansea Cave's Beach, Newcastle, where it was to have been held.

Then the whole thing, with the ABC unit, was moved to Blacksmiths Beach.

The surf at Blacksmiths was dumping heavily, and was dangerous-looking. Finally, the carnival was cancelled.

The sea wasn't the only unfriendly element, either. The lifesavers huddled in the competitors' arena, lashed by driving rain and icy wind gusts.

I have never seen a collection of colder-looking mortals. They humped up and down, wrapped themselves in blankets, donned track suits.

It made a warm armchair visit to the carnival, via TV, extra good, while it lasted.

## ... But I can't swoon over the Russian poet

RUSSIAN poet Yevtushenko's poetry reading on ABC-TV recently was as way out as spending Easter on the moon.

Yevtushenko was described by ABN's Diana Ward, in a promotional burst an hour or so before he appeared, as both exciting and interesting.

He has also been described by poets, critics, and men of letters as a great and inspiring poet. I am sure they are right, but ABC-TV's telecast put me no closer to finding out.

Torrents of poetry in fluent Russian, delivered in the slavonic manner by Yevtushenko, with arm-waving and wildly rolling or glaring eyes, didn't sound poetic to me.

I wasn't impressed, either, when Mr. Peter O'Shaughnessy, who translated the poems, delivered them, in English, obviously copying Yevtushenko's manner, but shouting and ranting in a paler, more Anglo-Saxon way.

Ten minutes was more than enough for me of TV's Yevtushenko.

## Rolf's special

Next day, hearing people rave, I was worried about my reaction. It was a cold, dreary Monday morning. I was talking to TCN9 on the telephone when I heard sounds of laughter over the wire.

I was amazed to hear that it was the echoes of Yevtushenko's morning at TCN9. I thought wildly that perhaps he was making a BP special of his poetry reading for prime-time viewing.

I found he was there for a BP special, all right — to have a private view of one made by his Australian hero, Rolf Harris.

He had a wonderful time, I was told, rolling in the aisle with laughter at Rolf in his swinging special.

Yevtushenko became a Harris fan after he heard "Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport" some years ago and bought this and a number of other Harris records.

When he heard Rolf was playing at the Chevron Hotel in Sydney he made a special overnight dash from Adelaide to see his last performance.

## On stage

It was quite a night and Yev ended up on the stage with Rolf.

I was comforted to find Yevtushenko and I have something in common: we both enjoy Rolf Harris' brand of entertainment.

While I found Yevtushenko the greatest ham as a poetry reader, I was interested to learn that the top Adelaide Festival set regard him the way teenagers regard the Beatles — real swooning, screaming-over material.

Footnote: Gian Carlo Manara, who last year made "Living on the Fringe," the controversial documentary about Sydney slums, is making a profile of Yevtushenko, to be telecast on "Spectrum" on April 24 at 9.10 p.m.

Manara, a great man for realism, will try to tie the Russian poet down with the living-camera technique.

This is a frightening business, where the camera is used virtually as an unseen person dogging the footsteps of the subject without commentary. The conversations going on and the surroundings tell the story.

The result is a stream of pictures and conversation that leaves you to make your own analysis of the camera's character dissection. It will be interesting to see what the camera reveals about Yevtushenko.

## TOMMY HANLON'S

### Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "I wonder how many millions of cartoons, jokes, and even scenes from movies have been written about the husband forgetting his wife's birthday? They show the tricks a husband uses to remind himself, such as circling the date on the calendar in red; tying a string on his finger a week before the big day; having his secretary remind him; and even carrying a card in his wallet with not only the date but his wife's sizes in blouses, stockings, shoes, etc. Well, if you have this problem, I have a system, and I guarantee that this method is absolutely foolproof . . . just think it over."

Mamma's moral: The best way to remember your wife's birthday is to forget it once.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 13, 1964



# Honey West, private eye

● Honey West is the sole female in TV's super-spy and private-eye line-up that started with Patrick McGeehan of "Danger Man" and has got progressively more way out.

**B**LUE-EYED Honey (Anne Francis) is a bit way out herself. She stands 5ft. 7½in. tall barefoot and is a shapely 36-24-35½ topped off with long, straight blonde hair.

A film company once dubbed her "The Palomino Blonde" because, they said, her hair resembled the mane of a palomino pony—a good description.

Like any other mettlesome palomino, Honey tosses that blonde mane regardless as she fights her way through the weekly episodes of "Honey West."

Honey runs a private-eye business, and is prepared to take on any evil that bedevils the domestic American. She does not concern herself with keeping international peace like those globe-trotters Amos Burke and the Man from U.N.C.L.E.

But if you've trouble in your own backyard or luxury apartment, Honey is the girl you are looking for. She is not only a real Miss Fixit; she is good to watch, decorative, and entertaining.

—NAN MUSGROVE

● "Honey West" may be seen on TCN9, Sydney, on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m., on GTV9, Melbourne, on Mondays at 8 p.m., and in Perth on TVW7 on Tuesdays at 8.30 p.m. from April 5.

## Television



HONEY (Anne Francis) with her partner, Sam Bolt (John Ericson), who enjoys work with Honey and steps in whenever a tough, efficient he-man is needed.

● HONEY is efficient at judo, ju-jitsu, and karate, and has another weapon in Bruce Biteabit, a man-hating, strong-jawed, 28lb. ocelot. Like Honey he is playful, dangerous.



## 120-year-old defences are down—but far from out

■ What seems to be Sydney's oldest existing defence system — little-changed for more than a century — has finally fallen down on the job.

After about 120 years, the battery of cannon at Dawes Point no longer has in its sights a wide arc of Sydney Harbor.

Artillery existed at Dawes Point from the early days of the colony.

But apparently it was reinforced by the guns that stand there today (they're dated 1843 and 1844) after an American naval squadron slipped into the harbor in 1839 and pointed out that they could have razed Sydney town.

The five cannon that were strategically placed to blow out of the water any hostile men-o-war never fired a shot in anger and were plugged up many years ago.

But they still looked majestic and menacing as they glared out to sea.

Now, however, two of the 4½-ton barrels sprawl drunkenly on the grass, their wooden carriages missing.

One barrel even points the wrong way! But no invader's sabotage is responsible for the breakdown at the battery.

The City Council Parks and Recreation Department's deputy-director, Mr. R. Stringer, revealed the military secret to *Compact*.

He explained that his department recently found one of the wooden carriages destroyed by a vandal's fire.

When workers came to repair that carriage they found another was weakened.

The two barrels were removed and carpenters are building new carriages.

The Department had a long search before it found the right timber — teak — for the restoration.

The cannon won't be "back on their feet" for about three months.

But the ghosts of the old red-coated gunners could rest easily on the day the Council dismantled the cannon.

HMAS Perth, Australia's new guided missile destroyer, was moored at the Overseas Terminal, a few hundreds yards away.



## COMPACT

### President inspired a famous toy

★ At the International Toy Fair in Sydney recently we learned that there is a boom in scientific toys — microscopes, chemistry sets, etc.

A specialist in these toys — although, the way they are made, many could be hardly called that — said that almost as many girls as boys want, and get, them these days.

The exhibits also showed that traditional toys — such as dolls — are still popular.

And we heard the charming story of the origin of that other old favorite, the teddy bear.

It seems that early this century, U.S. President (from 1901-1909) Theodore ("Teddy") Roosevelt was on a bear hunt, watched by Pressmen.

At one stage he held his fire when a bear cub came into range. A cartoonist drew the incident.

Margaret Steiff, a crippled toymaker in a German small town, saw the drawing and it inspired her to make cuddly toy bears.

The "Teddy" bear was born.

### 'CROWNING GLORY' OF GEMSTONES

■ A coronet studded with distinctive Queensland stones goes with the title of "Miss Cairns."

The centrepiece stone in the coronet is a large pink coral and cream-colored agate on a base of yellow-grey-green agate.

The centrestone symbolises a lighted torch, the coral color representing a flame.

Long, slender grey-green agates, tipped with the same rosy coral color, are set along two silver lines which form the shape of the coronet above a silver headband.

The agates came from Agate Creek—a famous place for gem collectors — about 300 miles west of Cairns.

On either side of the coronet's centrestone, and under it, are opals from Queensland's Anakie gemfield.

Spaced at intervals around the coronet are large white topaz stones (not unlike diamonds).

They came from the tablelands behind Cairns, another happy hunting ground for gem collectors.

The unusual coronet, made by Cairns jeweller Mr. Tom McDonald, is now being worn by Miss Lynette Miller, the present "Miss Cairns."

She is 18, and a member of the staff of the Mulgrave Shire Council in North Queensland.

"Miss Cairns" is a district title organised by the Cairns and District Travel League and run in conjunction with the annual Cairns Fun in the Sun Festival.



● "Miss Cairns," 18-year-old Lynette Miller, wearing her Queensland gemstone coronet.

## EASTER EGGS BEAT 'BAD EGGS'

■ The beautifully decorated Easter eggs shown here are the work of Mrs. Nadia Teodorowych, of Lakemba, N.S.W.

Mrs. Teodorowych brought the eggs in to our Leila Howard Test Kitchen after reading our Easter feature (March 23 issue) on pysanky, the decorated Easter eggs of Europe.

"Pysanky are also made in the Ukraine," said Ukraine-born Mrs. Teodorowych, and her eggs feature traditional designs from her homeland.

She said there is an old Ukrainian belief that the fate of the world depends upon pysanky.

As long as egg-decorating continues, the world will exist.

Should the custom cease, evil — in the guise of an ancient monster chained to a huge cliff — will encompass the world and destroy it.

Each year, according to the belief, the monster's servants encircle the globe, keeping a record of the number of pysanky made.

When there are few, the monster's chains loosen, and evil flows through the world.

When there are many, the monster's chains hold tight, allowing love to conquer evil.

Mrs. Teodorowych came to Australia 17 years ago. The art of pysanky decorating was taught to her in Australia by her mother.

"There is so much careful work involved," she said, "each egg takes a whole day to decorate."

In addition to pysanky decoration, Mrs. Teodorowych also does beautiful needlework in traditional Ukrainian designs.

### Had to take his medicine

★ "It's funny how things stick in your mind," said John Ebdon, a London lecturer, in a recent BBC broadcast.

"Only the other day I thought of something that was said to me twenty-three years ago by my flying instructor. I had just 'broken' an aeroplane, and being a straightforward sort of chap I owned up.

"Forget it," he said. 'Forget that you have just cost the taxpayer £40,000. Don't give it another thought. Just remember that all experience is good experience, because it provokes thought.'

"Then he sent me to see a psychiatrist!"





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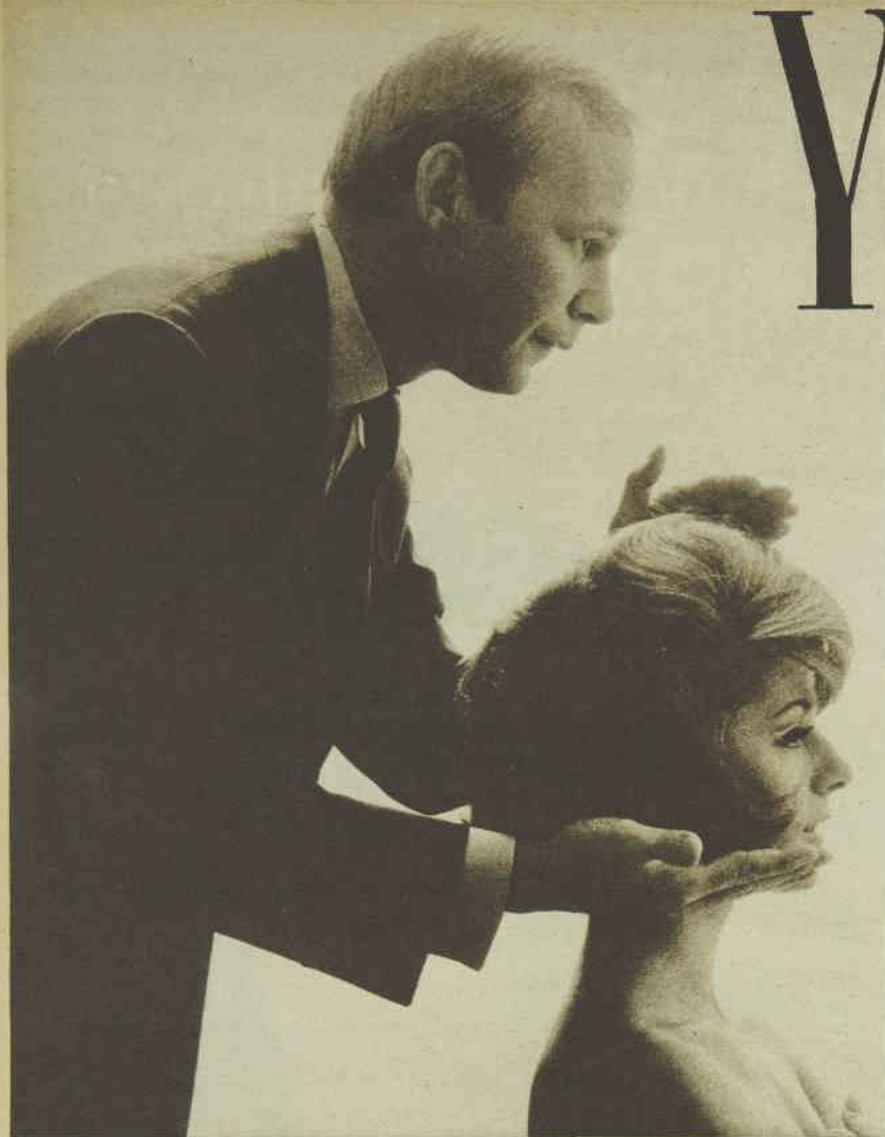
## DESERT FLOWER

SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON

DESERT FLOWER SKIN LUXURIES (left to right) Talcum Powder, \$1.50; Spray Cologne, \$3.30; Sparkling Cologne, \$2.55; Toilet Water, \$1.50; Hand and Body Lotion, 8 oz. with dispenser, \$2.55; 3½ oz. bottle, \$1.15; Aerosol Deodorant, \$1.50; Toilet Soap, 70 cents; three cake gift set, \$2.00. Also available Hand Cream \$1.00; Stick Deodorant, \$1.50; Shower Soap, 95 cents and four combination gift sets priced from \$3.70 to \$5.85.



# YOU and



● It's a woman's job to be pretty, and I can tell you there's absolutely no reason today why she can't be.

**M**AYBE I'm prejudiced, but I do think that a woman's good looks start with her hair — have you ever seen a woman who looked good when her hair didn't?

And it's the easiest part of her to work with. Diets take time, posture needs work, clothes require money and effort, but hair can be transformed from a drab mess to something really beautiful at short notice.

Hair can be curled, cut, colored, bleached, straightened, conditioned, oiled, or shaped—all in an hour or two.

The new products on the market are fantastic. Hairdressers have become sophisticated and clever, and so can any woman if she puts her mind to it.

"All right," you think, "anybody can be beautiful if she can afford to go to an expensive New York salon like yours, but I can't do that."

You don't have to. You do need a good hairdresser, however, for some things, and today you can find one almost everywhere. Other things you can do for yourself.

## You Need Shape

First—for a beautiful head of hair—you need a good cut, a basic good shape.

You can't provide that for yourself. But once you have it, you can maintain it yourself.

Short hair requires a new cut about every six weeks.

The six hairdos which I have chosen for you here (see pictures, and turn over for how-to-set instructions) can all be set at home if you follow the directions.

Three models have been chosen—one with short hair, one with medium-length hair, and one with long hair — and each has been given two distinct hairstyles, but using the same basic set for all.

I believe that any woman can wear almost any hairstyle if it is proportioned to her head. Too many women think there's only one style for them. That's not true—I could show you infinite ways one woman would look just great. In choosing a hairdo, you—or your hairdresser—should not go merely by the shape of your face. It's the shape of your hair that matters most. That's the material you have to work with, like the fabric of a dress.

## What's Your Problem?

You can't change the texture of your hair and so you have to consider it carefully.

- Hair without much body is better in a blunt cut than a layered one.
  - Hair which doesn't curl easily is best worn fairly short.
  - If you haven't an abundance of hair, you can't wear it long.
  - If your hair is very fine, a long style isn't good, either. And it needs a strong setting lotion.
  - Wiry hair requires simple lines and a cream rinse.
  - If you have coarse hair, you probably can wear it almost any way you prefer, unless it's very curly, in which case you have to know how to work with the curls or perhaps consider hair-straightening.
- Let your hairdresser decide what problems your particular hair texture presents.

But you tell him what you want to look like. Take along a picture of a hairdo you like—I find that tells me what you think is pretty.

And I like to ask clients what they don't want, the kind of lives they don't lead, the sort of hairstyle they can't keep up with. I've discovered that I find out more about what they do want this way.

Of course, there are fashions in hair, and most of my clients are interested in whatever the current look may be.

However, there is a strong tendency right now toward a kind of individuality and against mass fashion.

Fashionable women don't want a hairdo that's seen too much, that can immediately be identified by name. And they're against masculine styles, messy styles, and styles that are too "hard."

Right now, there's a definite trend toward soft, soft hair and away from that tough Courreges look that's been so popular.

The very young group, as we all know, likes long hair, but even that is getting softer. The straight lanky hair is becoming flowing and wavy—film star Julie Christie's hair is a good example.

She said recently, "I'm having it curly because it's nice that way. I'm sick of straight hair—I used to like it, but it's time for a change."

"I think soft curls round one's face are pretty. Like Rita Hayworth in an old movie I saw the other day."

The hair still swings, but it fluffs out at the ends.

After a woman is, say, 25 or 30, she can't go around with long hair. It shouldn't be any longer than her chin, and it should

● Kenneth is probably the most famous hairdresser today, and in his luxurious salon in a five-storey Edwardian mansion in New York he styles some of the best-known heads in the world. To have a hairdo by Kenneth is like wearing clothes by Dior—it's high fashion, it's pretty, it's ladylike, and it's expensive.

As a man who doesn't believe in gimmick hairstyles, he has been making headlines since he designed the bouffant coiffure for Jackie Kennedy a few years back.

Though quiet and courteous, Kenneth has very definite opinions about hair, which he sets out in the following article.

be soft. It should have movement, too. Even for young girls, long hair is better above-shoulder length.

Unless you intend to go to the hairdresser at least once a week, don't select a hairstyle that is complicated. Intricate setting can't be done properly at home.

Choose something simple and easier, something you can care for yourself. Gimmick hairdos need hairdressers.

Caring for a simple hairdo is not hard. All three of the styles on these pages were produced from one basic set which you can easily follow from the sketches which appear overleaf with the directions.

What makes them differ from each other, aside from a few details, is the combing, and I'll explain that to you as well as I can.

But first, some essentials about hair care. I think every woman *thinks* she knows how to take care of her number one asset, but you'd be amazed at how many shabby heads of hair I see every day.

## SHAMPOOS

**W**HILE still dry, massage your scalp with the ends of your fingers in a circular motion, starting at the temples and working back to the nape of the neck. Then brush briskly.

If you've been using hair spray, rinse your hair thoroughly with hot water.

Then wash twice with a good shampoo. Use something—like a soft plastic brush—that will move your scalp as you scrub.

Then rinse madly. Soap left in the hair can be disaster.

Finally, rinse your hair with cold water if you can stand it. For some reason I don't understand, this helps keep a sheen.

## OILY HAIR

**T**HIS is hard to cope with and usually goes along with fine hair that is not very full or heavy. First rule is to wash as often as necessary, even if that's every day, with a shampoo made specially for oily hair. Your hairdo should be shortish and should not require a lot of setting—rather it should be cut into shape. Try rinsing with real lemon, real eggs, or vinegar.



# YOUR HAIR

By KENNETH

Six Kenneth styles—all easy to set at home

## Long hair



Style 1 — a



1 — b

## Medium length



2 — a



2 — b

### DRY HAIR

THERE are things you can do for dry hair at home. There are good conditioning products on the market or you can use castor oil combined with heat.

Rub into the scalp, then cover with hot towels or a heating-cap.

The problem with castor oil is that it's hard to get out, but you can do it with very hot water and a good shampoo.

Brush and massage regularly.

Use a shampoo made for dry hair. Conditioners are wonderful but can also soften the hair, and you really need a good setting lotion.

One trick is to dry the hair after a conditioning treatment and then use the set lotion on the dried hair. It will have more body this way.

### DANDRUFF

THERE'S no real cure, but there are good products which alleviate the condition. The important thing is to keep hair as free from dirt as possible. You've got to go after the scalp and shampoo with a special product perhaps three times. Wash your comb and brush with each shampoo. Some setting aids leave a powdery residue which collects on the scalp and adds to your problem. Try various lotions until you find one that doesn't do this.

### LACK OF BODY

HAVE a body wave which adds bulk, making the hair look thicker, healthier, stronger.

To give volume, height at the crown, and width at the sides, don't wave the hairline. Have a stronger wave in the crown, weaker underneath.

Remember, this kind of hair is better in a blunt cut than layered.

### SPLIT ENDS

CUTTING is the only cure and cutting should be done often—perhaps every three to four weeks.

### TOO MUCH CURL

WITH all the recent emphasis on straight hair, women with very curly hair have been going in for straightening, which I recommend.

But it should be done professionally (this is important) and infrequently. Hairdressers

## Short hair



3 — a



3 — b

never guarantee to produce bone-straight hair—it's too risky. But they can make it straighter.

### COLORING

THERE'S no excuse for dull hair today, and coloring is at present the big news and the big business in hair.

Never make a drastic change until you're absolutely sure what you want. Change your color gradually.

If you're over 40, don't try for the color of your hair when you were 20. Now you must go into lighter, ashier tones—anything too dark or too red is hard-looking.

If you do the coloring yourself at home, don't get involved in a complicated pro-

cess. Choose the simplest form of coloring—you can do a good job highlighting or taking out yellow or grey.

And read the directions on the package—this is vital. Vast numbers of dollars are spent researching these products and the manufacturers know what they're doing. Follow the directions exactly.

The new rinses are fantastic and a boon to every woman. They also add body to the hair—they coat it and make it seem thicker—as well as accentuate your own color.

### BRUSHING

IF you've been backcombing, or your hair is snarled, brush the ends until all tangles

are out, then work up toward the scalp. Don't start at the top and yank.

Then massage scalp with hands or a plastic-toothed brush.

### BACKCOMBING

DO your backcombing gently, starting near the roots and working out to the ends.

Don't use it as a whole base of a hairdo. Those days are gone for ever, I hope.

Rather, use the backcombing as an aid in shaping the style, and then it's invaluable.

### SETTING

YOUR hair will take a better set if you thoroughly dry it after the shampoo, then wet with undiluted lotion. I soak the hair till it's dripping and when it dries it has much more body.

Use fairly large rollers—small ones give tight curls. The larger the roller, the looser the curl or wave.

You may need smaller ones as you get closer to the neck, however. To roll, hold the hair straight up, then roll down, keeping a good tension on the hair. Then clip the roller firmly so it doesn't move.

Use pin curls at the nape and ears if the hair is too short for rollers. Tape will hold bangs and short hair at the nape.

### IN-BETWEEN SETS

TO keep the line between sets, never wet your hair—or you'll completely lose the line. Set it dry. Follow the line with rollers.

Then, if you like, take a hot bath or shower and the steam will give enough dampness.

### COMBING

BRUSH out thoroughly from front to back; then brush into place using your free hand to shape over or under.

If you need a little backcombing for height or width, tease with a brush, starting at the scalp and working out.

Keep it to a minimum, however—big heads are out.

Overleaf: Directions for setting the six styles





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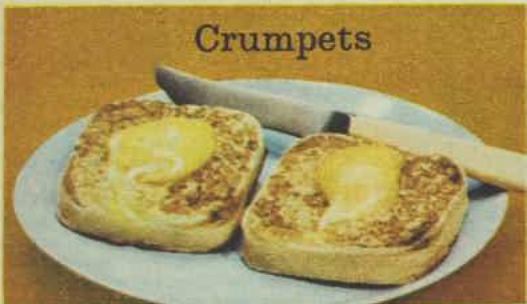


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AGE 1181

Continued from page 25

# How to set the six Kenneth hairstyles

● *Nothing to it with Kenneth's step-by-step instructions. Wash your hair, choose the style — there are two for each length of hair (long, medium, and short) — and then go to it.*

## 1—Long Hair



a. Set the hair as shown in the three sketches at left. For a softer, wavier look, use small ( $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch) rollers; for a straighter look, use larger rollers ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 2 inches). Brush out thoroughly to the side — this one from right to left — with no part. That's all there is to it.



b. Brush hair up to a smooth, tight scalp, brushing gradually up to the crown, where you catch it together with a rubber band or a ribbon. This leaves a long, wavy pony tail. Then gently turn and twist the pony tail down to the end, holding it out straight. Take the end and pull it up to above the rubber band. You'll see that it automatically goes into a figure 8, turning as you pull it up. Attach it with pins. Any little ends may be left loose or wrapped around to cover the rubber band. This is a good hairdo for adding flowers or jewels.



## 2—Medium Hair

a. Set the hair as shown in the two sketches at left, but flatten and curl a half inch into the hairline on a medium roller, turning it forward. Or you may comb it forward and hold it with tape. If hair is too short at nape for rollers, make a row of pincurls. Brush out thoroughly and backcomb slightly to maintain the line.

b. Brush out backcombing, flattening into curves circling the face. Catch with a barrette or pin at the temple line where it will hold the best.

## 3—Short Hair



a. Set the hair as shown in the two sketches at left, but use two huge rollers coming forward at the very front. At the nape, do not curl but direct it in shape with a comb, and hold with tape. When dry, brush into shape, then take a hairpin and gently lift the hair here and there.

b. If necessary, reset the crown with smaller rollers and backcomb slightly if necessary. Direct curls into shape with a hairpin.

## Do you know these facts about hair?

● The average head has from 100,000 to 120,000 hairs. Natural blondes have more. Redheads have less.

● The average age of a single hair is from two to five years.

● All permanent changes in hair take place in the cortex, the middle layer, which contains the pigments. Hair tint deposits color in the pigments, while lightener removes color from them.

● Only 12 percent of the population have natural red hair, and red hair fades faster than any other color.

● Hair has only two basic pigments: red and brown. The combination of these two pigments is what causes the variety of hair colors.

● No two hairs are exactly alike.

● The only truly black hair belongs to the Chinese.

● Children have less oil in their hair than adults. Oil secretion increases sharply in adolescence, but decreases as a person ages. Each hair follicle has from one to six oil glands.

● The scalp covers an area of about 120 square inches.

● The diameter of single hairs varies from  $1/140$ th to  $1/1500$ th of an inch. On a single head, there are wide variations in the thickness of hair.

● Each hair has a small muscle attached below the oil glands. Its function is the erection of the hair when a person is frightened or cold. That's what goose pimples are.

● Hair growth is related to the function of hormonal glands, the general nutrition, and the condition of the scalp.

● Changes in the color of the eyebrows and lashes are not related to changes in the color of the hair on the scalp.

● Up to 16 years of age, the hair becomes darker with increasing age.

● White hair is produced by the complete absence of pigment in the hair shaft.

● Hair cannot turn grey overnight — it takes months. The hair roots can lose the ability to produce pigment because of shock, or illness, but it takes a long time for the colorless hair to grow into a whole head of hair.

● Hair, like nails and the uppermost layers of skin, is non-living.

● Hair at the temple and neckline is usually finer than that at the crown.

● There is no way to speed up hair's normal rate of growth, which averages about a half inch per month. The only exceptions are a seasonal growing spurt in summer, and the fact that women's hair grows slightly faster than men's. And children's hair grows even more rapidly than adults'.

● All people go through a moulting season every so often, when we lose between 50 and 100 hairs a day.

● Permanents, both home and professional, and hair coloring have produced the two biggest revolutions in hairstyling.

● The surface of each hair is literally shingled by a layer of horny flat cells.

● When hair burns, the characteristic odor is caused by the sulphur it contains.

(Republished by arrangement with THIS WEEK magazine)



it wasn't that I needed a coat  
but this one  
was all golden  
and glowing  
like an April afternoon  
and it was  
**pure new wool**  
so how could I help myself?



**pure new wool**



THIS IS THE INTERNATIONAL SYMBOL OF THE WORLD'S BEST... PURE NEW WOOL



● Yves St. Laurent's pea-jacket and bell-bottom trousers worn with a smart yachting cap. The sweater top has red-and-white bands.

# PANTS MOVE IN AND GO ROUND THE CLOCK

● Yves St. Laurent's nautical look — middy top, bell-bottom trousers, and jaunty cap. The trousers are fitted to mid-calf, then bell gradually downwards to the hem.



**WATCH** the 1966 line in pants, all kinds of pants — bell-bottoms, hipsters, knickerbockers, and at-home "entertainers."

For the sportive life, pants are borrowed from the boys, and are often part of a matched boy's tailored suit.

The right-this-minute pants look is nautical. It was introduced by Yves St. Laurent in his recent spring collection. He showed bell-bottoms complete with a pea-jacket or middy-top and a jaunty cap. The look had instant success.

Knickerbockers, cut like Little Lord Fauntleroy pants, (they're in tweed, not velvet), are on the up-and-up.

In the U.S., elaborate at-home pants have zoomed to the top of the glamor list. The hostess on the international circuit is an avid follower of this fashion. Personally, I love pants for winter, for weekends, for the country, for at-home.

I especially like bell-bottoms and a matched top in printed crepe for entertaining. They look like a long dress, but "walk" better and are not quite so formal. Pants, however, must be well made and have the right cut and balance. Anyone with a weight problem should not wear them.

—BETTY KEEP

● Continued overleaf

● Soft fluid lines are seen in the fabulous rose-pink crepe at-home pyjamas (left). Pyjamas by Dior.

● Knickerbocker suit (right) made in reversible wool. The trousers are cut like Lord Fauntleroy pants.





PANTS MOVE IN (continued)

## TAILORED LOOK FOR CASUAL DRESSING



● The boy-tailored suit is the look of today's modern youth. Example above is made in corduroy velveteen.



● Trouser suit (above) has English-inspired cavalry-cut trousers. For 1966, men's fashions set the pace and trend for women's slacks.



● Hip-riding pants (below) are worn with a fitted T-shirt. The T-shirt is not new, but it is more important than ever. Stripes are in.



● Two-piece hostess pyjamas (above) in silk print. The overblouse tunic is finished with a face-framing hood.



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P5-AWW





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● Prizes totalling \$1000 are awarded to the winners of each week's Crozzle. Try your skill with Crozzle No. 4.

A COMBINATION puzzle and crossword, the Crozzle is a word game which all the family can do.

Prizes for each week's contest will be:  
● \$500 for top score. (In the event of a tie for top score, the \$500 will be divided among the tied entrants.)

● \$500 divided evenly among all entries with the next four highest scores, and any tied entry eliminated from the top score.

You may send as many entries as you like, provided each one is filled in on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. So if you have sent in two or more entries which are among those sharing the prizemoney, your entries will win two or more shares. These entries can be identical.

Closing date for Crozzle No. 4 is April 27.

### HOW TO DO IT

This week's words refer to mountains. To complete the CROZZLE, make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words supplied.

Remember, you may use only the words supplied in the list and you may use each of them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword, with all the lines of letters across and down making complete words from the given list. Remember, though, each word along the same line, across or down, must be separated by a black square.

Your CROZZLE does not have to fall into any set pattern, neither does it have to be symmetrical.

### CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 4 must be received by April 27 and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 4," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

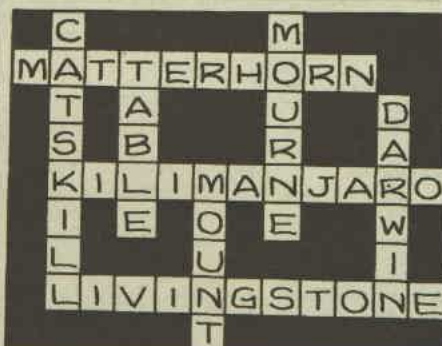
3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Each word in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie the entries will share the prizemoney.

6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of March 23.

### SAMPLE CROZZLE



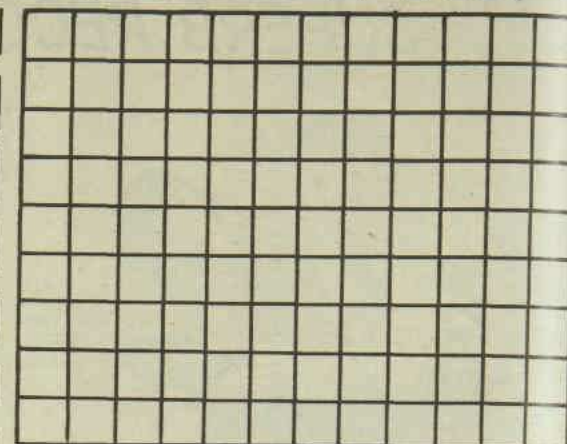
7 9 6 9 9

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 40

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 80

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY. 120

## CROZZLE No. 4



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

**Scoring:** For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter — at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another going down.

The sample CROZZLE shown on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the sample entry grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry.

Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters	3-point letters	6-point letters	12-point letters
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

### Word list for Crozzle No. 4

3 LETTERS	4 LETTERS	5 LETTERS	7 LETTERS	9 LETTERS
Abu Elk Ice Ida Isa Low Top	(continued) Rope Rise Snow Ural View	(continued) Sinai Slope Table White	(continued) Lebanon Lookout Malvern Orizaba Palomar Pennine Rainier Rockies Simplon Skiddaw	Allegheny Avalanche Granipians Himalayas Kosciusko Landslide Liverpool Maritimes Parnassus Stromboli
4 LETTERS	5 LETTERS	6 LETTERS	8 LETTERS	10 LETTERS
Alps Bluc Cook Etna Face Haze High Hill Hood Jura Lava Olga Peak Rigi Rock	Andes Atlas Black Blanc Cenis Cliff Climb Downs Ghats Green Hecla Kenya Logan Mount Pelee Rocky	Alpine Ararat Clouds Darwin Egmont Elburz Erebus Mendip Mourne Ranges Summit Wilson	Catakill Chiltern Cotopaxi Cotswold Flinders Fujiyama Jungfrau Krakatoa Pyrenees Vesuvius	Adirondack Carpathian Laurentian Matterhorn Wetterhorn
11 LETTERS	12 LETTERS			
Appalachian Kilimanjaro Mountaineer Livingstone	Popocatepetl			

### Another Crozzle next week

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1966



## CHARMING PEOPLE

• When the Gemini 8 astronauts were in danger, major U.S. TV networks interrupted programs to show the life-and-death drama. They were deluged by phone calls from angry viewers complaining of "dopy Gemini stuff." One said: "Me and the kids can't follow the plot (of 'Batman') with all these interruptions. Get with it, will ya."



One of these days an astronaut will elect to remain in space,  
He'll go for a walk (and he won't come back) with a resolute look on his face,  
And he'll flee when he sees a rescue team and when they ask him why,  
He'll shout his answer across the void, "I like it here in the sky,  
I can see the earth. If I want to return, it is nice to know that I can.  
But I find it pleasanter far removed from the thought of my fellow-man."

—Dorothy Drain

## Household words of wit and wisdom

MAY I add another recipe for happiness to that quoted by Mrs. Ridgely? My six-year-old brother loved the words and insisted that I learn them off by heart. Now we are old, they bring back happy memories of our school-days.

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

This little verse has often saved me from doing and saying unkind things.

\$2 to Mrs. Ivy Selmon, Sans Souci, N.S.W.

MY husband copied this from an unremembered source and gave it to me before we were married six years ago. I consider it contains excellent advice.

To keep your marriage brimming  
With love in the loving-cup,  
When you're wrong — admit it,  
And when you're right — shut up.

\$2 to Mrs. J. P. Mahoney, Nonda, Qld.

THE following is a family toast that appeals to me:

May the roof never fall in,  
And the folks below never fall out.  
Massive, isn't it?

\$2 to "Breakfast" (name supplied), Warrandyte, Vic.

THE most worthwhile thing ever said to me is a piece of advice which we all need if we are to stay happy in this world today:

"It's good to have money and the things it can buy,  
but it's good, too, to check up once in a while to see that we haven't lost the things that money can't buy."

\$2 to Miss P. Williams, Riverwood, N.S.W.

ONE of the best and most appropriate maxims I know for a home with a family is printed on a floral china plaque in our dining-room. It never fails as a conversation piece with our visitors.

It is: "Home is where you grumble most and are treated best."

\$2 to Jean Dittmer, Childers, Qld.

IF the following isn't, strictly speaking, a recipe for happiness, its presence on a wall in the home of a friend of mine at least makes for merriment among visitors:

Womenfolk have many faults,  
Men have only two —  
Everything they say,  
And everything they do.

\$2 to "Gracie" (name supplied), Tenterfield, N.S.W.



## LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Shine-up for the mind

ONE reads and hears a lot these days about bored housewives, yet surely in the Western world the housewife has never had so many opportunities to broaden her horizons. During chores, she can listen to some very worthwhile radio programs; iron and mend while watching educational features on TV. She can even, while preparing meals and mixing cakes (I did this myself), learn a language. And surely she can find time to read, even a chapter a day, to brush up a little on literature. After all, the mind can do with a polish, as well as the floor.

\$2 to Mrs. Shirley Harrison, Wodonga, Vic.

### A pleasure in store

OUR kindergarten lawn was soon to be cut, so I was picking up a few stray stones. Up came a sweet little four-year-old girl, who, with a look of joyful anticipation, asked, "Who are you going to throw those at?"

\$2 to Mrs. Bette Millard, Port MacDonnell, N.S.W.

### Married life with an Asian

OUR daughter, a university student, has formed an attachment to a fellow student, an Asian, and has told us of their intention to become engaged. We feel that despite the growing tolerance and acceptance of so many races in our country such a union holds many pitfalls, not only for them but also for their children. Relatives and friends are too closely concerned to discuss the matter with an open mind, and it would be helpful to know the reaction of readers to such mixed marriages.

\$2 to "Anxious Parent" (name supplied), Vic.

### The root of the matter

WHILE teaching correspondence lessons to my two young charges, I turned on the radio for a school broadcast and temporarily left the room. Returning, I asked what the broadcast had been about. "Gardening," piped up the younger boy. Thinking that subject unusual for their age group, I plied them with further questions and discovered that they had been having a lesson on Latin roots.

\$2 to Mrs. Pam Garner, Chillagoe, Qld.

### The boy in the bath

MY baby boy had outgrown his bath, and I found it back-breaking to hold him in our big bath as he was not yet sitting up alone. I put him in my small plastic clothes-basket, setting that in the bath. He loved it, and I had both hands free to soap and rinse him. There also was no chance of his falling and hurting himself.

\$2 to Mrs. J. Bruton, Clearview, S.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE just had an operation and feel the usual desire to talk about it.

I found that having an operation is rather like having a stage career, only back to front. You begin as a star and work your way down to obscurity.

When I first went into hospital everybody made a fuss of me.

Doctors inquired about my past life. Nurses hovered over me like make-up artists, giving me a "skin prep." They brought forms and asked me to autograph them.

I felt as important as Sir Laurence Olivier about to play Hamlet.

The operation that followed was the peak of my hospital career. It was carried out in a place called, very properly, a theatre.

For two hours I held the audience fascinated. Surgeon, anaesthetist, and stage-struck theatre nurses gave me their full attention. It was a splendid performance.

After being taken back to my bed, I still had a devoted following.

### THAT'S SHOW BIZ

Beautiful Sister Davis, the toast of the surgical wing, came and watched me.

The night nurses were as attentive as a fan club. They kept giving me needles and pills, feeling my pulse, and arranging my pillows.



But on the second day after the operation, when I was feeling a little better, I noticed a change. Though the staff were as pleasant as before, they did not visit me as often.

I was beginning to lose my hold on my public.

The fall in my prestige was more

rapid after I was able to walk. The nurses stopped washing me and suggested I go to the bathroom.

I realised that I had become a mere bit player.

Sister Davis looked in now and then and said, "How are you this morning?" But I could tell she was no longer wrapped in me. She had switched her interest to Mr. Johnson, the fractured tibia next door.

I was hoping to make a comeback when my stitches were taken out. I thought I might briefly have the limelight again, but it was a fiasco.

A gay young nurse named Miss Clarke rushed in, unpicked the stitches in quick time, and that was that. There was no excitement, none of the old thrill of holding an audience spellbound.

My departure from the hospital caused hardly any interest. I was another faded star, like Gloria Swanson in "Sunset Boulevard."

However, I still have my album of X-ray photographs and my memories. They can't take that away from me.





## why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why it should help baby develop his digestive system and prepare him for more adult food.
2. How the new Nestlé's clinically balanced feeding programme helps baby.

Imagine you had been on an all-milk diet for three months, and think how long it would take your digestion to get used to solid food again.

Think how much harder it is for baby—who, up to three months, has never had solid food in his life! His whole digestive system must be trained to deal with different foods. His tiny stomach must develop to handle increasing quantities. Even chewing and swallowing have to be learnt. So much to learn before he can accept and digest really grown-up food.

A good baby food can help enormously and that is why it's so important to choose Nestlé's. Because the texture of Nestlé's Strained and Junior foods has been perfected with infinite care, they help baby take the gentle, gradual steps from "all milk" to his first tiny helpings of normal adult food.

Nestlé's baby foods do more than just feed.

Start baby's "digestive education" at about eight to twelve weeks.

For the first "lessons" give only Nestlé's "Strained" foods. They are so smooth and easily digested—just the right easy jump forward from milk and cereals. A few teaspoons at first; before long he'll be finishing a whole jar.

By six months, baby is ready for his next big step forward... Nestlé's Junior foods. Their texture has been specially designed to further aid in the development of the whole digestive system. Their chunky (but very, very tender) pieces are the ideal link with solid adult food.

The last step of all is probably the most rewarding for you—the day when he sits down to a serving of good adult food. You can be quite confident that you have protected and helped to develop his digestive system in a way that will benefit him right through his life.

**A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.**

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet

must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's tiny digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures. To help you through baby's vital first year, Nestlé's now offer you a book containing complete day-by-day, month-by-month menus. Clinically balanced, they provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continuously changing diet needs. (A sample menu is reproduced at right.)

### Complete Manual, free.

The book compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby foods. Because these three are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple. (The book also deals with other aspects of infant feeding and is thus the first truly practical and comprehensive manual available on this vital subject.)

The book is free to all mothers. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Advisory Service located in all State Capitals, or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

### SUGGESTED MENUS 4-5 MONTHS

Here are typical daily menus from the new "Balanced Feeding" manual. There are many more like it in the book which is free on request. Menus below are freely interchangeable because each daily menu is clinically balanced.

Note: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend that at meal time, baby be given his bottle before solids, that varieties may be altered for individual infants and that vitamin C intake be further supplemented by ascorbic acid tablets.

TIME	MON.-TUES.	WED.-THURS.
6 a.m.	Lactogen Feed	Lactogen Feed
10 a.m.	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1/2 jar "Creamed Fish."	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1/2 jar "Liver, Bacon and Vegetables."
	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*
2 p.m.	Approx. 1/2 jar "Chicken and Vegetables" followed by "Egg Custard."	Approx. 1/2 jar "Beef and Vegetables" followed by "Banana Custard."
	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*
4 p.m.	Orange Juice†	Orange Juice†
6 p.m.	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1/2 jar "Lamb and Vegetables."	3-4 teaspoons Baby Cereal mixed with Lactogen. Approx. 1/2 jar "Chicken and Vegetables."
	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*
10 p.m.	Lactogen Feed*	Lactogen Feed*

\*Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label. †Enough diluted Orange Juice to satisfy baby's thirst.

**Nestlé's**  
**BABY FOODS**



Nestlé's are  
specialists in  
infant feeding





Larry Cohen and Penelope stared at Sadaba, as she made her grave accusation.

# PENELOPE

Second instalment of our humorous two-part serial

By E. V. CUNNINGHAM

DISGUISED as an old lady of seventy or so, PENELOPE HASTINGS robs the City Federal Bank of New York of fifty-two thousand dollars. As it is the most modern and burglarproof bank in the city, her husband, JAMES R. HASTINGS, a vice-president of the bank, is naturally most upset about the robbery.

That night he has to meet JOHN COMADAY, Commissioner of Police, and LARRY COHEN, from the District Attorney's office, to discuss the robbery, and decides to take Penelope to dinner with them. The Commissioner is attracted to her, and recognising this fact Penelope can't help stealing his wallet as he sits next to her.

Between the robbery and the dinner Penelope had spent some time with DR. GREGORY MANNIX, her psychoanalyst, who already knows she has, in the past, stolen some of the most costly pieces of jewellery from women in her own social world. But when she admits to robbing her husband's bank, he is so alarmed he nearly forgets his ethical approach, and she realises he is attracted to her also.

Viewing a film of the robbery with Comaday and other officials, she cannot help mentioning she owns a yellow suit the same as a woman seen running away from the bank was wearing. Later, when it appears her suit has been stolen, it is traced to SADABA, a strange woman who owns a dress salon opposite the bank, and LIEUTENANT LEONARD ROTHCHILD and Larry Cohen confiscate it after interviewing Sadaba. NOW READ ON:

WHILE Larry Cohen and the three policemen were conducting their investigation of the yellow suit and Madame Sadaba, the James R. Hastings' were on their way home. The silence between them screamed with anger and hostility, set the air in the cab vibrating in nervous waves, then filled the elevator to choking, and at last saturated the apartment.

When they were in their bedroom, Penelope could tolerate it no longer and she said to her husband:

"My goodness, James, we can't live the rest of our lives in silence, can we?"

"We can try!" James snapped.

"Why?" Penelope pleaded innocently.

"If you don't know, your stupidity and insensitivity exceed even my estimation of them."

"Oh, James, the things you say!" Penelope exclaimed sadly, dropping on to the chaise-longue. "I would never think of saying such hideous things about you—"

"You do all the hideous things imaginable!"

"James, if you mean the poor, harassed priest— Well, good heavens, he has feelings, too! I wanted him to have the money. You got back your ten thousand and I simply replaced it with my money."

"Damn it, your money, then!"

"You know, James," Penelope said, going a long step further than she had ever gone before, "as a banker you never question the race or religion of the people who trust you with their money, but as James R. Hastings you hate Catholics and Jews and negroes and Baptists, and heaven knows what else—"

"I agree that you are without prejudice, or you would not have made a spectacle of yourself with those cheap political cops and that just-too-damn-bright district attorney."

"Thank you and good night," Penelope said icily.

Penelope dreamed, not about robbing Fort Knox but about lying on Gregory's couch and telling him that she had already robbed Fort Knox. She awakened in the comfortable glow of that dream, jotted down the rough outline of it on her bedside pad—otherwise it would be lost in a moment and she would be assuring Gregory that she never dreamed—and satisfied herself that James had already taken his departure.

Penelope had her hot bath. Lying in the steam of her gold-fitted Pompeian-type bathroom she thought of the bright, young attorney.

"Oh, you clever Mr. Cohen," Penelope said, giggling and making scrolls on the pink marble shelf of the tub, "you are pleased with yourself, aren't you? Because you imagine that you are positively the only one in the whole world who knows that Penelope Hastings' of the Park Avenue and Sag Harbor Hastings' is a plain but not ordinary crook."

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# NOW AVAILABLE IN AUSTRALIA



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## DELROSA ROSE HIP SYRUP

Fully imported DELROSA Rose Hip Syrup . . . Britain's most popular vitamin C product . . . is now available from chemists and health food stores throughout Australia. DELROSA is vitamin C from nature's richest storehouse—the 'rose hips' which grow wild on the English moors. Mothers use it for babies and growing children. Adults can take their DELROSA straight from the spoon, or as a delightful syrup over sweets. DELROSA Rose Hip Syrup; 6 fl. ozs., 72c (7/3); 12 fl. ozs., \$1.18 (11/9).



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By using HERCO everyday, your skin will benefit from its soothing, nourishing olive oil and lanolin content.

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Get relief. Get fast relief from spoil-sport headaches which come so often with sun and excitement. Take genuine Vincent's Powders — the safest, surest way to comfort whenever headaches strike, because Vincent's (with its better-balanced prescription) goes to work immediately, soothing even severest pain. Next time headache or sudden pain upsets your day, be prepared — have Vincent's handy.

For safety's sake, for sure relief . . .

You can **always** take **VINCENT'S** with Confidence and be free from **HEADACHE**....free from **PAIN**.

AVAILABLE EVERYWHERE IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND



TAKEN AS DIRECTED VINCENT'S POWDERS  
BRING FAST AND SAFE RELIEF FROM  
HEADACHE NEURITIS  
RHEUMATISM INFLUENZA  
LUMBAGO NEURALGIA  
SCIATICA TOOTHACHE  
COLDS and SORE THROAT





# MRS. AXAM AND THE STAR

By **MARY DRAKE**

She could not  
resist the shining  
silvery bauble . . .  
a dramatic story

**M**RS. AXAM had a feeling, as she mounted the gangway of the freighter, the Delphic, one morning in May, that this would be her last cruise. She was getting too old for travel, she decided, and foreign ports were losing their savor.

It had been different when Mr. Axam was alive. In their earlier years they had favored the large passenger liners and had entered wholeheartedly into shipboard activities. But as time went by and they became older they found more appeal in freighter travel.

Every couple of years they would leave the house in the care of Maggie, the housekeeper, who was perfectly content to be left alone, so long as she had the company of her cat, Millie.

Mr. Axam, when he died, had left his wife very comfortably off, and she saw no reason to break this delightful habit of travelling.

So here she was, mounting the gangway—a small, dumpy woman on the wrong side of sixty. She had travelled on this same ship several years before and had liked its solid, rather old-fashioned comfort.

But at dinner that night she began to doubt the wisdom of her choice. The freighter catered for ten passengers, but there were only eight, including herself, at the round table. From past experience she knew that the captain did not eat in the dining-room.

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## JOURNEY TO

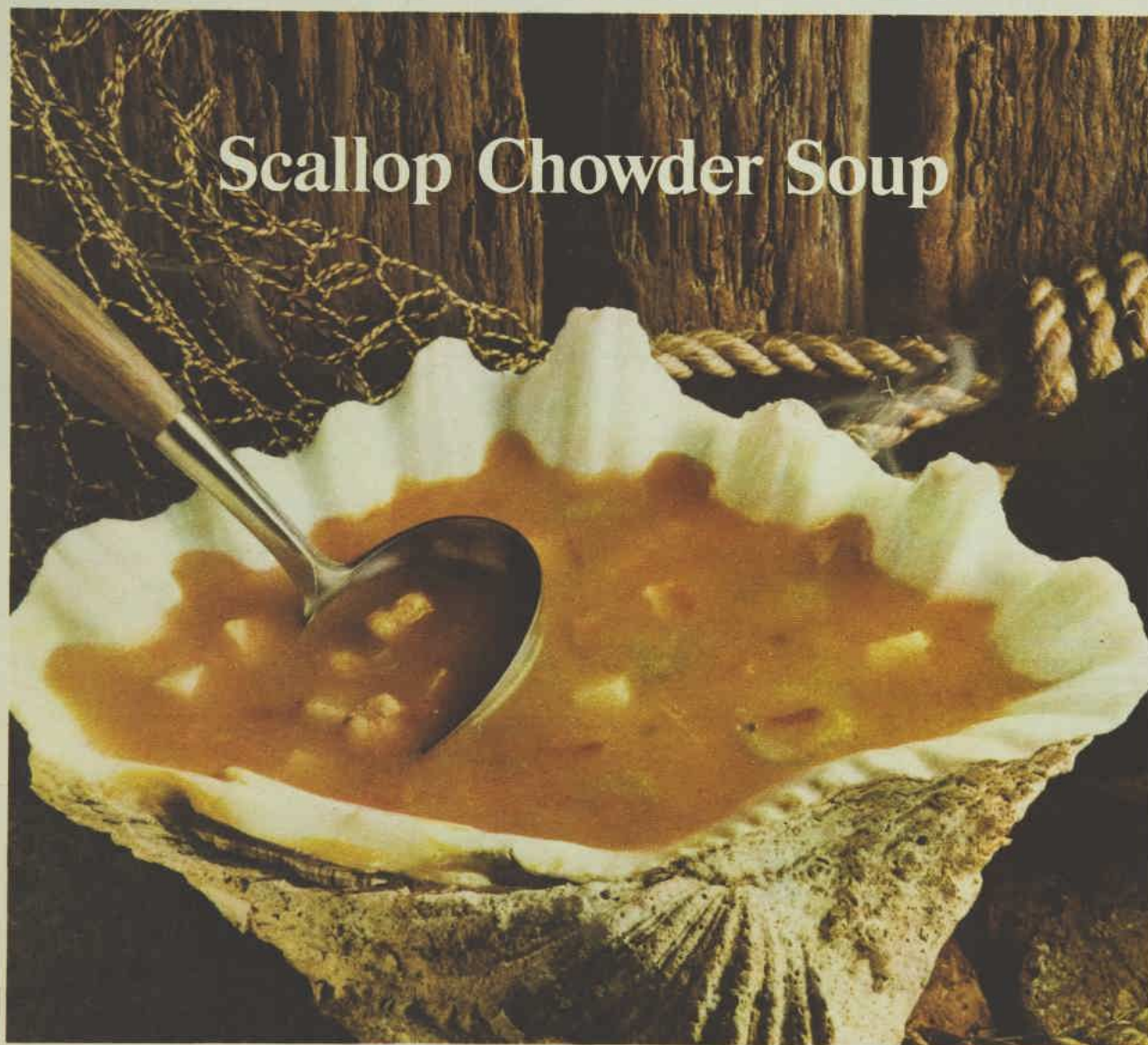
# Jonathan

An enchanting short short story

By STELLA JOHNS



## Scallop Chowder Soup



**NEW from Campbell's**  
delicious new soup for sea-food lovers!

Fish for compliments! Campbell's Scallop Chowder. No one in Australia ever heard of it before today. By tomorrow, it will be famous. (Such a deliciously different taste can't go unnoticed for long!) We diced up the freshest, fattest scallops you ever saw. Added tomatoes, onion, celery, red peppers, to complement that fresh fish flavour. Be the first to introduce your family to Campbell's delicious new Scallop Chowder . . . before someone else takes all the credit!

**Campbell's Soups**

made to a recipe - not just a price!



**B**ILL nodded toward the signpost as he turned the car into the mainstream of traffic in the town. "Only five miles now."

"Five miles," sang Jamey from the back seat. He had been in an operatic mood all morning.

"Five - four miles," chanted Trudy, who was in a parrot mood.

Dinah, sitting beside Bill, said nothing. She was battling with a dragging pain in her tummy, dryness of the mouth, wetness of the hands, and palpitation of the heart, with cowardice, courage, faith, and doubt.

Through all the long months of waiting she had felt ten feet tall, sure of herself, sure of the future. During this last month she had counted the days joyously. And now here she was shivering in the car, her self-confidence left behind at home like a forgotten sweater.

Bill glanced at her. "You all right?"

"Me? Oh, fine." It sounded like a croak.

"You look it," he said with maddening calm. "You always go that funny pale grey color when you're feeling fine, I suppose."

He put a warm hand for a moment over her cold fingers. "Look, love, you felt exactly like this before Trudy two years ago, and before Jamey four years ago. You told me to remind you that you always felt like this and not to take any notice. Remember?"

She licked her dry lips and shook her head. "Oh, I'm sure it wasn't like this. I only remember . . ."

She plucked the memories out of her mind and found each one preceded by a blur that must have been the journey, and then clear, beautiful and shining, the memory of the new baby in her arms.

"Talk," Bill commanded her, stopping at the traffic lights. "Don't sit there all sizzling inside. Tell me about it. I've heard it all twice before, but tell me about it. I don't mind if you repeat it again," he said sympathetically.

Obediently she dragged out the shameful doubts. "Supposing I don't love this one?"

"Why shouldn't you? I never noticed you having an enormous battle to love those two in the back there. What makes this one any different?"

"But supposing he is different? Jamey and Trudy—oh, they were such beautiful babies no one could have helped loving them."

"They were beautiful because they were ours. In actual fact . . ."



were probably no better and no worse than most babies."

She turned her head indignantly. "They were wonderful babies. Everybody said so. Some women think their children are lovely even when they're not — like Mrs. Walker down the road with that poor skinny little fellow that looks like an old man. I'm not like that."

Bill grinned serenely. "Hah, so you're a monster-woman who would hate a poor skinny little chap that looked like an old man, are you?"

"Of course not. I'd probably be so sorry for him that I'd love him all the more. But supposing he was somehow different, supposing he was the odd one out. I'm not worrying about me, I'm worrying about him. Darling, did I honestly say all this before we met Jamey and Trudy?"

"Almost word for word. Pity I didn't make a tape of it. It bothered me the first time, but Miss Whatersname said it was as natural as pre-wedding nerves. You're just over-anxious about being a good mum, that's all. Look — only one more mile to go now. Try not to worry, as we'll be there."

Joyfully, the children bounced in the back seat, chanting: "One more mile, one more mile, one more mile —"

"I suppose it was right to bring them!" Dinah wondered.

"Definitely. Do you want them to think we found them under the old gooseberry bush? Shall I make for the car-park or shall I take a chance on finding a spot in the side road?"

They were practically there. Dinah's legs suddenly seemed to without bone or muscle. "Take care on finding a spot nearby. I don't think I could walk very far."

His arm was strong under hers as they went up the steps. She felt as if she were being torn in two. Surely, surely, no matter what Bill had said, she had not been as panicky as this before.

They seemed to spend an eternity with Miss Parker in the reception office. She had welcomed them, smilingly, on their arrival.

Dinah sat with her hands gripped the edge of her chair while Bill and Miss Parker exchanged small talk about whether the new by-pass had made any difference to the journey. Had she forgotten all about her? Had she even forgotten why she was there?

**N**OW Miss Parker was talking to the children, showing off, Trudy giggling. Dinah felt enclosed in a world of her own, away from them all.

When she could not bear it any longer she said: "Please—" and did not say any more.

Miss Parker smiled at her and said: "Yes, of course, Mrs. Drew. Now how you must be feeling. I'll ring for nurse."

When Miss Parker's finger touched the bell, time, for Dinah, stopped from its anchorage of minutes, or hours later, it was the nurse's face and her arms were reaching out to give the light, warm weight of a hand.

She felt a little soundless sigh go through his body, an instinctive feeling of his frail muscles to the touch of her welcoming arms, a synchronising of the life in his blood-pumping veins to the rhythm of blood pumping strongly and steadily from her heart.

She drew back the blanket from his face, but she did not need to see him before knowing that the miracle had happened again.

It was love at first touch, first sight, just as it had been with Jamey and Trudy.

Bill was bending over her now. "That's the right chap. Would have known him anywhere. Image of me, isn't he, Nurse?"

Poor, poor men, thought Dinah, having to joke and tease to cover their emotion, and she knew then that Bill had gone hand-in-hand with her on that doubt-clouded, fear-haunted journey.

Jamey's rock-like head butted her shoulder. "Hello, Jonathan," he said to the baby.

Very delicately, Trudy put a

finger on the baby's cheek. "Hello, Jona—" She could not manage the rest of the name. "Hello, my baby."

"My baby," said Jamey.

"Our baby," said Dinah firmly.

She felt as if joy were bubbling up and spilling out of her eyes and lips. "Oh, Miss Parker, haven't we been lucky to get such lovely babies?"

Miss Parker looked at Jamey and Trudy and the blanket-wrapped Jonathan. "A few other people around here have been very lucky, Mrs. Drew, very lucky. Feeling better now?"

"Better?" Already the memory of the journey was beginning to slip away. She looked apologetically

at Bill. "You will remind me next time, won't you, that I always feel like that."

"Next time?" he asked as he gazed at her fondly.

"Well, of course. Trudy's got to have a sister, hasn't she?"

The baby moved his head, made a few mildly complaining noises, then slept again.

"Baba's talking," said Trudy, peering into his face.

"No, darling, he won't be able to talk for a long time yet."

"Oh, Mummy, don't be silly," Jamey reproved her. "He did talk. He said he wanted to go home. Didn't you hear him?"

So they said goodbye to Miss Parker and the nurse and went down the steps again. And as they got into the car Jamey asked: "Do all new babies come from the adoption place, Mummy?"

"No, darling," said Dinah. "Just special ones like you and Trudy and Jonathan."

She settled herself into the front seat by Bill and looked down at the little face in the blanket, already as dear and familiar as if she had known him every moment of the four weeks of his life, already as much a part of her as if she had carried him for the nine months before that.

"Very special ones," she said.

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**Wild Silk** perfume for that cool, calm, confident feeling that sends the world wild.

New from **Goya**



# Heart Divided

By LOIS DUNCAN

It was seven days now that she had been home, and still she had not told them. She had thought if she waited until Christmas vacation it would be easier, better by far than trying to write a letter or talk on the telephone. But it was not easier. Not at all.

Joan sat on the sofa in the living-room, feeling awkward and rather untidy in her blue quilted bathrobe and fuzzy bedroom slippers. It was a standing custom in the Garrett household that no one got fully dressed on Christmas morning until after the presents had been distributed. This, of course, had been instigated by Danny, who would never stand to wait for anything.

This year Danny was not here, but they still wore their bathrobes and slippers, even though it was mid-morning when they descended the stairs to the tree.

I should tell them, Joan thought. Now is the time to tell them. I promised Tim they would know by Christmas.

It had been so easy to promise. They had stood together on the station platform, clinging to each other and looking into each other's eyes, and there had seemed to be no problem at all.

"This will be the last Christmas," Tim had said, "that we'll be spending apart. But think, this time next year we'll be

decorating our own tree! You will tell your folks this time, won't you, Joanie? For sure?"

Joan nodded. "Yes, for sure. It's just so hard, Tim. Especially now."

He was looking at her worriedly. "You sound as though you're backing out already."

"I'm not backing out. I'm just trying to make you see that it's not easy. You don't have parents — you don't know. You can't understand."

"I do understand," Tim insisted. "I know it's going to be hard for you. But if you love me — you do love me, don't you, Joanie?"

"I love you," Joan said earnestly, "more than anything in the world."

And with the words it was easy. Anything was easy. She would go home at Christmas and tell her family and that would be that.

But now, sitting here in the living-room with the desperate, pitiful little Christmas ceremony behind them, it was not easy at all.

"Do you really like your sweater, Joan?" Her mother was sitting beside her. "It's exchangeable, you know, if you'd rather have another color."

To page 82

"I couldn't bear to lose you, Joanie," Tim said.



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\*CORFAM is Du Pont's registered trade mark for its parametric shoe-upper material.





# YOU'LL LOVE MOTHER

By **ROBERTA YATES**

**A clash of personalities was inevitable when they met... an amusing short short story**

**A**NN JAMES didn't mind being swept off her feet by Clive Wilson. She was in love with him and wanted to be. But sometimes she wished he would not make all the plans and simply take her consent for granted.

"We can be married in two weeks," Clive said as they dined together. "I'll be through here then and we'll have time for a honeymoon at the lake before I take you home to Indianapolis."

So far, fine. Ann had fallen in love with Clive the day he arrived in Cincinnati on a special architectural assignment for the firm where she was a secretary. She didn't want a long engagement or a big wedding, and the lake sounded wonderful for a honeymoon. But Clive went on.

"Of course we'll move in with mother. No sense in buying a house when the old place has plenty of room."

Ann had seen a picture of the old place, a brick pile smothered in pines. What she wanted was a small, new, sunny home, inhabited only by Clive and herself.

"Is it wise for families to live together?" she offered.

Clive dismissed that. "No problem, no families. There's only mother, and she manages everything. You won't have a thing to do."

Ann wanted to say that she herself was a good cook and housekeeper and wanted to do something, but a girl in love doesn't bicker.

**I**NSTEAD she said: "I hope your mother can come next weekend so we can get acquainted."

"Mum's pretty busy," Clive said. "I told you she took over Dad's business after he died. Made a good thing of it, too. Oh, you'll love mother."

"I'm sure I shall," Ann said dutifully.

"Better write and tell her how much you look forward to living with her, that kind of thing."

Ann consulted her sister, who was older, married, and presumably wiser.

"Oh, my poor girl," Jane said, sighing. "You're in for it and you may as well face it." Jane and her own mother-in-law maintained a standing cold war. "All mothers-in-law are trouble and you're getting the worst. She's a widow and Clive is an only child. She'll hate you."

"We both love Clive and he said I'll love her," Ann argued without conviction.

"But to move in with her is awful."

"It's a big house and she works and, oh, dear, I wish Clive weren't so bossy," said Ann.

However, she wrote Mrs. Wilson a pleasant note saying how much she looked forward to meeting her and moving into the big house. She mailed the letter quickly before she changed her mind. The reply came by return mail, and it was so crisp and chilly that Ann read it twice in hurt surprise.

"Naturally, Clive's sudden engagement amazed me," Mrs. Wilson wrote. "We must meet soon, at once, in fact. I shall drive to Cincinnati next weekend. I shall find a convenient motel and call you for dinner on Saturday evening."

Clive said proudly: "That's mother. She always makes her own plans. But we'll throw her a dinner party at the Plaza."

"I hate the Plaza," Ann said in a burst of nerves that frightened her, but Clive only smiled and continued like a steam-roller.

"They have the best steaks in town!"



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Page 42

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She hated steaks, too, but that was that.

Mrs. Wilson was a youthful middle-aged, beautifully dressed, and you could see at once where Clive got his good looks. She gave him a cool kiss and a strained smile. Throughout dinner Ann had the feeling of being sized up by an expert tigress. Neither she nor Mrs. Wilson said much. Clive took care of the conversation. He outlined their future for them.

"You'll leave work soon, mother. I'm making plenty now. It's time for you to rest."

"I thought of working for a little while myself," Ann murmured, plotting a way to escape the big old house and Mrs. Wilson.

Clive stepped on that. "I wouldn't think of letting my wife work. No, both my girls will stay at home and enjoy themselves. Ann, you'll love mother. She has a wonderful sense of humor, haven't you, Mum?"

The two girls, young and older, sized each other up again cautiously.

"I must have a sense of humor," said Mrs. Wilson, without bothering to explain what she meant.

When Ann arrived home she knew she couldn't sleep. She was sitting at a heap of trousseau when the telephone rang and Mrs. Wilson's cool voice said: "It's too late to come to my motel for a little while? After all, it's you I came to get acquainted with, Clive. I've known him fairly well for 25 years."

The edge of irony hinted at future.

"I'll be there in ten minutes," Ann said, suddenly steeled with determination.

Her cheeks were splashed with red when she marched into the dining room. Mrs. Wilson, on her feet, looked white. She pointed vaguely to a cocktail mixer and two glasses.

"I ordered something in case you wanted a nightcap."

"I don't want a drink, but I do want to say something," Ann said.

"Mrs. Wilson, I will not move out of that big house with you. I want a place of our own. I'm sorry Clive hurts you, but we'd better begin on an honest basis. I love you and I'll try to go along with what he wants in most things, but this is the limit and I'll have to tell him so."

MRS. WILSON sat down abruptly and covered her face with her hands. She was crying; obviously she was crying. Ann faltered. "I know Clive is your only son and you'll be lonely if we don't move in and you probably resent me—"

Mrs. Wilson looked up and she wasn't crying. She was laughing.

"My dear," she gasped. "You've no idea how worried you had me with that letter about all of us going together."

But Clive said—

"I may as well admit," Mrs. Wilson said, "that I came here with a silly idea of trying to break up between you and Clive. I thought he'd picked up a silly idea who was willing to move in with me. I thought I'd have to put up with it or act like a mean person."

"You don't want us?"

"I not only don't want you, I don't want to live there any longer myself."

But Clive said he'd arranged everything."

"Clive," said Mrs. Wilson, "is just like his father was. He's a son and I'm proud of him, but he isn't always right."

"I love him so much. I hate to

argue with him," Ann admitted. "I hated to argue with his father, too," said Mrs. Wilson. "But it had to be done sometimes. Now about the house. I kept it while Clive was in school so he would have a place to entertain his friends, but I looked forward to a small apartment of my own when he got married."

"The house was nice enough when we bought it, but the neighborhood has gone down and the pines have gone up until it's dark."

"However, it can still be sold for enough to help Clive buy the kind of a new house you want," She paused. "I'm going so fast. Do you follow me?"

"I'm with you all the way," Ann laughed.

"As for leaving work, I'd be bored to tears. And if you want a job, get one until the babies come." Mrs. Wilson patted Ann's hand. "Then I promise to be a good grandmother and baby-sit. Now shall we have that nightcap?"

They clinked glasses. "We'll talk to Clive tomorrow," they said together.

Ann put her arm around Mrs. Wilson.

"Clive was right about one thing," she said. "He told me I'd love his mother."

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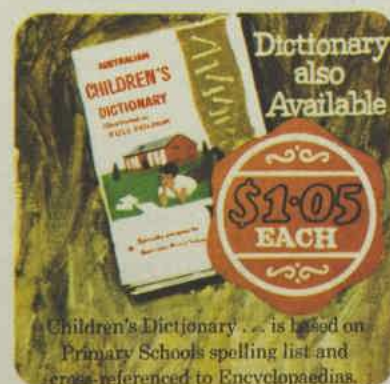
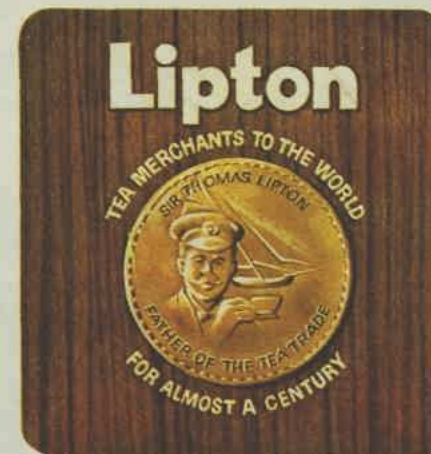
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Continued from page 37

She understood that unofficially there was also a doctor on board—a Swede who was making this round trip from Sydney to Sydney before going home on leave. There was no sign of him, so presumably he was dining with the captain.

Having ordered her hors-d'oeuvre she sat back a little and surveyed her fellow passengers. At first sight she was not impressed. It would have been pleasant to see some young people on board, but with one exception they were all about her own age, if not older. It was understandable. On a cruise such as this, lasting about three months, there was little to offer in the way of entertainment. It appealed to the older folk purely as a means of a prolonged sea voyage.

## MRS. AXAM AND THE STAR

Ah, well, she was accustomed to finding her own amusement. She had plenty of books to read, and looked forward to receiving letters from Maggie at each port where the ship would be loading. Maggie had promised to keep her well informed about the condition of her cat, Millie, who was expecting her fifth litter.

There was little conversation at dinner that first night beyond the customary courtesies of exchanging names. Mrs. Axam, having finished her coffee, wandered into the writing-room. The collection of library books was there behind locked glass doors.

At a cursory glance it seemed that the only additions to it since she

had travelled on the Delphic before were a new Oxford dictionary and a copy of Fodor's "Guide to India." She retired early that night, having ordered breakfast to be served in her cabin the next morning and with the prospect of reading a good thriller till she was ready for sleep.

In the following weeks Mrs. Axam's unfavorable impression of her fellow passengers was confirmed. At first she thought she had found a congenial companion in Mr. Osgood, who sat beside her at table. He was a short, rotund man with a pinched-in face rather like a pekingese.

This was when she exhausted her own supply of paper-backs and had taken from the library a copy of Paul Gallico's "Jenny," which she had read before. She had carried it out on deck and he had pulled up a chair and had sat beside her.

"Jenny," eh? You like cats?"

"Yes, very much," she had told him. "Are you a cat-lover, too?"

"Prefer dogs, myself." And he puffed slowly at a rather obnoxious pipe. "Had a little pet about six years ago, then moved into a flat and had to give her away. Got a cat then, but it wasn't the same. Always thieving food from the kitchen, she was, and taking the best chair in front of the fire."

"Is someone looking after her for you?"

"Nope." He drew reflectively again on his pipe. "The neighbor took her for a week on trial before I left, but she miaowed all night and disturbed the whole blooming building."

"What did you do then?"

**B**EFORE answering he emptied his pipe, refilled it, and tamped the tobacco well down with a short, pudgy thumb.

"Drowned her," he said laconically. "Drowned her in the laundry tub. Only thing to do when you wanted to come away."

She recoiled from him in horror. From that moment on she avoided him whenever possible, and found it difficult to even be civil to him at mealtimes.

On her other side was a stout couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hertz. It was not necessary to engage them in conversation, as from the time they pulled up their chairs they lent themselves to the serious business of eating. Mrs. Axam enjoyed her food herself, but the sight of them filling their mouths with great quantities of food filled her with nausea.

And it was useless to try and talk to Miss Vane, who sat opposite her. She was a plain, colorless girl who, when addressed, became crimson with embarrassment and began to stammer.

She was travelling as companion to old Mrs. Martin, who was almost completely blind. Mrs. Axam could not help wondering what the sense was in coming away on such a cruise if one were unable to see.

But really, with Mr. Trilby at the table, it was unnecessary to make conversation at all. She could imagine him in his youth regarding himself as the life of the party. He had a fund of weak, rather crude jokes, and he brought out several of these at each meal, rather like a conjurer producing rabbits from a hat. He would laugh uproariously at his own jokes, and then go on to tell a long, pointless story, punctuated only by the sound of the stout couple masticating their food.

Mr. Forsyth made up their complement. He was a lean, aesthetically-looking man, his face yellowish-brown as though he had spent many years in the tropics. He would walk round the deck for hours, his long, bony fingers marking his place in the book which he carried. One expected him to sit down at any moment and get on with it, but he never did, and it was always the same book.

To page 54



Australian Gouda—firm and smooth.



Australian Samsoe—rich and mellow.



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## discover the fun of discovering Australian Cheese...

You can see this happy party is having a barrel of fun finding out which of the more than 30 Australian cheeses they like best. Not everyone will like the same cheese but—not to worry—there's a cheese to suit every taste—from very mild to sharp and tasty. Cheese may be smooth or crumbly... soft, firm or hard... ball-shaped, square, round, loaf, even pear-

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\* Write to Dairy Foods Services, Australian Dairy Produce Board, 406 Lonsdale St., Melbourne, C.I., Victoria.





## What are the rules for wise carpet selection?



Although the choice of colour, pattern or type of carpet is a matter of personal taste, there is one hard and fast rule which shoppers are wise to follow. That is to buy only branded carpet. Carpets which carry a brand name carry with them the reputation and integrity of the manufacturer.

The following pages demonstrate the versatility and practicability of quality carpet and contain a selection of the many hundreds of patterns and colours from the carpet looms of Carpet Manufacturers Limited. Each yard of carpet from this famous company is branded with the trusted Hy-Craft or Lokinvar name. These names are your guarantee of quality and value.

**Hy-Craft**  
AXMINSTER CARPETS



12' WIDE BROADLOOM  
**Lokinvar**  
CARPETS

# Your guide to decorating with carpet

The way to successful decorating is to start with the carpet and indulge your decorating flair in harmony with the mood your carpet creates. Carpet adds comfort, beauty and sound absorbing qualities that no other floor covering can equal. Within the Hy-Craft and Lokinvar range there is a carpet for every room and for every budget.



# COMFORT AND COLOR IN FAMILY HOME



**BEDROOM** (above) for Mr. and Mrs. Gye's son, Steven, aged 8, has a washable nylon carpet in a dull olive-green to complement the masculine furnishings. Matching pelmet and blind with a sailing-ship motif are of fabric bonded to white plastic. The model of a sailing ship was bought in Honolulu. A print of an old tapestry hangs above the bedhead. Wall plaques above the desk are of glazed pottery. The white chenille bedspread is washable.



**FORMAL** sitting-room is decorated in pale blue, white, and gold. Matching drapes and quilted pelmet are in pale blue silk. Chairs are covered in gold-and-white brocade. Lounge is in blue, white, and green. Alcoves on either side of the open fireplace hold heirloom pieces of glassware and china. Floor is covered with vinyl tiles resembling marble. Long pile rugs will be added to this room to break up white floor area. Windows overlook the front gardens.



**KITCHEN** and family room (above) have windows and french doors opening on to rear terrace surrounding swimming-pool. Cane furniture adds to the informality of this area. Blind and drapes are in a matching floral cotton.

Photographs by Keith Barlow.

**MAIN BEDROOM** (right) has a small breakfast setting in front of the large windows which let in the early-morning sun. Wall-to-wall nylon carpet extends into dressing-room at the other end of this room. The french desk is mahogany.



● Decorating a house for a family of four energetic young sons and daughters can create special problems. But these were overcome by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gye when furnishing their new home built at Wahroonga, N.S.W.

**THE** house was designed by Mr. Gye, who is an architect, as his own family home. Mr. and Mrs. Gye have two sons, William, 13, and Steven, 8, and two daughters, Susan, 11, and Julie, 10.

After the house was built, the most important consideration was choosing furnishings that would withstand constant heavy wear.

That is why Mr. and Mrs. Gye chose an easy-care, wall-to-wall carpet.

The carpet is of nylon fibre and is completely washable. It is used in the study, in the main hallway, and

throughout the bedrooms. In the study it is in dull gold, in the main bedroom champagne, and in the hallway and other bedrooms, a dull olive-green.

For complete privacy, the children have rooms of their own, each one reflecting in its decor the individual taste of its owner.

The girls' rooms are decidedly feminine, with floral wallpaper, velvet drapes, and matching padded bedheads; the boys' rooms reflect their interests—sailing ships and horses are the motifs for the patterned blinds; furniture includes an old seaman's chest, an antique desk.

To alleviate heavy duty and traffic problems associated with one large bathroom, the children's rooms are serviced by two smaller bathrooms—one for the boys' rooms, decorated in black and tan tiles, red-and-black wallpaper; and one for the girls' rooms, with turquoise-and-gold floral wallpaper, turquoise tiles.

The L-shaped house was designed to provide areas for the children's use and recreation as well as to create areas where their parents could entertain guests or relax in private.

There are large, informal areas for family activities (the kitchen and family room open on to the rear courtyard with its facilities for outdoor meals) as well as areas for formal entertaining.





These are the lovely dining- and sitting-rooms, where lush furnishings complement beautiful objets d'art and antique furniture collected by Mr. and Mrs. Gye.

The house, in traditional colonial style, is situated well back from the road on an acre and a half of land and is surrounded by established trees and gardens.

These were part of an old estate, as were the tennis courts and stables, which Mr. and Mrs. Gye bought.

Thus there is plenty of room for outdoor activities centred on the rear courtyard and swimming-pool.

A large portion of the

house, which is of cement-rendered brick with a terracotta tiled roof, is of concrete flat-slab floor construction, integrating it with the quarry-tiled verandas and paved courtyard areas.

From the porte-cochere, the terracotta tiled terrace, with its Corinthian columns, leads to the large double entrance doors which are rubbed gold and green.

The entrance hall opens into the dining-room, sitting-room, and through an archway to the study and hallway leading to the bedroom wing.

Here there are five bedrooms, so located that they

enjoy the morning sun. At the end of the bedroom wing is the laundry.

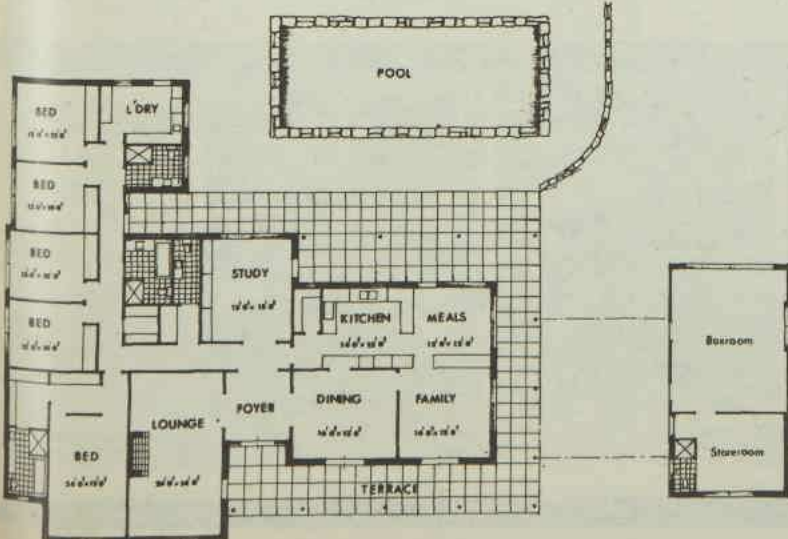
"Locating the laundry so close to the bedrooms, especially the boys' rooms, has saved quite a lot of work," said Mrs. Gye, "because I find that most of the items to be laundered come from these rooms."

"It takes little time to return them to their proper places after laundering."

Mrs. Gye, who decorated the house herself, has used many antique furniture pieces.

— SANDRA FUNNELL

**L-SHAPED** house, the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gye, of Wahroonga, N.S.W., is designed round a swimming-pool and rear courtyard (above). French doors and large windows open out to this area which, with its rockeries and furniture, is perfect for outdoor entertaining and family activities. Bedroom wing, with the laundry located at the end of it, is on the right.



**PLAN** (left) shows the terracotta tiled terrace surrounding the living area and providing an outdoor entertainment area beside the pool at the rear of the L-shaped house.

**STUDY** (above) has wall-to-wall nylon carpeting. Shuttered doors either side of the display shelves conceal a cocktail cabinet and hi-fi equipment. Windows overlook pool.



# Hy-Craft

AXMINSTER CARPETS

## 100% Pure wool pile

Hy-Craft is Australia's first quality axminster carpet, manufactured from the finest quality carpet wools that money can buy. The warmth and cosiness of Hy-Craft 100% pure wool pile gives you luxury underfoot that cannot be imitated.

Featured on the front cover is Serpentine, Pat. No. 24/844



Autumn Leaves, colour featured Fawn.



Crescendo, colour featured Green.



Covent Garden, colour featured Gold. Also available in Spruce Green and Grey.



Cloudburst, colour featured Red. Also available in Green, Blue, Grey, Gold and Spruce Green.



Glenalto, colour featured Grey.



Printemps, colour featured Olive. Also available in Fawn, Grey, Red, Gold and Spruce Green.



Nottingham, colour featured Grey. Also available in Gold, Lilac Rose and Spruce Green.



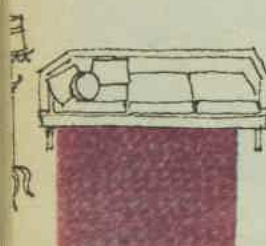
Stardust, colour featured Blue. Also available in Fawn, Brown, Green, Grey, Red, Gold, Teal and Spruce Green.



Wedgwood, colour featured Olive. Also available in Grey, Red, Gold, Blue-Grey, Spruce Green and Lime Gold.



Esparto, colour featured White.



Cherokee, colour featured Olive. Also available in Gold and Green.



Tennessee, colour featured Blue-Grey.



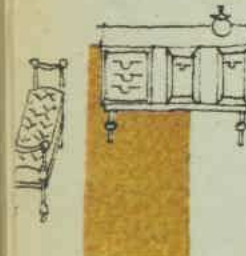
Dellarle, colour featured Grey.



Autumn Fiesta, colour featured Multi-Colour.



Torquay, colour featured Olive. Also available in Spruce Green.



Ben Voyage, colour featured Grey.



The Paisley, colour featured Red.



Star Mist, colour featured Fawn. Also available in Green and Gold.



Berkley, colour featured Multi-Colour.



Whispering, colour featured Gold. Also available in Grey and Lilac Rose.



Hy-Craft "Marina" Area Rugs for dramatic accent to your decorating scheme — 100% pure wool with 1 1/2" long pile. Available in 10 beautiful colours.



Hy-Craft is manufactured by the largest supplier of axminster carpet in the Southern Hemisphere and has been selected to cover the show-room floors of Australia's leading retailers, restaurants, hotels, motels, clubs, picture theatres—additional proof of Hy-Craft quality.



Belle Rose, colour featured Spruce Green. Also available in Grey.



Jenolan Caves, colour featured Gold. Also available in Grey, Olive and Spruce Green.



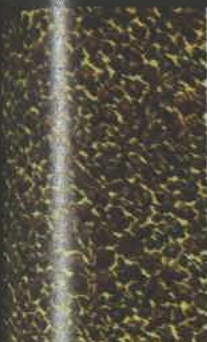
Onyx, colour featured Spruce Green. Also available in Gold.



Atoll, colour featured Fawn. Also available in Spruce Green.



Dignity, colour featured Spruce Green.



Persian Garden, colour featured Fawn.



Picardy, colour featured Spruce Green. Also available in Grey.



Fleur-de-lis, colour featured Red. Also available in Blue.



La-Boheme, colour featured Grey. Also available in Spruce Green and Gold.



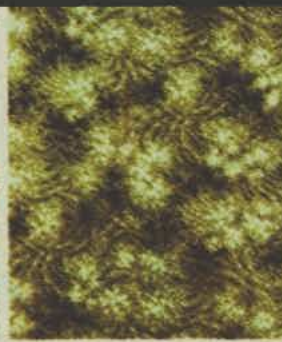
Rain Drop, colour featured Green.



Chalet, colour featured Gold. Also available in Blue-Grey.



Brittany, colour featured Grey.



Ebbside, colour featured Gold.

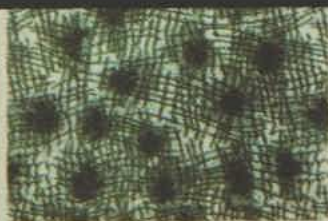
**Hy-Craft**  
AXMINSTER CARPETS

100% Pure wool pile  
**CARPET SQUARES**

On the move? A flat dweller? Want to add low-cost comfort to hard-working children's rooms, or perhaps a rumpus room? Then, a Hy-Craft carpet square is for you. Hy-Craft squares of 100% pure wool axminster are available in the following sizes: 9' x 12' ■ 9' x 10' 6" ■ 9' x 9' ■ 9' x 7' 6" ■ 6' x 9' ■ 6' x 7' 6" ■ 6' x 6". All patterns are available in 9' widths, some only in 6' widths. Your retailers will advise.



Barcelona, colour featured Madder Red. Also available in Armada Gold and Green Spice.



Metro, colour featured Manhattan Grey. Also available in Park Green and 5th Avenue Gold.



Saxony, colour featured Mushroom. Also available in Meadow Green and Mist Grey.



High Society, colour featured Huntingdon Green. Also available in Bond Grey.



Autumn Leaves, colour featured Fawn.



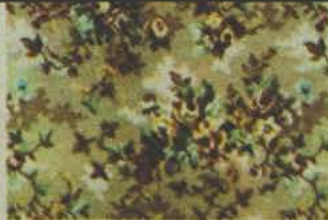
Nottingham, colour featured April Grey. Also available in Meadow Green, Crown Gold and Corinthian Pink.



Persian Garden, colour featured Fawn.



Snow Crystal, colour featured Cloud Grey.



Hathaway, colour featured Mushroom. Also available in Grey and Green.



El Paso, colour featured Hacienda Green.



# CHOOSING CARPETS

● Quality, price, design, and color — these are the prime factors to consider when choosing the carpet that will best suit your requirements.

**IT'S** necessary to select carpeting in colors and designs which appeal to your own taste, because you have to live with your carpet for a long time.

Quality is vitally important, and here your choice will be influenced by the following practical factors:

**BUDGET:** Spend as much as you can afford to carpet main traffic areas such as hallways, living-room; buy cheaper and lighter quality for bedrooms.

**TYPE OF FAMILY:** A family with young children — and pets — will need a harder-wearing quality than an elderly couple whose children have left home.

**FAMILY ACTIVITIES:** Do you entertain often? Is your family out most of the time? Do you spend much time watching television? If you use your home a lot, you should consider a heavier quality — perhaps a carpet woven with a 3-ply yarn which contains 20 percent more wool than a standard 2-ply domestic-grade carpet.

How many people use the rooms you wish to carpet? An entrance hall or general living area will receive much more traffic than a bedroom, but remember that carpet in children's rooms must withstand more wear and soilage than carpet in the main bedroom.

**WIDTH:** Should you buy 27in. body carpet or 12ft. broadloom?

Broadloom has fewer joins, but 27in. carpet strips are easier to replace if necessary. Some carpets are available in both 27in. and 12ft. broadloom, and room size will mainly influence your decision.

Get advice from a carpet-layer on the most economical way for your home.

**TYPE OF CARPET:** Wall-to-wall or carpet squares? Budget will be your main consideration, but here are some facts:

Carpet squares can be rolled up in areas where parties and dances are held and replaced afterward. For this reason they are also suitable for people who frequently move house. Carpet squares are:

- Ideal for holiday homes and homes near the beach where sand is trekked inside, because they can be taken outside for shaking. Also provide a less formal atmosphere.

- Cheaper than wall-to-wall carpeting.

Wall-to-wall carpet minimises accidents by cushioning falls. It also absorbs sound, ensuring quieter living; is easily and quickly cleaned.

Use long-pile rugs or extra pieces of carpet (backed with felt or calico) to protect heavy-duty areas in front of chairs, round a television set, in conversation areas.

**Nylon or wool?** Every fibre has its merits and this decision is a matter of per-

sonal choice. Nylon is more easily cleaned than wool, but wool does not show soilage as quickly as nylon.

When you are thinking about design and color, don't be influenced by "overseas trends," what your parents bought 20 years ago, high-pressure salesmen, or what your friends feel should appeal to you.

And remember that a careful choice of color and design will prolong the luxury appearance of your carpet.

## Popular designs

The four popular types of carpet design are:

**Florals:** Camouflage floral marks; are especially effective with period furniture, also suitable for bedrooms.

**Contemporaries:** Patterned in modern designs; will camouflage soiling and tracking. Use with modern furniture.

**Tone-on-Tone:** In patterns or stipples, these non-character designs formed by using tones of one color go with any type of furniture, camouflage "pushing" marks, have overall effect of plain carpet.

**Plain:** Easy to decorate with, but shows traffic and soilage marks; needs more maintenance than patterned carpets.

**Shape of rooms:** If rooms are circular, have bay windows, curves, or arches, use plain, tone-on-tone, or circular patterns; avoid geometrical designs.



**CHILDREN'S ROOMS** must withstand more wear and soilage than carpet in a main bedroom. In the boy's bedroom (above) a hard-wearing nylon carpet has been used.

Finally, remember these points:

- Buy carpet that is branded with the manufacturer's name — a form of guarantee.

- Expert carpet-laying, with the correct underfelt, is essential for lasting wear. Many reputable retailers provide a good carpet-laying service.

- Seek expert advice. One leading carpet manufacturer has an excellent advisory service with qualified interior decorators to help you choose carpet, wall colors, furnishings, and fabrics.

This manufacturer is based in Sydney, but if you send details of room and preferences will mail sample suggestions.

**LARGE ROOM,** at left, would be subjected to less concentrated wear than a small room. Deep carpet color complements wood tones.

**MAIN traffic areas** like the entrance hall at right need a better, hard-wearing quality carpet than bedrooms. Here the carpet used is made of nylon fibre.



**BUDGET** will be your main consideration when choosing squares or wall-to-wall carpeting. The two are combined successfully in the hallway and bedrooms shown left.



**YOUNG HOMEMAKERS** on a budget would be wise to choose a budget-priced, good-wearing carpet; for example, a viscose tufted carpet with a twisted or cut pile like that in the dining area below.





12' WIDE BROADLOOM

**Lokinvar**  
CARPETS

STYLED IN  
**Sherwood**

For best value in the middle-priced carpet field, select **Sherwood** by Lokinvar. Sherwood has a luxurious plush pile similar to more expensive carpets but costs you much less.



SPANISH OLIVE



EMBER RED



SLATE GREY



KINGFISHER



SOVEREIGN GOLD



MUSHROOM PINK



WILLOW GREEN



RESIDA GREEN



FIELD MULBERRY



RAISIN TOAST



12' WIDE BROADLOOM

**Lokinvar**  
CARPETS

STYLED IN  
**pagoda**

Here is quality carpet at a remarkably low price, specially created for budget-conscious young moderns. The looped, uncut pile of **Pagoda** gives added life to this low-cost carpet.



EMPEROR GOLD



TANGERINE



SHANGHAI GREY



TEAK



FJORD BLUE



RIVER GOLD



DAWN PINK



ORIENT GREEN



HAWAIIAN GOLD



GINZA GREEN



BURMA OLIVE



LACQUER BLUE



TEMPLE GOLD



FORMOSA GREY



PAGODA RED



JADE GREEN



New! And a new dimension in durability!



12' WIDE BROADLOOM

**Lokinvar**  
CARPETS

STYLED IN

**ESQUIRE**

100% CONTINUOUS FILAMENT NYLON PILE

ESQUIRE by Lokinvar is a heavy textured, deep pile broadloom with exceptional, **no! incredible, resistance to wear.** The secret is in Esquire's remarkably strong, continuous filament Nylon pile—there are no short fibre ends to fuzz and pill under heavy traffic conditions.

In spite of its remarkable strength, Esquire's luxuriant looped pile is soft and cosy underfoot. Easy to clean, Esquire is a lasting investment in carpet beauty.



- **ALLERGY-FREE**
- **MOTH-PROOF**
- **MILDEW-PROOF**



CLUB TAN



SPRING ELM



MOLESKIN



GREENWOOD



RED FOX



GLENBROOK BLUE



CHAMPAGNE



MANOR GOLD



WIDGEON



SMOKE

Every home with carpet should have this



**Spot Cleaning Kit**



Accidents do happen, and even in the most careful homes unsightly stains can ruin the look of your carpets—your safest insurance against this is the C.M.L. Spot Cleaning Kit. The C.M.L. Kit contains a specially formulated non-alkaline detergent, a neutraliser and solvent, all products of intensive research into carpet maintenance. Rest assured, the C.M.L. Kit will remove most household and animal stains easily and in complete safety. A brush applicator is included in the Kit. Price: \$3.95 (slightly higher in country areas).

• Supplies of these kits may be delayed for a few weeks.

Carpet Manufacturers Limited are the largest makers of domestic and commercial axminster carpet in the Southern Hemisphere. Approximately 1,000 skilled workers bring Hy-Craft and Lokinvar carpets to the people of Australia—Hy-Craft and Lokinvar carpets are exported throughout the world.



**CARPET MANUFACTURERS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA**  
whose products are obtainable wherever quality carpets are sold



# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

**WOULD** you please identify my candlestick-holders? — Mrs. G. Mattingley, Blackburn, Vic.  
Your pair of English brass candlesticks (left) were made during the early part of the nineteenth century.

**PERHAPS** you may be able to supply details as to the age, manufacture, or any other such information regarding an old American clock. The dimensions of the cabinet are 23in. high and 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. It is fitted with an alarm as well as the striking mechanism. The following words—"Prize Medal Award. Paris Exposition 18... Eight Day Organ strike, Ansonia, Brooklyn"—appear on the badly torn paper label.—R. T. Ward, Sale, Vic.

Your American "Ansonia" clock was made about 70 or 80 years ago. The ornamental decoration of the woodwork has been stamped on by a mechanical process.

**COULD** you please tell me about a little old Royal Doulton loving cup that my grandfather left me? It is two inches high, in fine china, with faintly tinted green coloring and a darker green handle. One side has a woman with a high black top hat sitting on a stone and a little girl approaching her with outstretched arms. The other side has a picture of two women wearing high black top hats. On the base is the lion standing above a crown with a mark like 1/1 on its side in brown.—Mrs. J. Hawkins, Springvale, Willows, Qld.

Your Doulton loving cup bears a standard Doulton mark which was used from about 1902 until about 1930. It is difficult to give an accurate date on some wares, but judging from your description it was made about 1910.

## ● English candlesticks.

**I** WOULD appreciate it if you could tell me something about Aynsley bone china. I have been left a large plate of this type of china. It is marked with a 15 on the back, as well as the number 7953 and the word "Aynsley bone china." As well there is a crown emblem and the number 1776 beside it. Do you know the age of this plate? It has a royal-blue-and-gold design around the edge and a flower design of rose, anemones, and violets, painted by Bailey, in the centre. — Miss Margaret Hurst, Oakleigh, Vic.

John Aynsley & Sons (Ltd.) established the Portland works, Longton (Staffordshire) in 1864. The mark which appears on your example was not used until about 1890. If the printed mark "England" occurs, that means the plate was made after 1891.

**I** WAS wondering if you could identify a large dinner plate that I know to be about 100 years old, as it was on my grandmother's wedding table. On the back of the white china plate is a grey crown on top of circles embossed with flowers and leaves. The circle has some small lettering which I cannot read. Alongside the circles is a lion on one side, with a horse on the other side. They are sitting on a ribbon scroll. — Mrs. G. Hilder, Wagga, N.S.W.

Your plate is English Staffordshire and was made about 1845-55.

**WOULD** you please identify a round powder bowl which is three inches high? It is made of almost transparent china with a mark on the inside of the lid and on the base. The mark consists of the name W. H. Goss worded above the picture of an eagle, and there is a beautiful enamel design on the bowl which consists of a spread eagle on top of a shield. The shield bears a motif depicting a sheaf of wheat and the horn of plenty. Underneath are the words "Euse Quam Videri Potch-estroom." My grandmother brought the bowl from South Africa. — M. J. Yates, Menai, N.S.W.

Your powder bowl was made by William Henry Goss (Ltd.) of the Falcon pottery, Stoke, Staffordshire. The printed mark which occurs on your example was first used about 1862. The word "England" was added below from 1891.

**COULD** you give me any information about a pewter teapot? It belonged to my great-grandfather, so it is quite old. It is about six inches high and the handle curls and is joined to the body by small pieces of, what I think is, china. — H. Baker, St. Albans, Vic.

It is a Victorian teapot, made about 1860-70. The pewters' craft is an ancient one, and pewter wares are still made.

**Luscious!!!**  
Sunsweet sultanas and toasty flakes together in Sultana Bran

**It's the full-of-goodness breakfast that tastes just wonderful. Tried it yet?**

**New! Sultana Bran** made by **Kellogg's**  
\*Registered Trademark



## Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 400.—DRESS

Attractive frock is available cut out to make in black, chocolate, ruby-red, and sapphire-blue velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34 in. bust, \$7.45 (£3/14/6); 36 and 38 in. bust, \$7.65 (£3/16/6). Postage and dispatch 40 cents (4/-) extra.



400 402

### No. 401.—SET OF THREE FEEDERS

Set of feeders is available cut out to make on white, blue, yellow, and pale green, celine. Price for set is \$2.00 (£1), plus 15 cents (1/6) postage and dispatch.



401

### No. 402.—GIRL'S SHIFT

Practical girl's shift is available in pink/grey/black, red/green/black, and white/blue/black tartan corduroy. Sizes 2 and 4 years, \$2.70 (£1/7/-); 6 and 8 years, \$2.90 (£1/9/-). Postage and dispatch 20 cents (2/-) extra.



Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344-6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders.

## MRS. AXAM AND THE STAR

Continued from page 44

He had asked her one evening to join him in a game of patience, and for several nights after that they had sat in companionable silence in a corner of the lounge, the two packs of cards between them. But one night she had caught him cheating.

Indignantly she had drawn his attention to it, and from then on the friendly evenings had ceased. Now when she passed him anywhere on the ship she gave him a nod and a frosty smile.

In spite of the lack of companionship, the first half of the cruise passed amazingly pleasantly for Mrs. Axam. There had been the interest of calling at a number of ports, all of which she had visited before but which she found still held a fascination for her. There had been the letters, too, from Maggie.

Millie had had her litter, all of which had survived except for one. It had saddened her when she read of this. The rambling old garden at home was overrun with Millie's progeny, but she and Maggie loved them all.

When they arrived at Singapore on the homeward journey she dressed early, wanting to get ashore before the worst heat of the day. Even so, by the time she had crossed the overhead bridge at the jetty she was perspiring freely under her tight elastic girdle, without which she would not have felt properly dressed. She made her way to Change Alley, which was already crowded.

W

HEN Mr. Axam was alive it had been fun to walk up and down between the small, narrow shops. They would bargain happily for souvenirs to take home to their friends. But now that she was getting older (she would be sixty-four tomorrow, she realised with a shock) she could think of nothing she wanted to buy, except a present for Maggie.

Having made her purchase—a small crocodile purse, which she put inside her handbag—she walked along Raffles Place and turned down one of the little side streets. Her clothes clung damply to her body now, and she crossed to the shady side.

It was then that she saw the star. It was in one of those crowded stores where you could buy anything from a trinket to a television set.

Hanging at the back were festoons of lanterns and colored lights, such as are used for Christmas decorations, and in the centre of these was the star. It hung there—a great, glistening bauble of such a pale shade of blue that it was almost silver. A shaft of sunlight had

found its way into the shop through a fanlight above and was reflected in its many facets.

A huge fan whirled overhead, and Mrs. Axam stood still for a moment, partly to enjoy its welcome breeze and partly to admire the shining bauble.

Even as a child a star had held a strange fascination for her. From the high unattainable ones at the top of a Christmas tree to the small tinkling kind with which they would festoon the lower branches.

Unaccountably she felt a desire to own the star. To take it back to the ship and hang it where it would reflect the sparkle of the blue sea.

S

HE half turned away, chiding herself for her foolishness, but then glanced at it again. Why should she not buy it? After all, it was her birthday tomorrow. From past experience she knew there would be a candle-lit cake on the table to celebrate the event. (The passengers' passports were open books to the Purser.)

Instead of keeping the star in her cabin she would hang it above the round dining-table and bring a festive air to the occasion.

She inquired the price. Nine Malay dollars—less than three dollars—and she decided to indulge herself in this small extravagance. She did not even attempt to bargain, and the shopkeeper, looking slightly disappointed, made a large parcel of the fragile star.

Mrs. Axam hung her handbag over her arm, leaving both hands free for the rather unwieldy parcel. Once outside she nodded her head to a taxi, and the trip back to the ship passed without incident. She left the star wrapped up and placed it in the bottom of her wardrobe.

When she went up on deck there was no one about but Miss Vane. It was strange to see her without her blind charge, but the girl explained that Mrs. Martin was spending the day in her cabin.

"She manages quite well there without me and has told me I can have the evening off."

"Would you like to come ashore and have a Chinese meal?" Mrs. Axam asked on a sudden impulse.

The girl's face flushed crimson. "Thank you. I'd never eaten Chinese food till I came on this ship."

Mrs. Axam took her to Albert Street that evening and they dined at Fatt's. It was obviously a new experience to Miss Vane to hear

To page 56



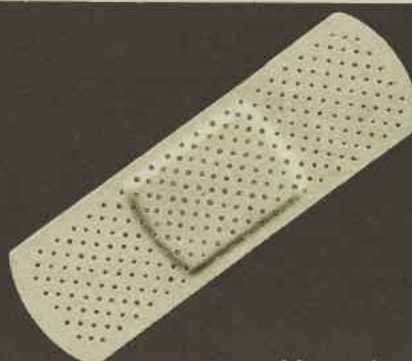
This is a BAND-AID Strip



... a spot ...



... a patch ...



... an extra wide strip

## "Now, where did you say it hurt?"

Hurts come in different shapes and sizes. So do BAND-AID Brand Strips, Patches, Spots, Extra Wide Strips. They're flesh-coloured to hide as they heal. Air-vents all over let healing air through. Super-stick keeps the dressing put. Keep some of each shape handy.



"Now tighten this ... can you follow?"



don't  
worry...  
trust a

RING  
GRIP

SAFETY-MATIC\*

the only power point that turns itself off when  
the plug is pulled out...and is safety shuttered too!

# RING GRIP X241 SAFETY-MATIC\*

double power points, give you the extra safety you must have... plus  
the wonderful convenience of two power outlets everywhere.

Your mind is at rest when Ring Grip X241 Safety-Matic protects your home.  
First, you just cannot switch on unless the plug is correctly inserted. Then,  
once the plug is pulled out, it automatically switches itself off. In all the  
world, only the patented Ring Grip Safety-Matic does this. And as an  
additional safeguard, the Ring Grip X241 is safety shuttered. Nothing  
but a shaver plug or a three-pin plug can be inserted. Best of all, your  
old single outlets convert to double power points without re-wiring or  
structural alteration.

Single Safety-Matic power points—No. X100—are also available.

\*Registered design covered by World-wide patents.

BLUE

For Safety-Matic

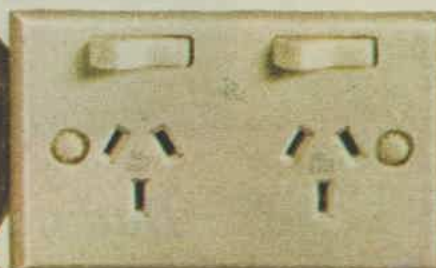
RED

For Standard



Both Ring Grip 241 double power  
points are easily identifiable by their  
distinctive cellophane packs. Blue for  
Safety-Matic... Red for Standard  
... Ring Grip for sure!

SLEEK DECOR SHAPE, FINGERTIP,  
ROCKER-ACTION SWITCHES!



Colours available are white, pure white, grey, walnut

Contact your  
electrical contractor!  
These power points can be  
installed without structural  
alterations or  
additional wiring!





# Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"MARGARET."  
— Attractive between-season frock is available in navy, pale blue, and white terylene/viscose.

**Ready To Wear:**  
Sizes 32 and 34in.  
b u s t, \$15.40  
(£7/14/-); 36 and  
38in. bust, \$15.60  
(£7/16/-); 40in.  
b u s t, \$15.80  
(£7/18/-).

**Cut Out Only:**  
Sizes 32 and 34in.  
b u s t, \$11.55  
(£5/15/6); 36  
and 38in. bust,  
\$11.75 (£5/17/6);  
40in. bust, \$11.95  
(£5/19/6).

Postage and dis-  
patch 60 cents  
(6/-) extra.

**NOTE:** If order-  
ing by mail, send  
to address given on  
page 54. Fashion  
Frocks may be in-  
spected or obtained  
at Fashion House,  
344-6 Sussex St.,  
Sydney, from 9  
a.m. to 5 p.m. on  
weekdays. They  
are available for  
six weeks after pub-  
lication. No C.O.D.  
orders accepted.

their order being given from the window to the cooking stall in the street below. They walked out on to the veranda and watched the colorful scene.

An array of strange exotic foods were hanging from the stall to tempt the passerby, and at the back several young Chinese were tending the huge cooking pots.

But conversation languished as they ate their meal. Miss Vane could not be tempted to use her chopsticks or to share a bottle of beer, and she approached each new dish with a certain amount of trepidation.

When Mrs. Axam woke on her birthday morning she immediately thought of the star. They left Singapore soon after breakfast and she enjoyed feeling the motion of the ship again. She spent most of the day out on deck with a book, while they steamed through the Rho Strait. Tonight they would be crossing the Equator, she reflected, and after that there should be some pleasantly cool weather.

**S**HE waited until that hour when she knew the passengers would be in their cabins changing for dinner, then carried her parcel up to the dining-room.

The table was already set, and Tang, the elderly Chinese steward, was just placing her cake in the centre of it.

It was a magnificent affair, iced with pink and with a border of tiny candles which she knew without counting would number twenty-one. In the centre was a great mound of cream, garnished with what looked like crushed pink toffee.

She opened her parcel on

Continued from page 54

the floor and explained to Tang what she was doing. With his help and the aid of a chair they managed to hang the star to the centre ventila-

tor. Flushed with her exertion she was in the act of folding up the brown paper when without warning the star slipped a few inches and then fell on to the table, just missing the cake. Either Tang had not tied it securely or else the flimsy string had broken.

It shattered into a million fragments and, aghast, she and Tang began to brush the minute particles from the snowy-white tablecloth on to the floor. They lay there on the emerald carpet, making her think of sparkling dew on a fresh green lawn.

She and Tang knelt down and made ineffectual attempts to brush them up with their hands, but a young resourceful steward who had heard the crash had already gone for a vacuum cleaner. By the time the dinner chimes were heard the dining-room was in its usual immaculate state.

Mrs. Axam felt oddly deflated, and it was difficult to assume an air of surprise and pleasure at the sight of her cake. Normally it would have been cut at the conclusion of the meal, but no sooner had everyone taken their seats than Mr. and Mrs. Hertz were holding out their plates. Slightly taken aback, the stewards cut it into thick wedges and passed them round the table.

**ALL** characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## MRS. AXAM AND THE STAR

Mrs. Axam was about to taste hers when she noticed a small sliver of ice-blue resting on the cream. At first she thought it was a piece of crushed toffee, but then, horrified, she recognised it as glass.

Unobtrusively she put down her fork so that it covered the fragment. How fortunate that it was she who had got that particular slice! She lost her appetite for the cake, and no one noticed that she left it untouched. Indeed, while she was ordering her dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Hertz were having their second slice and there was very little of the cake left.

She felt pleasantly tired when she went to bed that night.

It was always rather exhausting being in port and, too, she had drunk several glasses of wine with her dinner.

It was a shame about the star, she thought sleepily, but the cake had been a masterpiece. All those little candles and that lovely pink toffee . . . Or had it been pink and blue? Somehow she felt that the question was important, but she was too close to the border of sleep to give it more thought. Anyway, she thought, as she closed her eyes, it had been a beautiful sight . . .

So sound was Mrs. Axam's slumber that night that she heard nothing of the disturbance. Doors opened and closed and footsteps hurried along the corridors. Once or twice she stirred when a bell pealed particularly loudly, but there were so many noises on a ship and she had long ago accustomed herself to sleeping through them.

The doctor was a very busy

man indeed during the next couple of days. So, too, was the captain. Mrs. Axam came used to hearing the engines stop while she stood with bowed head, listening to the captain's solemn voice.

But it was difficult to get used to the sight of the cabin doors all securely closed and locked and the strangeness of going into the empty dining-room alone.

**A**FTER a while the captain and the Swedish doctor began to come in for meals and things were a bit more cheerful. The doctor spoke little English, but the captain proved to be a charming man and was a lover of cats as well. He kept her amused with anecdotes of his large feline family which he kept at his home in Epping.

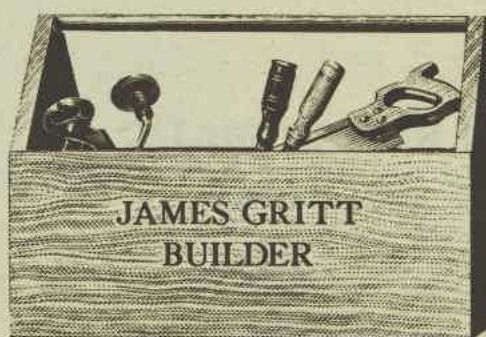
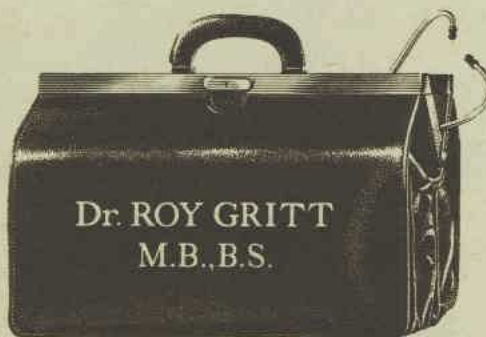
So altogether things could have been a lot worse. She was sorry about what had happened, of course, particularly sorry about poor Mrs. Martin and that colorless little Miss Vane.

She felt pleased when the ship rounded Cape York and she caught her first glimpse of the Australian mainland.

Yes, she thought, as they steamed through the jade-green waters of the Barrier Reef, there's nowhere like home. To tell the truth, she was getting a little tired of travel and was looking forward to being back again with Maggie and the cats.

What a lot she would have to tell Maggie! It had been an unusual cruise. Very unusual indeed.

(Copyright)



## Dad gave them the jobs they wanted

Twenty years ago responsible parents did their thinking for them. Dad realised that boys need sound education and a good start in life. A.M.P. insurance suited his aims and pocket. Today the boys are fulfilling their personal

wishes. One is a doctor; the other a master builder with the independence of his own small business. Both have what they want, thanks to Dad and A.M.P. Ask your A.M.P. man about A.M.P. "Blue Chip" insurance.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY. Head Office: Sydney Cove

Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets exceeding \$1,600 million which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

ACCEPT  
NOTHING LESS  
THAN  
"BLUE CHIP"  
PROTECTION





● A little girl's tearful plea for a mother who would take part in her life put paid to one working mother's career. Another reader tells how she manages work and family and still keeps everyone happy. Her advice is to "have a go."

## Mummy, I've got to have a lizard and a horse!

By ELLEN LINDSAY

I dislike housework intensely. I don't enjoy being by myself all day. Yet, in a strange way, I'm loving my new life.

FOR the past six years, I have been a working Mum, going out to a well-paid job I loved. Now I'm a housewife, a full-time mother.

The decision to leave work was not easy. Normally a happy and carefree soul, I'd find myself becoming more and more irritable over the few months. I was missing the children, missing my husband, and I knew that my job was beginning to suffer.

One particularly dreadful morning I knew I would have to make a decision.

It was one of those hot, muggy mornings. Tempers were frayed, and my husband had left for work early after informing me bitterly that I was "impossible."

Around 7.30 a.m. my eight-year-old daughter said casually, "Mummy, I've got to have a lizard, and a horse, and an ugly-sister costume for the play today."

"A lizard, a horse, TOY? You must be joking," I chuckled over my coffee.

**Face crumpled**  
"Oh, Mummy," Kate said, "I'm sorry I didn't tell you last night, but I'm going to get into terrible trouble if I don't have them, and all the other girls will have them, and it will spoil the play."

Suddenly everything was too much, and I burst into tears. "I can't possibly," I told her. "Just look at the time."

Kate's little face crumpled. She said, "I hate your work, I hate it. You never come to the mothers' meetings, and you never work in the canteen like all the other mothers do, and you never do anything."

She ran and locked herself in her bedroom. I realised she was right. I didn't give them nearly enough time. After a full day of work I would come home and find out, prepare the evening meal, be a companion to my husband.

I would always read to the children or play with them, but there were limits on the time I could spend before bedtime, and often this hour would become a stilted one — a kind of "all pals together."

Of course I was interested in them, and I loved them dearly, but my mind was

divided — work and women friends, husband, home, and children.

If the children were sick, I'd worry about them all day, even though they were being well looked after.

If I had work to do in the evenings, or friends over for dinner, I'm ashamed to say the children came off second best, hurried off to bed with no story and no little confidences about their lives.

So that morning, with Kate crying bitterly in her bedroom, and Steven, her brother, sitting disconsolately on the steps, I made my decision.

"Come on, Kate," I said. "Let's see what we can do about these costumes."

Two hours later I drove the children up to school, Kate carrying a lizard and a horse made out of brown

paper on a cardboard frame, and a particularly hideous dress and an old shawl for the ugly-sister costume.

Then I went home, showered, changed, and arrived at the office an hour late. I handed in my resignation.

Since then things at home have been very different. The children and I do things together after school. They've started a vegetable garden, learned how to swim.

I've taught Kate how to knit and to sew on buttons, and little Steven has enormous pleasure in demonstrating his superhuman strength by bringing in the garbage tin, weeding the garden, and carrying home the potatoes.

My relationship with my husband has improved. We laugh more, go out more, take extra delight in being together.

I don't advocate this course for all working mothers. There are those, for whom I have the greatest admiration, who can cope, it seems, with everything.

For me, now I can write, visit old friends, brush up my French and Spanish, share in the lives of my family.

Instead of a never-ending treadmill, the frantic rush, the constant drain on nervous energy which left everyone tense, irritable, and unable to cope with any one thing fully, our lives are now organised and happy.

And all because of a lizard, and a horse, and an ugly-sister costume . . .

## You don't know till you try

● There are, of course, disadvantages in being a working mother — many put forward by those not qualified to judge — but, for me, advantages outweigh them.

WHEN we arrived in Australia nearly two years ago, our little boy was ten months old. My husband found the same sort of job as he had in England, but he needed to spend three years as a trainee before he would earn the full wage.

His pay could keep us in a reasonably furnished flat, but we couldn't save or buy furniture. As we hoped to buy a house it was decided I should go to work.

I found a well-paid job as secretary, then made inquiries about day nurseries from the Children's Welfare Association — we live in South Australia — and was informed that they are well run, strictly supervised, and not too expensive.

The first three months were the worst. My son was quite happy while at the nursery, but at home he seemed to be very unsettled and would often wake up in the night crying for me.

This naturally upset me, as he seemed to pick up every infection going.

I was beginning to think that perhaps I should abandon the idea of working when, with the onset of summer, a miraculous change came over him. He began to talk and became a real companion. Every weekend I

was astonished to see how he had progressed.

I did most housework in the evenings and spent the weekends relaxing with my family.

At first I found it hard, and often didn't finish my chores until ten o'clock at night, but it helped me to settle in a new country and I certainly felt more alive than when I stayed home.

Now, at the age of two, my little boy is a favorite with our friends because of the spontaneity with which he makes friends, his generosity in sharing toys, and the way he accepts discipline. He has an outstanding vocabulary.

I do think basically a mother's place is at home with her children, where financial circumstances permit, but it depends a lot on the mother's temperament.

### Independent

I like to meet a lot of people, to have a wide variety of interests. I appreciate my child and husband more for not seeing so much of them, and I think that they appreciate me. There is nothing I enjoy more than the look on my little boy's face when I arrive to collect him from the nursery.

He has become very independent, which hurt at first, but I know that if I had to go away for a while, say, to hospital he would be quite happy to stay with someone else.

Children are bound to miss mother at first, but they are soon taken up with other interests, and as long as they are fed and there is someone to comfort them when

they fall down they don't mind who looks after them.

A child who has attended a day nursery from an early age never really misses being at home. He learns to mix with other children and to accept discipline, which will stand him in good stead at school later.

If you do take the step of going out to work, have a rigid schedule and stick to it. Children appreciate routine.

When I arrive home I cook the meal while my husband plays with our son. After we have eaten, my husband washes up while I bath the youngster.

Then we have a family time, looking at books, playing with toys, singing songs, before bedtime. Only after he is in bed do I start my round of chores.

Weekends are always fun. We spend most of the time at the beach or visiting friends.

If a mother is to work, father must lead a hand. He shares the bread-winning, he should share housekeeping and leisure, too.

To any mother considering this big step, my advice is go ahead. If you feel after a while that you cannot carry on, go back to normal.

It is important, for this reason, that a family should not depend too much on the wife's earnings to pay off a house or hire-purchase commitments. There are bound to be times when you can't work; for instance, when the child becomes ill.

*This writer has supplied name and address, but wishes to remain anonymous.*

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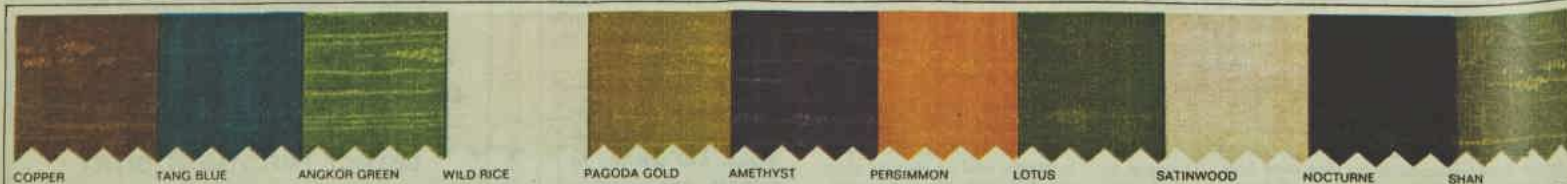
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"Oh, you must be strutting all over the place and proud as punch about all those silly allusions you threw at me last night, but if you had some real sense instead of Harvard Law School sense, which is no better than Mr. Comaday's Harvard College sense, you would know that no policeman could accept me as a crook."

"It would be such a blow to his pride, his professional know-how and his folklore. And if you should try to tell the police that I am a thief they will wrap you up and drive you right over to Gregory's couch. And as for my husband, he is convinced that I lack the intelligence to crack a nut, much less his burglarproof Madison Avenue bank. In addition to which there is not one shred of proof

Which reminded her of John Comaday's wallet. She dried, perfumed, and dressed in record time, never giving a thought to the fact that all her face required at the age of forty-four was a comb through her blond curls and a bit of lipstick on her mouth.

**A**T her desk, Penelope took the wallet out of her purse. She still had a number of the manila envelopes left. In the first of them, she put Commissioner Comaday's one hundred and fifteen dollars, addressing it to careful, characterless block letters and using the commissioner's name as a return title.

In the second envelope she placed the commissioner's wallet and sent it directly to him, addressing both envelopes to Centre Street, the first to the Patrolmen's Benevolent Fund (simply assuming that there must be one) and the second to Police Commissioner John Comaday.

She took the rest of the money from the bank robbery and addressed it to the Sloan-Kettering People, carefully printing Larry Cohen's name on the envelope as the donor. She had the sense of doing a nice, charitable deed; and when she finished she felt a glow of goodness, a very deep satisfaction indeed.

The glow did not last. The telephone rang, and it was Florence Crichton, who said, "Penelope, did you receive something in the mail?"

"What?"  
"I can't say what." Her voice vibrated, and Penelope could imagine the fat little woman, so agitated, at the other end of the wire. "That's why I'm asking you." "Did you receive something in the mail?" Penelope inquired gently.

Deep, tremulous breathing at the other end of the wire, and then apparently Florence Crichton decided to take another tack:

"Penelope—do you remember all those jewel robberies, the papers called them the 'Raffles Series' or 'The Return of the Society Thief'?" "I could hardly forget them," Penelope said.

"Of course. I remember that you were robbed of a diamond ring." (A theft Penelope executed upon herself. An unrobbed lady in her circle would have stood out like a sore thumb.)

"Yes—yes, a lovely ring." "Well—was it returned to you?" Florence whispered.

"Florence," Penelope said, her voice sharp with nicely contrived exasperation, "will you please say whatever you are trying to say?"

"Well, I must talk to someone, Penny. I simply must. You remember the diamond pin that was stolen from me?"

"Sort of."  
"It was returned," Mrs. Crichton whispered hoarsely. "In today's mail."

Continued from page 35

"Congratulations," Penelope said brightly. "You are a lucky woman."

"I am not a lucky woman, Penny. The pin was insured. The insurance company paid us eleven thousand dollars."

"But now you have the pin and you can return the insurance money."

"Penny, we spent it."

"Then sell the pin."

"Penny," Mrs. Crichton declared with exasperation, "that is exactly what I have been trying to tell you."

"What is?"

"I sold the pin before it was stolen."

"You sold it?" Penelope cried.

"I had this paste imitation made, and then I put four thousand dollars on a horse called Myrtle, because it was a sure thing; and then—well—I was simply swimming in debt, Penny, and I don't dare tell Dwight, because he was neck deep in debt, too, so when the insurance money came in he talked me into letting him put it into his business, and how could I refuse? I was so guilty—"

"You mean you let a thief steal a fake pin?" Penelope exclaimed, outraged. "All that effort and trouble and worry over a fake pin—how could you?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" Penelope wondered, recollecting vaguely a visit to a dress shop on Madison Avenue that was dominated by a tall, strange woman with a very odd name. "I am already late for an appointment," Penelope said.

## PENELOPE

might have thought it unduly strange that Penelope should not be perturbed by carrying a king's ransom in her purse. To Penelope, however, it was perfectly natural; she had never cared much for money and thereby had little respect for it.

Before Penelope could leave her apartment, the phone rang again, and this time a most incredible accent assailed Penelope's ears—one that she herself would hesitate before imitating.

"Is Mrs. James R. Hastings, yes?"

"Yes," answered Penelope.

"Is Sadaba?"

"Who?"

"Sadaba. Sadaba's Creations—the taste of an angel. You will remember, Mrs. James R. Hastings, you was in Sadaba's salon maybe a year ago. You are almost buying black crepe evening, straight from Lanvin, only you are not sure is right? Sadaba is sure. Sadaba has eye like eagle, it never forgets."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Penelope wondered, recollecting vaguely a visit to a dress shop on Madison Avenue that was dominated by a tall, strange woman with a very odd name. "I am already late for an appointment," Penelope said.

came out on to the street, that the execution of what was otherwise the perfect crime should be impinged upon by someone called Sadaba, who spoke with an accent that combined all the worst features of Russian-Hungarian-Swedish-English, with none of the charm of any of them! Well, she told herself, Sadaba had no more evidence than anyone else; and she, Penelope, would simply not play her game—not at all. Penelope detested dishonest people.

She said as much to Dr. Mannix. Lying there on the couch she said to a Dr. Mannix who was determined not to emerge from his detachment or break his objective silence: "I do detest dishonest people."

"What?" he exploded, his vows broken, his therapeutical method shattered once again.

"I am not a hostile personality," Penelope reminded him. "You said that yourself. But dishonest people—I just detest them. It's the way I was brought up, Gregory."

"Penelope," he said in his sternest clinical voice, "I would like you to think the point through."

"What point?"

"Honesty. Dishonesty."

"Oh, Gregory, we have such important things to discuss." And then she went on to relate, in great detail, what had happened the evening before. Dr. Mannix listened to all of it, and when she had finished the air seemed to be permeated with his thoughtful silence. Penelope tried to think of something else to say, but for the life of her she could not.

## D. R. MANNIX

finally said, "This is analysis, Penelope, not a tug-of-war."

"Did it ever occur to you, Gregory, that at this moment support and advice are more necessary to me than the depths of Freudian analysis?"

"Advice?"

"I know exactly what you are going to say, but if I had asked your advice before robbing the bank you would have told me not to rob it at all."

"Penelope—you always want advice after the fact, not before it."

"That's not fair, Gregory," Penelope said softly. "Tell me the truth—wouldn't you just adore to analyse someone like Napoleon or Teddy Roosevelt or J. P. Morgan?"

"Now isn't that a silly and iffy question?" Dr. Mannix said. "Let's get down to some hard facts, then we will. By all means. To begin with—do you know why you robbed your husband's bank?"

"Of course I do. Because James' bank was the only one in the neighborhood with a ladies' room on the main floor. I just kept after him and kept after him until he got the architect to redraw the plans to include one."

"Nevertheless, Penelope, you did not select your husband's branch by chance. You robbed his bank as a direct act of hostility toward him."

"No."

"Penny, why won't you face this?"

"There!"

"What do you mean, there?"

"You called me Penny."

"That is hardly important or relevant. I am trying to direct you to the ambivalence of your relationship to your husband—"

"Gregory," Penelope said plaintively, "do you really mean that your calling me Penny is utterly without meaning?"

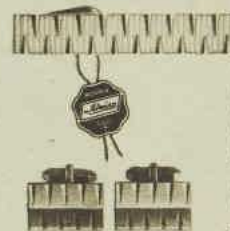
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# Useful hints from readers

● Readers win a prize of \$2 for each of these useful household hints, which will help you with short-cuts and time and money savers in cooking, cleaning, and mending.

A DOUBLE sheet of newspaper placed under an electric frypan saves cleaning grease from the cooking bench. If the bench is under a window with curtains, slip a plastic bag over the whole lower portion of the curtain in range of splashes. — E. Ames, 54 Bayview Rd., Frankston, Vic.

To clean a steam-and-dry iron quickly, keep an old folded tea-towel sprinkled with salt near the ironing table. When the base of the iron gets sticky, rub it on the towel. — Mrs. P. Vickery, 56 Gipps St., Kiama, N.S.W.

Rub a few drops of oil of lavender or oil of geranium on the neck, arms, and legs to keep flies, mosquitoes, or other insects at bay when sitting out of doors. — Mrs. L. Veltreier, 18 Ryan Ave., Nowra, N.S.W.

Try using custard powder occasionally when cornflour is called for in a cake or biscuit recipe. It gives a delicious and different flavor. — Mrs. G. Clarke, Biddeston, Oakley, Qld.

Add 1 teaspoon of spirits (whisky, rum, or brandy) to each jar of home-made jam just before sealing. This will stop any mould and also improve the flavor. Allow the spirit to lie on top of jam, gently tipping jar so all the surface is lightly covered; then seal in usual way. — Mrs. G. J. Sykes, 49 Weld St., Claremont, W.A.

If you have a lot of vegetable and flower seeds from your garden, put them in envelopes with the name, date, and time to sow, and sell to fellow members of your favorite charity or mother's club. They get fresh seeds and you raise money for your charity with little effort. — Mrs. E. Dickson, 24 Queen St., Seabrook, Vic.

A very useful apron can be made with terry-towelling on one side and plastic on the other. Wear the towelling side out when bathing baby, and the plastic side on washing day. — Mrs. W. Rowllison, 77 Buller St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

To dry herbs, pick them early on a dry day before the sun has heated them. Toss well in a clean towel until thoroughly clean, pick out withered parts, and spread on thick brown paper in a cool room. When dry, crush into powder; keep in a well-corked bottle. — Mrs. F. O. Litchfield, "Toolong" Station, Augathella, Qld.

Prolong the life of men's singlets by sewing lengths of  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. or  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. tape along the top shoulder seams, which usually show the first signs of wear. These sections, if thus reinforced, will outlast the remainder of garment. — Miss A. Brown, 61 Shellcove Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

Bar soap can be shredded finely by using a potato-peeler and rubbing from one end to the other on the side of the soap. — Mrs. Vivienne Brennan, Flat 4, 18 Leopold St., South Yarra, Vic.

If your cake is a failure, don't throw it out. Cut it into thin strips, press them into pie plate. Bake in slow oven until crisp and brown. Makes a very nicely flavored pastry for a sweet pie. — Mrs. J. Tobin, 62 Forrester Tce., Bardon, Qld.

In wet weather, hang children's wet shoes in a string-bag in the kitchen, where the warm air will circulate round them. They will dry out much quicker than if placed down flat. — Mrs. R. Carter, 9 Peter St., Huntingdale, Vic.

A grating of nutmeg improves all made-up meat dishes, boiled or steamed fish, and cauliflower. — M. Edams, 38 Nottage Tce., Medindie, S.A.

After rolling out a large cover of biscuit pastry, cut it in half before attempting to lift it. The two sections can be placed in position without difficulty and the join smoothed over when glazing the pastry. — Mrs. E. Moffat, 5 Dartbrook Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

## Kitchen Diary

● Keep a diary in your kitchen in which to record all meals served (the meat, vegetable, sweets, how cooked, etc.).

This helps you to vary your meals, and by turning back a few pages, can give inspiration if you are at a loss for ideas on what to give the family for dinner.

If using a new recipe, note the name and the number of the cookery-book page on which it occurs, for easy reference. — Mrs. A. Williams, Flat 208, Block 2A, Wirrunga Ave., Woomera, S.A.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1966

## MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

# GARDENS IN SHADE

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Most gardens have a pleasant balance of sunshine and shade, but the shady areas can create problems.



CINERARIAS (primulas in foreground) like part-shade.

**D**EGREES of shade vary. Full shade may exist where the garden lies close to adjoining buildings. Semi-shade means reasonably good sunlight for half the day.

Light shade, such as under deciduous trees, means no direct sunlight for long periods, but good light most of the day.

The greatest challenge comes from densely shaded areas, where only a few plants can be grown successfully. Shade under trees is aggravated by the fierce competition of tree roots.

Worn-out soil should be replaced, existing soil loosened, humus and fer-

tilisers added, and the area watered regularly.

Unfortunately, tree roots often then become more aggressive in surface soil.

Removing lower branches of densely foliated trees provides more light, and often improves the trees' appearance. It is not easy to maintain a good covering of grass under trees, although fertilisers and regular watering may do it. The bent grasses are fairly shade-tolerant.

It may be best to grow ground-cover plants such as ivy and its varieties.

Some bare spots in gardens are so difficult they should be paved, gravelled, or mulched with partly decayed leaves.

Here are some shade-tolerant plants:

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 323

### DECIDUOUS SHRUBS

*Acer palmatum* (Japanese maple), many varieties of color and leaf. Best in cool climates. 6-12ft.

*Enkianthus campanulatus* (bell flower), a lovely shrub, cream flowers tipped with red in spring, good autumn foliage. Mountains, cool districts. 6ft.

*Philadelphus virginialis* (mock orange), fragrant white flowers. Most districts except sub-tropical. 6ft.

*Symphoricarpos orbiculatus* (coral berry), pink, bell-shaped flowers, clusters of red berries and colored foliage in autumn. Cold or cool districts. 4-5ft.

### EVERGREEN SHRUBS

*Abelia grandiflora*, hardy in most districts, full sun or shade. Free-flowering, pale pink to white. 3-6ft.

*Aucuba japonica aurea* (gold dust tree), large glossy leaves splashed with gold. Requires cool, moist conditions in shade. 6-8ft.

*Azaleas*. These do well in sunny and shady positions. Many beautiful varieties include the free-flowering Kurumes.

*Bauera rubioides*, a small native shrub, covered with small pink flowers in spring, early summer. Revels in shady, moist place, temperate climate. 2-4ft.

*Buxus sempervirens* (box), attractive, dark foliage, often used for clipped hedges. A golden variegated form is available. 2-4ft.

*Choisia ternata* (Mexican orange blossom), a compact shrub, attractive leaves, white perfumed flowers. Not in very cold or sub-tropical. 4-5ft.

*Daphne odora*, well-known perfumed plant, does best in well-drained, cool semi-shade. Water regularly, mulch.

*Kalmia latifolia* (American mountain laurel), beautiful shrub with pink flowers. Prefers cool or cold districts. 4-6ft.

*Luculia gratissima*, large clusters of pink, perfumed flowers in winter. Likes warm, semi-shade. 6-8ft.

*Mackaya bella*, glossy leaves, spotted lilac flowers. Best in warm coastal districts free of frost. 4ft.

*Nandina domestica* (sacred bamboo—but not a true bamboo). Has many

stems, white sprays of flowers, followed by red berries. Most districts. 4-6ft.

*Plectranthus ecklonii*, deep blue salvia-like flowers in autumn, temperate areas free of heavy frosts. 3-6ft.

### PERENNIALS

*Aconitum* (monkshead), delphinium-like foliage, spikes blue flowers. 2-4ft.

*Anemone hupehensis* (Japanese wind flower), attractive foliage, white, pink, or red flowers in late summer, autumn. Requires good moist soil.

*Asparagus sprengeri*, climbing plant, attractive feathery foliage. Can be trained, shrub-like.

*Campanula*, several kinds, with showy, bell-shaped flowers. Require cool, moist conditions. 1-5ft.

*Convallaria* (lily of the valley), fragrant white flowers. Needs cool, rich soil.

*Dicentra spectabilis* (bleeding heart), pink or rose-red, heart-shaped flowers in one-sided sprays. Cool, moist soils.

*Helleborus*, white, pink, or purple flowers in winter.

*Iris unguicularis*, long narrow leaves tending to hide the lavender-blue flowers. Does well in sun but tolerates shade.

*Liriope* (blue turf lily), grass-like foliage, 12-18in. long, spikes of violet blue flowers in autumn.

*Physostegia* (obedient plant, or mock erica), sturdy square stems to 3ft., spikes of pink, red, or lilac-colored flowers in summer and autumn. Tolerates shade.

*Platycodon* (balloon flower or Chinese bell flower), blue or white flowers, balloon-like in bud. Needs support.

*Polygonatum* (Solomon's seal), small bell-shaped flowers, white, tinged green.

*Saxifraga*, many kinds, often grown in rockeries. 2-15in.

*Thalictrum dipterocarpum* (lavender shower or meadow rue), fern-like foliage, sprays of mauve flowers.

### BULBS, RELATED PLANTS

*Agapanthus*, hardy. Clumps of strap-shaped foliage, blue or white flowers. Best in sunny position, tolerates shade.

*Clivia*, large, showy reddish-orange flowers, strap-like leaves, best in semi-shade in frost-free areas.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 324

Cut out and paste in an exercise book





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### The Bulletin

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"We are not concerned with what I call you, but with your ambivalence."

"That is such a psychiatrist word, Gregory. I don't think that any of you could practise without it. But if by ambivalence you mean that I am attracted to James and simultaneously repelled by him, you are only half right. Poor James ceased to attract me many years ago, and I refuse to believe that I have such awful feelings of hostility toward him. If the truth be told, I don't think I have any feelings at all toward James."

"Then why don't you divorce him?" Dr. Mannix demanded fretfully, casting overboard both therapy and reserve. "For heaven's sake,

Continued from page 59

why don't you divorce him?" Penelope sat up suddenly, swung around to face Dr. Mannix, and stared at him with new interest. "Why, Gregory," she said, "I do believe that under that Freudian shirt of yours there beats a heart. Do you have a crush on me?"

"Absolutely not," Dr. Mannix snorted. "It is unthinkable and unprofessional."

"Unprofessional — but, Gregory, unthinkable?" she asked woefully.

"I did not mean it that way at all."

"You did, and I am utterly desolated."

"I was fighting," Dr. Man-

nix said desperately. "I was fighting for my life as a therapist — fighting for my professional integrity, and you tell me—"

"Poor Gregory — I am sorry."

"Well, I hope so," Dr. Mannix said, returning to his chair and collapsing into it. "I certainly have made a mess of things. A fine psychiatrist I am. You come in here after robbing a bank and go out of here to pinch the police commissioner's wallet."

"Gregory, dear, I never pry, do I?"

"No."

"And we do know each other a long time."

"Being in therapy is not precisely having a love affair."

"But you do love me — just a little, Gregory?"

"Well, possibly," he admitted. "In a manner of speaking—"

"And do you go on wondering why I don't divorce James?"

"I have wondered," he confessed.

"That's so big of you, Gregory — because so few men in your profession would admit that they wondered about anything in a patient — because they are so absolutely certain that they know everything and that nothing is

left to wonder about. But you are big."

"Not at all."

"Yes, you are," Penelope insisted. "And that is why I am going to ask you one small question. Dear Gregory, what was your name before you changed it to Gregory Mannix?"

"Changed it? Why do you think I would even—"

"Gregory, dear!"

"Very well — Ernie Claphorn."

"Such a nice name," Penelope smiled.

"Can you just see a psychoanalyst named Ernie Claphorn?"

"No," Penelope said thoughtfully.

"That's beside the point, the point is a woman I admire and respect spends her time stealing."

"I'm a neurotic, Gregory. You are my physician — even if you are not behaving at all like one. And I am a kleptomaniac."

"You are by no means a kleptomaniac. Not by a long shot. No, sir. In fact, as I have told you before, the word itself is meaningless. It is used most inaccurately to label people who steal compulsively. You don't steal compulsively. You steal out of spite, for the pleasure and the excitement of it, and you only steal when you are damn well prepared to steal — and you choose your clientele very carefully. Kleptomaniac — hah!"

PENELOPE opened her purse, took out a tiny bit of lace that passed as a handkerchief, and dabbed at her eyes.

"Stop that!" Gregory shouted.

"Don't shout at me, Gregory. It's not fair of you to shout at me."

"Penelope, don't pretend that you are crying. It leaves me absolutely cold."

"Ernie Claphorn. It certainly fits you."

"Absolutely cold. You are no more in tears than I am, and furthermore, when you come right down to it, Penelope Hastings, you are the most damned calculating woman I ever had in this office."

"If I pretended to love someone," Penelope told him mournfully, "I would certainly not say things like that. You sound more like James than you might imagine, Dr. Mannix."

"I do not, James believes you are stupid. I happen to know that you are a lot too smart for your own good."

"Oh, how could you? Gregory, how could you — you, a therapist, a doctor with all the responsibility of caring for the mentally sick, of helping people?"

"You are no more mentally sick than I am. In fact, less. Do you hear me, Mrs. Hastings? Less!"

"Yes — when I need help the most, cast me away. Fine. Oh, that is just fine, Gregory. Ernie Mannix Claphorn or whatever you call yourself!"

With long, determined steps Dr. Mannix came around the couch, bent over, and leered at Penelope. "Do you know how you need help?" he cried. "Like a fox needs help in a nest of rabbits! Male rabbits!"

The image was more than Penelope could bear and, in spite of herself, she felt her eyes misting over with tears. Once more she felt in her purse for the lace handkerchief, blindly now, her lips trembling; and suddenly there in her hand was the huge piece of linen with which Dr. Mannix administered to his own needs. It was clean and crisp and his hands guided it to her eyes.

"My dear, my dear," he

To page 65

# Mother! Be quite sure

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regretted her. "How could I have been such a fool?" "I've failed you, haven't I?" he asked with troubled intensity. "I have failed myself. I have failed my profession." "Oh, Gregory," she said, "how could you fail me?" "I could and I did." "No, Gregory."

"Yes." Penelope realised that in some terms the argument would go on for a long time. She terminated it by stepping over to Dr. Mannix and giving him a firm kiss upon the cheek. Before he could protest properly she was closing the door of his office behind her.

AND there in the waiting-room, under the watchful eye of Miss Doris Gilmore and reading a three-month-old magazine, was Penelope. Penelope was surprised but hardly disgruntled.

"You know, this is such a nuisance," she said to Cohen. "I had wondered myself whether I would ever see you again."

"Did you want to?" "We are both married! Mr. Cohen."

"But not too well." "Is anyone?" "That I cannot tell you," she shrugged. "But today is a day of days. Such days don't come twice in January. Have you had any?"

Penny looked at him thoughtfully before she said, "Give you any idea, Mr. Cohen, how complicated my life is — without complicating it further?"

"I think so." "And still?" "One lunch — one day — one January —" Penny agreed. "A late one. Can you meet it one o'clock?"

"I'll be in a dress salon on Madison Avenue and twenty-fifth Street. It is called Sadaba's."

"Sadaba's?" "Sadaba. Yes. It is a very strange name," said Penelope, "no stranger, I assure you, than the lady who runs the place."

"Sadaba," Cohen repeated absently. "Are you quite all right?" Penelope asked; and at that moment Doris Gilmore cut in with the news that Doctor Mannix had seen Mr. Cohen.

"All right? I'll be there," Cohen told Penelope as he moved toward the other door.

Penelope and Miss Gilmore looked at each other without a word. Then the nurse led them into Dr. Mannix's office, and Penelope went out on the kind January sun.

Dr. Mannix, seated at his desk, did not even ask Larry Cohen to be seated. Instead he let the district attorney continue while he continued to examine the small white card which had preceded Cohen.

At that moment Larry Cohen remembered that Penelope had not spoken a single word in reference to his being there, as to what he was doing there, or why he was consulting Dr. Mannix — but simply took it for granted and was at her gracious best.

"A remarkable woman," he said aloud. Dr. Mannix gave no indication of knowing who was remarkable. "You're the district attorney?"

"One of many — in Manhattan."

"You come here for treatment?" Dr. Mannix asked. "No, for information," Cohen replied.

"Are you concerned with an insanity hearing?" "No."

"Then what the hell are you here for, would you mind telling me?" Dr. Mannix rasped.

"Oh, now, wait a minute, Doctor."

Dr. Mannix looked at his watch. "I have already given you five minutes of my time. I charge fifty dollars for forty-five minutes."

"Wow!" Cohen breathed. "—to those who can afford it, and you certainly can, Mr. Cohen. You owe me exactly five dollars and fifty-five cents — no, make that sixty cents. Do you desire to go on talking?"

Bristling himself now, Cohen took a clip of money out of his pocket, found a twenty-dollar bill, and slipped it down on Mannix's desk. "How about twenty dollars' worth — or does the sight of money in the raw insult your finer sensibilities?"

"Don't be a fool," Gregory replied, pocketing the twenty. "I love the sight of money, and I have no finer sensibilities. You bought yourself a piece of my time. Go ahead and use it."

"You know," Cohen grinned, "we are both of us talking bad private eye. It does not become us. I mean, it doesn't set well on Mannix, much less Ernie Claphorn."

"You did your homework." "So I had a rundown on you. You changed your name, legally, two months after you graduated from medical school. I don't give a damn about any of that. I want to know about Penelope Hastings."

"How?" "Damn it, Mannix — you know what I am after."

"About fifteen dollars' worth," Gregory replied, looking at his watch. "Is she a kleptomaniac?"

"You are an idiot. What on earth do you know about kleptomaniac?" "Nothing."

"So don't ask questions. I have medical privilege, you ought to know that."

"Ugh," Cohen observed, and stalked past Doris Gilmore, who asked her boss: "Is he a patient? If he is, I don't even have a card."

"Miss Gilmore!" Gregory interrupted. "Yes, Doctor?" "Go soak your head!" It had come at last, and Penelope was not even there to witness it.

as Larry Cohen made his way through the corridors toward the commissioner's office the office girls stared at their desks, or typed urgently. A plainclothes detective came out of Comaday's office, the commissioner's voice roaring after him.

Commissioner John Arthur Comaday sat at his desk, and for a small man — only in height and not in breadth — he looked like a dark storm cloud. In front of him, on the polished surface of his desk, were five brown manila envelopes, each identical with the others, each addressed in the same impersonal block print. The envelopes were laid out in a straight line, evenly spaced; and above each envelope was its former contents, or so Cohen guessed.

Above the first envelope was a wallet; above the second envelope was a small pile of notes; above the third envelope was a diamond bracelet; above the fourth envelope was a diamond brooch; and above the fifth envelope was a diamond pendant.

And behind all of them, Comaday, who said to Cohen, "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Just passing by," Cohen replied.

"Well, who the hell invited you in? Since when has the lousy DA's office taken over the functions of the police department of New York City?"

"Well —" Cohen began. "The hell with that! You know what I hate?"

COHEN shook his head and tried to smile pleasantly. "I hate lawyers. I hate all kinds of lawyers. But most of all I hate smart, wiseguy lawyers."

"But, John, you are a lawyer yourself," Cohen pointed out, as gently and as amiably as possible. "What has that got to do with it?" Comaday shouted.

"Go ahead," Cohen sighed. "This is get-Larry-Cohen day."

"All right. All right. Go ahead — be brilliant."

"Your wallet?" "My wallet," Comaday mimicked. "My wallet. Yes, my wallet. Go on — grin. One lousy smile, Larry, and I swear I will put you away without habeas corpus and throw away the key — in the coldest, wettest dungeon in this place."

Larry Cohen fought for control, but his lips twitched mirthfully. "Your money?" he said, pointing to the second envelope.

"My money. Every last dollar of it — And do you know what it was sent to?" "Should I know? I only make educated guesses about things."

"All right, guess!" "Guess number one — the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association."

"How the hell did you know?" "It fits a pattern," Cohen sighed. "You must see that yourself — Sloan-Kettering —"

"And Ignatius Loyola."

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# FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



## AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● It always amuses me to read or to hear people say, "If you only knew the true facts . . ." It suggests the idea that there are actually two sets of facts, the true ones and the untrue ones.

I'VE always thought it made the same sort of no-sense as saying that such and such an experience was "a rather unique one." If we take "rather" to mean somewhat, slightly, in a certain degree or measure, and "unique" to mean something without equal or parallel, then "a rather unique" experience must be a very odd one indeed!

These are old prejudices of mine. Today I feel like casting them all overboard and saying that Queensland is a rather unique place populated by a tremendous number of people who know the true facts.

Some weeks ago I mentioned a number of irrelevant facts I'd learnt about the world's great waterfalls and the kings and queens of England while looking for something else in an ancient almanac.

In the past fortnight a number of readers (all Queenslanders) have written to tell me that my facts are wrong. I am mortified.

I am also getting tired of the word "facts." I am slowly coming round to the view that maybe after all there are "true" facts.

No, let's keep the language pure at all costs. My facts were not facts, in spite of their source. They were non-facts.

In an effort to save you all from the fate of the Aunt in Belloc's "Cautionary Tales" who, you'll remember, suffered because

Matilda told such dreadful Lies,  
It made one Gasp and Stretch one's  
Eyes;

Her Aunt, who, from her Earliest Youth,  
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,  
Attempted to Believe Matilda:  
The Effort very nearly killed her . . .

I'll now give you — not the true facts, but the only facts, as supplied by a number of Brisbane readers.

### Highest falls in the world

THE Ribbon Fall in Yosemite, U.S.A., is not the highest in the world. The Angel Falls and Kukenam Falls in Venezuela are higher, and so are New Zealand's Sutherland Falls and Natal's Tugela.

The Angel Falls were discovered by an American airman who flew over them (one of my correspondents says in 1935, another says 1937). "The falls spout from a cleft near the top of a half-mile mesa and leap 2648ft. straight down, where a further plunge gives it a total altitude of 3212ft. of uninterrupted cataract."

And as if that were not enough, I goofed on the English sovereigns, too! Queen

Victoria was the oldest, dying at 81 after a reign of 63 years.

But I left out poor, demented George III, who also lived to be 81, and died at the end of a reign of 59 years, part of it spent on the throne and part with a regent in his place.

Queen Victoria wins by a short head, for my Queensland correspondent has supplied birth and death dates for both, and calculates that the 81-year-old Queen Victoria was 13 days older than the 81-year-old George III.

### "Shakespeare! Such sad stuff, what!"

THE only thing I can add to that is the only thing I've ever been able to remember about George III, and that was his remarks on Shakespeare to the English novelist and diarist Fanny Burney.

"Was there ever," cried he, "such stuff as a great part of Shakespeare? Only one must not say so! But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?"

As literary criticism it's equalled only by the remark William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, made to Edward Gibbon, illustrious author of the monumental "Decline And Fall Of The Roman Empire." No doubt he thought writers were queer fish, and he was only trying to put the awkward fellow at his ease when he said, "Another damned, thick, square book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble, eh, Mr. Gibbon!"

Another Queenslander has written to tell me that I would have been right to say that Australia was the first country in the world to grant women full political rights — that is, the right to vote as well as the right to be elected to Parliament.

Both rights were granted Australian women in 1902. New Zealand women were given the vote in 1893, but they weren't made eligible for election to Parliament until 1919. I'm glad we've got this straight at last. I knew there was a notable first lurking somewhere there for Australian women.

She tells me also that State political rights (as distinct from Federal ones) were granted in 1894 in South Australia, 1899 in Western Australia, 1902 in N.S.W., 1903 in Tasmania, 1905 in Queensland, 1908 in Victoria.

One of the greatest fighters for women's rights in Queensland was Mrs. Emma Miller, and a bust of her stands in a prominent place in Brisbane's Trades and Labor Council office. "Would this be the only statue to an Australian woman?" this reader asks. "I've often wondered."

I don't know. I can remember seeing a statue of Caroline Chisholm, but she was not Australian-born. Apart from that, the only statues of women I remember seeing are assorted Queen Victorias in various capital cities.





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# PENELOPE

"Yes," Cohen said quietly. "Sit down, Larry," said Comaday. "Sit down. I'm sorry I blew my top on you. Sit down."

Cohen sat down, watching Comaday carefully.

He pointed to the envelopes on his desk. "Five envelopes—all apparently the same lot. Well, more than apparently. We covered every stationery store on Madison and on Lexington between Ninety-sixth Street and Fifty-ninth Street, and we turned up the one where our dark-haired lady bought the envelopes. I wanted to be in on this, because I am No. 1 patsy in this."

"I don't think anyone chose you as the patsy," Cohen put in. "Not even our Lady Bountiful. I swear I don't."

"Be that as it may. Anyway, they asked the man who sold the envelopes whether he would mind coming down-town to see me, and he said, with pleasure."

**C**OMADAY held up his hand. "Now, listen: first envelope, my wallet—sent to me. Second envelope, the cash that was in my wallet, sent to the PBA—and don't you think they'll rag me raw until I give it back as my contribution? The third envelope, a diamond bracelet that was stolen from Mrs. Richard Stoneham—he is one of the vice-presidents, no, it's the board of directors, of the City Federal Bank. Six other boards of directors. He is worth twenty, thirty million on the hoof. The bracelet is valued and was insured for one hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"Wow!"

"Well may you wow. That's a tidy sum for a trinket. It just happens that Mr. Stoneham runs his affairs professionally—I imagine he was bitten at one time or another—and he put the insurance money into an escrow account, as did Mr. Frederick L. Carter and Mr. Cobey Harrison, two other well-to-do citizens of our community. You think it is easy to be rich, Larry? Not by a long shot. Who are these other two prudent millionaires? Fourth manila envelope—diamond brooch, value about ninety thousand, property of Alice Carter of Fifth Avenue and Newport. Fifth manila envelope—contains one diamond pendant."

Cohen picked up the pendant from the commissioner's desk, staring at it.

"Yes," Comaday nodded. "Handle it carefully, Larry. That is no less than the Ronson Pink, an internationally famous and infamous stone that you could pick up in any jewellery store for about a quarter of a million dollars."

"Whose?" Cohen asked, unable to take his eyes off the pendant.

"One Jane Parkinson—whose husband was wise enough to put the insurance money into escrow. These three jewels here on my desk were stolen, over a period of ten months, some two and a half to two years ago. Each was an inside job. One was lifted at a huge party. The other two were lifted at times when I cannot determine—but breaking or entering, inside work that excludes the warrants. Now in the pattern of this MO, there were ten times over a given period."

"Question."

"OK," Comaday nodded, staring at Cohen through narrowed eyes.

"Was Mrs. Hastings robbed?"

"Bright boy," Comaday said.

"How many envelopes did the black-haired Lady Bountiful buy?" Larry Cohen asked.

"Twelve—one dozen."

Cohen pointed to Comaday's desk and counted. "One, two, three, four, five—seven missing."

"Bright boy. Our three millionaires are without larceny," Comaday said. "But they had the escrow accounts. Oh, it is a lovely mess that our Lady Bountiful is leading us into—six or seven substantial insurance frauds, and all of them in the best families. Fine, upstanding, influential citizens—just the parties for a nosy commissioner to have for enemies."

"I'd keep my nose clean," Cohen said. "You don't have to do a damn thing until there's a complaint."

The man who owned the Madison Avenue stationery store was a Mr. Herman Green. He came into Comaday's office with his lips pursed, twisting his head, observing everything and nodding reluctant approval at the way the commissioner lived. Cohen helped him off with his coat, and Comaday said, "Don't be nervous, Mr. Green. We'll ask you questions. Think about them if you have to."

"Who is nervous?" Mr. Green wanted to know.

"All right," Comaday handed him one of the manila envelopes. "Is this one of the envelopes you sold the lady with the black hair yesterday?"

Mr. Green examined the envelope, turning it over and over. "I carry this line. What else can I tell you?"

"The same size?"

"Same size."

"Good. Now would you describe this lady?"

"Already for Lieutenant Rothschild I described her maybe five times."

"Let's have a sixth time for me."

"All right—so high." He specified with his hand. "Black hair, blue eyes, something wrong with the nose, otherwise she is a very nice-looking lady, a good figure, a mink coat—"

"If she was wearing a mink coat, how do you know what kind of a figure she had?" Comaday demanded, and Mr. Green looked at him with pity.

"Such things are apparent."

"What kind of a mink coat?" Cohen asked.

"A mink coat—brown, I suppose. Let me tell you something, Mr. Cohen, you run a stationery store on Madison Avenue, you got mink coats in and out your doors morning and night."

"You said something was wrong with her nose," Cohen put in. "What was it like?"

Mr. Green inserted his forefinger into one nostril. "Like this."

"Cotton in the nostril," Comaday grunted. "Oldest trick in the book."

"Hair?"

"Hair?" Mr. Green replied cheerfully.

"Could it be a wig?"

"Did I examine it? Did I pull on it?" Mr. Green demanded. "A lady comes into my store for a dozen envelopes, you want me to start pulling on her hair? Please—this is no way to keep customers."

"All right. What else can you tell us?"

"She was a Hungarian," Mr. Green nodded cheerfully.

"What?"

"Absolutely."

"You mean she told you she was Hungarian?" Cohen asked.

"As good as told me. I tell you, gentlemen, Madison Avenue is a peculiar place—"

very strong with Hungarians, beauty salons, jewellery stores—you know the Gabor?"

Both Cohen and Comaday nodded.

"Every other jewellery store on Madison Avenue is owned by one of the Gabors. Myself, I am an ardent admirer. So when this lady with the black hair comes in for the envelopes I know right away this is the accent from the Gabor family; so I ask is she related? So obviously she is not going to say, 'I am'—No, she indicated—"

"All right, Mr. Green," Comaday interrupted wearily, "we are grateful for the time you gave us. You have been a good citizen, aside from being an expert on matters of pulchritude, and I'll have one of my cars take you home."

When Green had gone, Comaday dropped wearily back into his chair. "Hungarian accent, cotton in the nose—all the tired ones."

"They work."

"Damn you, Larry, you are a public prosecutor."

"I got nothing to prosecute, no evidence, no case—nothing. Not even the insurance frauds. Do you have a complaint?"

"No."

"Then get off my back," Cohen said, rising.

"You miserable—" Comaday began. But Cohen was opening the door already, and as it closed behind him he said:

"So long, Commissioner. Be well."

Penelope had just sufficient time to go home and freshen up a bit before proceeding to Madame Sadaba's. Whatever it was that Sadaba desired to thrust at her, she would be in a better position to meet it with her hair combed and her lipstick renewed; but at home Martha was waiting, now in her I-am-your-friend-and-will-stand-by-you-no-matter-what role; tall, straight, gaunt, an aged but loyal servitor.

"The police called. You are to call police headquarters and ask for Mr. Comaday, and I was instructed that this is personally for you and not to be conveyed to Mr. Hastings. So you may depend on me."

"Martha, stop being an idiot. Be yourself, please."

"A policeman, Penny?"

"He's the commissioner of police—a sort of general or something, only he doesn't wear a uniform." Penelope explained. "And he doesn't want to arrest me. I'm sure he only wants to have lunch with me."

**P**ENELOPE was right. "Dear Mr. Comaday," she said, "I am so unhappy, really. I would love to have lunch with you—"

"I think you could call me John—I mean, would you—I mean—"

"I know exactly what you mean," Penelope answered. "And you will call me Penny."

"Penny. Of course. And you will have lunch with me?"

"Dear man—if you had only called this morning."

"You can't?"

"John. I have another date. I am so sorry."

"Tomorrow, then?" the commissioner asked earnestly.

"This is not an easy role for me, Penny. I mean, you realise the kind of man I am. A mature man. These things don't come easily to a mature man. I thought that I had found a way to live without happiness, but—"

"Dear John, I understand—completely," Penelope assured him.

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# Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP



3335.—Three-piece jacket-dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38-inch bust. Butterick pattern 3335. Price 60c (6/-) includes postage. Pattern from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● This three-piece jacket-dress is my choice for a reader who asks for a design for a going-away outfit. The reader's material choice is brocade.

**H**ERE is part of her letter and my reply:

*"Could you give me a suggestion for a going-away outfit? Mine is to be an evening wedding, and I want to go away in a rather dressy suit. I am 22 and have a rather short haircut. I don't want the design you suggest to be too fussy or trimmed. I take a size 12 pattern."*

As your material choice is brocade, you certainly will not want a fussy or dressy design. My suggestion is a slim skirt, matching overblouse, and short jacket. This young suit look should be very becoming to your type. If you wish to order the pattern, beside the illustration are further details.

*"I would like your advice about the type of fur wrap to wear with a floor-length evening dress."*

This is more or less a question of personal taste. I like a rather short wrap with elbow-length sleeves. The garment should be roomy enough to wrap gracefully around your own proportions.

*"I am nearly six months pregnant, and, as I have to accompany my husband to a business dinner, I would like to know what I should wear."*

Our pattern department includes a very pretty design for a maternity dress. The dress is flared from a shoulder yoke and has a scooped back neckline. The design can be made sleeveless or it can be finished with below-elbow-length sleeves. If you wish to order, please quote Vogue pattern 5920. Price 65c (6/6) includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

*"I am making a beige wool suit with a slim skirt and short, rather square jacket. It is all very plain, and I would like to add pretty buttons or something to the jacket. What do you advise?"*

Finish the jacket with black frog-closings and wear the suit with a fine black jumper finished with a little turn-over collar.

*"What colored headscarf should I wear with a brown-and-white check suit?"*

Orange looks chic with brown and white. If this shade does not suit your own coloring, consider gold, brown, or white.

*"I have bought a pair of bell-bottom trousers, and would like to know the correct shoes to wear with them."*

Sandals, casual shoes, or little ankle-boots with flat heels, but never high heels.



"Where do you like to dine?" He was reluctant to let go.

"On a day like this—well, only in the Central Park zoo." Penelope laughed. "But on any other day—wherever you say, John."

Penelope decided to change her clothes, and she slipped into an unadorned but classically beautiful dark grey dress by Trigere. Over that, a black wool cloth coat, plain but distinguished. She came not unarmed to Sadaba.

There were no customers in the shop when Penelope entered at about half past twelve. Ducky scurried to take her coat. Sadaba greeted her—"Dollink. Sadaba is honored," reaching out to touch Penelope's dress.

"Estevez?" Sadaba asked knowingly.

"Trigere," Penelope replied indifferently. "Where is that

Continued from page 67

wretched little man going with my coat?"

"Is going to hang it up."

"Put it down on a chair where I can see it!" Penelope said sharply. "The coat just happens to be Estevez."

"Oh? You do not trust us?"

"No."

"Is not strange coming from you, Mrs. Hastings? And also, I am telling you Ducky is illegitimate son of Czar's cousin—so don't looking down your nose. I'm having ancestors in Petrograd when your ancestors are peasants."

"My ancestors were horse thieves," Penelope replied.

"Ha? Is in blood."

"Nevertheless, put down my coat where I can see it, you—what did you say his name is?"

"Ducky."

"Good. Keep your hands off my things, Ducky." Penelope turned to Sadaba. "Let us get down to facts and cases. I have read about blackmailers in books, but I never dealt with one before. They disgust me."

"Please sit down," Sadaba said grandly, ignoring insults within the larger context of the discussion.

"Sadaba is most pleased, Mrs. James R. Hastings, that Mrs. James R. Hastings comes here. Where there is a client, there is maybe also smoke. Do you follow me?"

"No," said Penelope.

## PENELOPE

"Is no joke," Sadaba snapped.

"Oh, no."

"Please, Mrs. James R. Hastings," said Sadaba, "you are dropping the pretense of being high society lady nothing can trouble. Come to point is worth maybe a substantial amount that Mr. James R. Hastings is not to know his wife is robbing banks? No?"

"What!" Penelope cried, her mouth open in astonished disbelief. It was good disbelief. She had practised astonished disbelief a great deal in front of her mirror.

"Sadaba is saying simply," said Sadaba, pausing in her pacing and turning to face Penelope, arms akimbo, long, bony legs spread determinedly, "that when there comes

out of the branch of City Federal Bank across the street a lady with black hair—is a cheap wig even Sadaba would not wear—and a Givenchy suit, the kind of rag Givenchy makes for American ladies without taste and having plenty money, Sadaba is no fool."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Penelope asked incredulously. "Yes, I had a Givenchy suit, yellow, quite nice; and when I talked to you on the phone I did think you might have got hold of it. It was stolen from me. But now this incredulous tale—Sadaba, I think you have quite gone out of your senses."

"Sadaba says flatly, you are robbing the bank across the street yesterday. Sadaba is reading every detail in paper. Old lady who is no old lady. Wigs—grey wigs, black wigs—is so stupid only police can believe. But Sadaba sees you coming out of bank, Mrs. James R. Hastings—so if you got one brain in your pretty little head you are not insulting Sadaba."

"Do you mean," Penelope asked, "do you actually mean that you are accusing me of robbing my husband's bank? You can't be serious."

"Sadaba is never more serious." "Sadaba is also a silly fool," said Penelope. "And now, Ducky, if you will step away from that door, I will be leaving."

"Not so quick, Mrs. James R. Hastings," Sadaba said nastily. "Is possible to call Sadaba names. Is also possible to pay Sadaba twenty-five thousand dollar."

"Ah," breathed Penelope. "At last we come to the point of the question—blackmail. As I suspected."

## REALLY

Penelope thought, quite proud of the way she had put that, and feeling like a leading lady in an insane and pointless play. "And just why should I pay you twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"Because otherwise Sadaba is going to Mr. James R. Hastings, only in which case the price goes up. The price to Mr. James R. Hastings, he is making sure Sadaba is not telling the newspapers that his wife is a thief, the price is double. Fifty thousand dollars."

"Well—fifty thousand. Goodness, what that would do to James' digestion."

"Is no money at all for Mr. James R. Hastings," said Ducky from the door.

"No money," said Penelope. "If you could only listen to yourself, Sadaba, you would realise how ridiculous you sound. The very notion of me robbing a bank is quite unbelievable."

"Is unbelievable—so? You think when Sadaba tells the police to take you to Sloan-Kettering bargain store for identification, is nobody has enough brains to identify you? You in your own Givenchy rag. Ha! Twenty-five thousand dollars is cheap."

"Not one penny," said Penelope. "Then Sadaba goes to Mr. James R. Hastings himself."

"Bless you—go. But let me warn you that James is the last person in the world who will ever believe that I could rob a bank. And now, it has been a not unsullied pleasure, but I am afraid I must leave you."

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## RIVETS



Once you had to  
cook a roast to get  
gravy this good

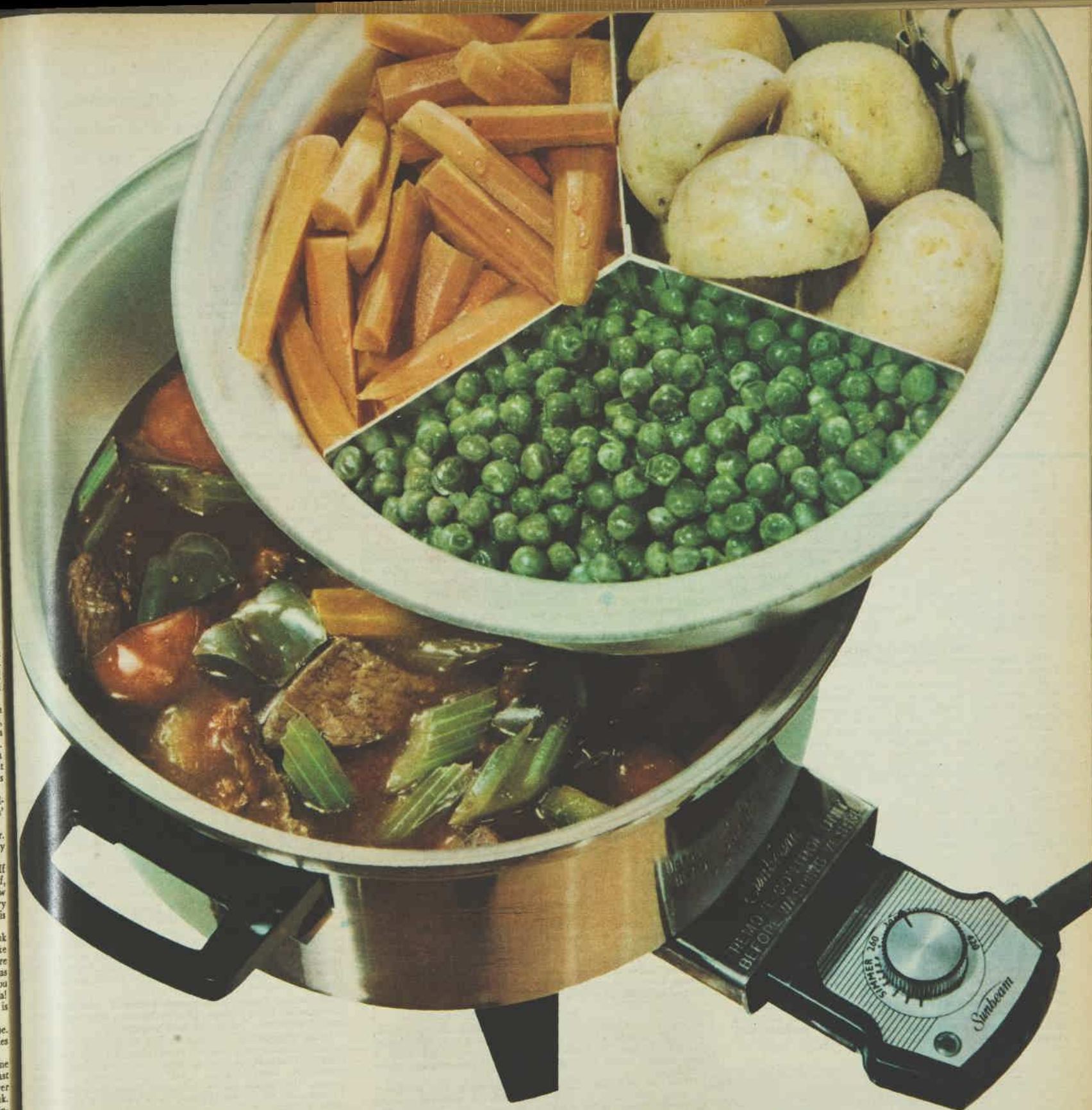
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**DEEP-FRY COOKER**

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# LUNCHEONS FOR SIX

**Y**OU might like to serve a choice of two main dishes at your luncheon party — they could be hot or cold, or you could offer one of each. Most of the desserts in this cookery feature can be made the day before the luncheon, so only the main course will require your attention.

## THE MAIN COURSE

Please Note: Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes in this feature.

### HONEY GLAZED CHICKEN

Three small chickens (about 2lb. each), 1 cup dry sherry, 2-3rd cup honey, 2 tablespoons each oil and lemon juice, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and salt, 2 tablespoons melted butter.

Combine sherry, honey, oil, lemon juice, cinnamon, and salt. Pour over chickens; refrigerate several hours or overnight; drain off excess marinade. Brush chickens with melted butter, arrange in baking dish. Bake in moderately hot oven for about 1 hour or until chickens are well-browned and tender. Baste several times with reserved marinade. Remove chickens from baking dish, cut in halves with poultry shears. Arrange on serving dish; garnish with bunches of fresh watercress.

Note: If you have an attractive ovenproof dish, cook chickens in this; cut in halves as directed, then return to dish for serving.

### HOT SALMON MOUSSE

One large can red salmon, salt and pepper, 4 egg-whites, 1 cup cream.

Drain salmon, remove skin and bones. Mash, then work until smooth with wooden spoon. Season with salt and pepper, gradually work in 2 of the egg-whites, unbeaten. Chill mixture 1 hour then work in cream; finally fold in stiffly beaten remaining egg-whites. Spoon into buttered ovenproof dish, stand in pan of hot water, cover with piece of buttered paper, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes or until mousse is firm and elastic to the touch. Let stand 6 to 8 minutes, then, if desired, turn out on to platter. Serve the following sauce separately:

Sauce: Four egg-yolks, 1 cup cream, 4 tablespoons butter, juice 1 lemon, salt and pepper.

Beat egg-yolks with cream. Melt butter in saucepan without letting it boil or brown. Stir in egg mixture, add lemon juice, salt and pepper. Place over hot water and cook, stirring constantly, until sauce thickens.

### CHICKEN CELESTINE

Two 2lb. to 2½lb. chickens, ½lb. ham, 2oz. butter, ¼ cup brandy, 1 cup white wine, 4 tomatoes, ½ pint cream, ½lb. mushrooms, salt and pepper, chopped parsley.

Joint chickens; cut ham into strips. Melt butter, add chicken pieces, saute until golden. Then add ham, cook gently a few minutes. Pour over brandy, ignite and allow flames to burn out. Add wine, bring to the boil, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Peel and chop tomatoes, add to pan with sliced mushrooms and heated cream. Season with salt and pepper, cover and cook gently until chicken is tender (30 to 40 minutes). Remove chicken pieces to serving dish, surround with mushrooms. Reduce sauce by fast boiling a minute or two, then spoon over chicken. Sprinkle with chopped parsley; serve with hot fluffy rice.

### CREAMY BAKED SCALLOPS

Two pounds cleaned scallops, 1 pint dry white wine, 1oz. butter, ½lb. mushrooms, 4 shallots, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, and pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ cup cream, breadcrumbs, extra butter.

Bring wine to boil in enamel-lined saucepan, drop in scallops; simmer 5 minutes. Set aside, reserving liquid. Melt butter, add chopped shallots and sliced mushrooms; saute 5 minutes. Then add parsley, salt and pepper. Remove from heat, stir in flour, then gradually add 1 cup liquid in which scallops were cooked. Return to heat, stir sauce until it boils and thickens. Add scallops and cream, spoon into ovenproof dish. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, dot with extra butter. Brown in moderately hot oven. Serve at once, with hot fluffy rice.

### BAKED HAM ROLLS MORNAY

Six large thin slices ham, 2 cups medium thick white sauce, ½ cup grated cheese, 2 chopped shallots, 1oz. butter, ½lb. finely chopped mushrooms, ¼ cup finely chopped extra ham, 3 dessertspoons white wine, ¼ cup finely diced extra cheese, extra grated cheese, fine breadcrumbs, extra butter, salt and pepper.

Season white sauce well with salt and pepper, stir in ½ cup grated cheese. Melt butter, add shallots and mushrooms, cook together gently 5 minutes or until liquid has evaporated. Add chopped ham and wine, simmer until wine is well reduced. Remove from heat, add sufficient white sauce to bind (about 2 tablespoons). Cool, add diced cheese. Spread strip of stuffing across centre of each slice of ham, roll up slices, arrange side by side in greased ovenproof dish. Spoon remaining white sauce over rolls, sprinkle lightly with extra grated cheese and crumbs. Dot with butter, brown in hot oven.

### SEAFOOD RISOTTO

Two pounds prawns, 2oz. butter, 1 large chopped onion, 3 cups long-grain rice, 6 cups water or chicken stock, 1 can corn niblets, ¼ bunch chopped shallots, ½lb. sliced mushrooms, 3 tablespoons grated parmesan cheese, salt and pepper.

Shell prawns. Melt butter in heavy pan, add onion, cook until soft. Then add rice, and cook, stirring, until golden. Add sufficient water or stock to cover rice, cover and cook slowly until all liquid is absorbed and rice is tender. (You may have to add more liquid during cooking.)

Meanwhile, in separate pan, soften the shallots and mushrooms in a little butter. Just before serving, lightly stir into the rice the prawns, corn niblets, mushrooms, shallots, and parmesan cheese. Season to taste, reheat gently. Pile on to serving platter.

### VEAL ESCALOPES WITH TOMATOES

Six escalopes of veal, 1lb. tomatoes, 2 cloves garlic, ½ cup breadcrumbs, salt and pepper, chopped parsley, oil for frying.

Beat escalopes with mallet until very thin. Heat oil in heavy pan, put in veal, cook gently until golden on both sides. Add peeled and chopped tomatoes, cook gently 5 minutes. Then add the crumbs, crushed garlic, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Cook further 8 to 10 minutes, by which time most of the oil should be absorbed and mixture turned to thick sauce. Serve at once, with baby new potatoes.

### FRIED RICE

One to two tablespoons oil, ½lb. cooked chopped pork, 1lb. cold, cooked long-grain rice, ½ teaspoon salt, 4oz. shelled prawns, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon soy sauce mixed with 1 dessertspoon water, 2 chopped shallots, 1 dessertspoon chopped ham.

Heat oil in a large frying pan, add pork. Fry a minute or two, then add rice and salt. Cook 10 minutes, stirring to prevent rice from sticking to pan. Add prawns, mix well, then clear small space in rice and drop in egg, breaking yolk. When this is nearly cooked, stir and mix through rice. Add soy sauce with water and shallots. Mix well, pile on to serving platter. Scatter ham over, serve at once.

### TOMATO AND CUCUMBER SALAD

One and a half pounds tomatoes, 2 or 3 cucumbers, salt, pepper, french dressing, 1 can artichoke hearts.

Wash tomatoes well, cut into slices. Wash cucumbers; leave them unpeeled, score them lengthwise with fork, cut into thin slices. Put cucumber slices into bowl, sprinkle with salt, let stand 30 minutes; drain well.

Arrange alternate layers of tomato and cucumber slices in serving bowl, sprinkling each layer of tomatoes with a little salt and some freshly ground pepper. Drain artichoke hearts, cut in halves, marinate in little french dressing.

Just before serving, spoon some french dressing over the tomato and cucumber slices, arrange artichoke hearts on top.

**APPLE SNOWBALLS:** Tender apples coated with crisp coconut meringue make a light and delicious luncheon dessert. Recipe opposite.

● A luncheon at home is a pleasant way to entertain friends. It may be a celebration or just a happy reunion, with lots to talk about over good food.

### COLD SIRLOIN OF BEEF

One sirloin roast on the bone (5 to 6lb.), little oil or melted butter, prepared mustard.

Spread cut surfaces of meat with prepared mustard. Sprinkle with pepper, pour over a little oil or melted butter. Place in baking dish, roast in hot oven 20 minutes. Then reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking until meat is done to taste. (Allow 10 to 15 minutes per lb. cooking time for rare meat and 20 minutes per lb. for medium. Well-done meat will need 25 minutes per lb.) Remove roast from oven and cool. Serve with a green salad and Special Baked Potatoes.

**Special Baked Potatoes:** Six medium-sized potatoes, salt and pepper, 1½oz. butter, cream, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley or chives, grated parmesan cheese, extra butter.

Scrub potatoes, bake until tender (about 1½ hours). Remove from oven, halve, and scoop out insides. Place in bowl, and mash. Add the 1½oz. butter, chives, or parsley, and sufficient cream to moisten. Mix well, season, return to potato cases. Sprinkle each thickly with grated cheese. Dot with extra butter, brown in moderately hot oven. Serve with the cold roast beef.

### CHICKEN MARYLAND

Three medium-sized chickens, 1 cup seasoned flour, 3 eggs (beaten with little milk), 3 cups fine dry breadcrumbs, 4oz. butter, little oil, fried bananas, sweet-corn fritters, and bacon rolls.

Cut chickens into joints; roll in seasoned flour, dip in egg and coat with crumbs. Heat butter and oil in frypan or heavy saucepan, add chicken pieces; cook until golden brown on both sides. Drain off excess oil, cover pan, and cook slowly until tender. Serve with fried bananas, sweet-corn fritters, and bacon rolls.

**Corn Fritters:** One cup plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 cup canned or frozen whole kernel corn, oil for deep-frying.

Sift flour, measure, sift again with baking powder, salt, and pepper. Separate egg and beat yolk with milk; mix with corn, turn into dry ingredients; mix thoroughly. Beat egg-white until stiff, fold in. Deep-fry dessertspoonfuls of mixture in hot oil until golden. Drain well before serving.

Fried bananas: Bananas, egg, breadcrumbs, butter.

Cut bananas in halves crosswise, dip in lightly beaten egg, then roll in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot butter until golden brown. Drain well before serving.

### FILLET OF BEEF WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

One fillet of beef (about 2lb.), prepared mustard, melted butter, little pepper, prepared mushroom sauce.

Trim fillet, spread with little prepared mustard. Place in baking dish, grind over a little pepper. Pour over generous amount of melted butter. Roast in moderately hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook until done to taste. Allow 15 minutes per lb. cooking time for rare meat, and 25 minutes for well done. Carve fillet in thick slices, place on serving platter. Spoon over pan juices. Serve with Mushroom Sauce.

**Mushroom Sauce:** Two ounces butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup cream, ½lb. mushrooms, little extra butter, few drops lemon juice, salt and pepper.

Saute chopped mushrooms in the extra butter. Melt 2oz. butter in saucepan, remove from heat, stir in flour. Add milk and cream, return to heat and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until boiling. Add juice from cooked mushrooms, the lemon juice, salt and pepper. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes, stir in mushrooms. Cook further 2 to 3 minutes; serve at once.

### VITELLO TONNATO

One piece fillet of veal (2½ to 3lb.), 3 anchovy fillets, several bayleaves, 1 sliced onion, 2 sliced carrots, 2 sliced pieces of celery, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 cloves, salt and pepper, ½ pint dry white wine, ¼ pint well-flavored mayonnaise, 6oz. tuna, extra 3 anchovy fillets, 1 teaspoon capers, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, extra pepper, lemon slices.

Bone veal, tie securely. Cut first 3 anchovy fillets into small pieces; pierce holes in surface of meat, insert pieces of anchovy in holes. Top meat with bayleaves, place in flameproof casserole or heavy saucepan, with onion, carrots, celery, parsley, cloves, salt and pepper. Pour over wine, add sufficient water to cover meat. Bring slowly to the boil, reduce heat, cover, and simmer 1½ to 2 hours until meat is tender. Allow meat to cool in stock.

Pound tuna with extra anchovy fillets, capers, lemon juice, and pepper until smooth. Combine with mayonnaise, and blend (adding a little vegetable stock if mixture is too thick) until smooth and creamy.

Slice veal, arrange in shallow dish. Spoon over the prepared sauce. Let stand in refrigerator overnight. Serve with lemon slices.

Note: Keep liquor in which veal was cooked—it will make an excellent base for soups or sauces.



RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN





## THE DESSERTS

### CHOCOLATE MOUSSE WITH GRAND MARNIER

Five eggs (separated),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, pinch salt, 4oz. dark chocolate, squeeze lemon juice, 2 tablespoons grand marnier,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, extra whipped cream, grated orange rind. Chop chocolate roughly, melt over hot water. Remove from heat, beat in egg-yolks, one at a time. Add grand marnier and lemon juice. Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually adding sugar; beat cream until stiff. Using spatula, gently fold chocolate and cream into egg-whites. Turn into serving dish; refrigerate overnight. Decorate with whipped cream, sprinkle with a little grated orange rind.

### CONTINENTAL CHEESECAKE

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cream cheese, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup whipped cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped sultanas, extra whipped cream. Line deep cake or spring form tin with the pastry. Rub cheese through fine sieve twice. Mix in beaten egg-yolks, sugar, and whipped cream; fold in fruits. Spoon into pastry case, bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes; reduce heat to moderately slow, cook further 40 to 50 minutes. Turn off oven, allow cake to cool inside. Decorate with extra whipped cream before serving.

### APRICOT ICE-CREAM WITH PEACHES

Quarter pound dried apricots, water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 3 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, 6 fresh or canned peach halves, lemon juice. Soak apricots about 1 hour in water to cover. Transfer to saucepan, add sugar, cover and simmer until tender. Rub mixture through fine sieve or puree in electric blender. Beat eggs until foamy; whip cream until stiff. Fold eggs and cream into cooled puree; blend well. Spoon into refrigerator trays, cover securely with aluminium foil, freeze until firm.

Meanwhile, peel peaches (if using fresh ones), sprinkle with lemon juice, arrange in individual serving dishes. Place scoop of ice-cream in centre of each peach. Serve at once.

**TWO DELICIOUS DISHES** for luncheon are the *Honey-Glazed Chicken* and *Seafood Risotto* shown above; serve with salad. See recipes.



**TOMATO AND CUCUMBER SALAD:** Topped with canned artichoke hearts, it brings color, good taste to a luncheon. See recipe opposite.

### APPLE SNOWBALLS

Six small eating apples, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, 6 cloves, water, 2 bananas, 1 dessertspoon each finely grated lemon rind, and juice, 3 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, shredded coconut, blanched, toasted slivered almonds, glace cherries.

Peel and core apples, place 1 dessertspoon brown sugar and 1 clove in each core cavity. Stand apples in large saucepan with water  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep in base; cover tightly. Cook gently until soft, but still firm; cooking time will vary, depending on type of apples used (allow 5 to 10 minutes). Remove apples from saucepan, pour off the sugar syrup which has collected in each cavity. Allow to cool completely.

Peel bananas, mash with lemon juice and rind, fill into centre of each apple. Beat egg-whites until firm, gradually beat in sugar; beat until stiff meringue consistency. Swirl meringue over each apple, sprinkle with coconut. Place on baking trays, bake in moderate oven until meringue has set and lightly browned (about 5 to 10 minutes). Decorate with slivered almonds, top with glace cherry half.

### APRICOT CARAMEL CREAM

Three eggs plus 3 egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon rum, 1 cup sieved apricot jam, whipped cream, blanched, chopped, and slivered almonds, prepared caramel.

Caramel: One and a half cups sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar.

Break eggs and egg-yolks into basin, beat in sugar. Slowly add scalded milk, flavor with rum. Pour mixture into deep ovenproof dish (a soufflé dish is ideal), place in baking dish with cold water coming halfway up sides; bake custard in moderately slow oven until set. Chill thoroughly.

Just before serving, prepare caramel. Put sugar, water, and cream of tartar into small saucepan, melt sugar over low heat. Allow mixture to cook to deep caramel color then pour it in thin layer over top of chilled custard. It will harden at once; tap it all over with back of spoon to break caramel into small pieces. Pour over apricot jam, top with whipped cream. Scatter a few blanched, toasted, and slivered almonds over cream.



## Beautify Your Hair



Your hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner, and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.



**MARSHMALLOW PUDDING** is topped with a luscious caramel sauce. Make it for a family dessert or a teenagers' party. Recipe at right.

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## De luxe dessert is economical

● A delicious dessert made with economical ingredients wins the first prize of \$10 in our regular recipe contest.

**CONSOLATION** prizes of \$2 each are awarded for chocolate mint slices — a delightful layered cake; and for an easy risotto.

### MARSHMALLOW PUDDING WITH CARAMEL SAUCE

Three-quarter cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon gelatine,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup very hot water, squeeze lemon juice or pinch tartaric acid,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla.

**Caramel Sauce:** One ounce butter or substitute, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 4 tablespoons hot water.

Soak gelatine in cold water, then add very hot water to dissolve thoroughly. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually beating in sugar. Add dissolved gelatine with lemon juice or tartaric acid. Beat well together until stiff and frothy, add vanilla.

Turn marshmallow into large 3-pint ring mould which has been well oiled. Chill until set.

**Caramel Sauce:** Place all ingredients, except water, into saucepan. Stir over moderate heat until sugar melts; cook further 3 minutes. Remove from heat, beat in hot water gradually. Return to heat and stir until mixture comes to the boil; boil 1 minute.

To Serve: Turn marshmallow mould out on to plate, fill centre with scoops of ice-cream, pour over the caramel sauce; or put marshmallow into small dishes to set, top with individual scoops of ice-cream, pour over sauce.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. R. Stockley, 36 Ormonde Ave., Warradale, S.A.

### CHOCOLATE MINT SLICE

**Cake Base:** Two eggs, 3oz. melted butter, 2oz. chocolate, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup plain flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped almonds,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon peppermint essence.

**Peppermint Cream:** Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon cream or top of milk, 1 cup sifted icing sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon peppermint essence, green food coloring.

**Icing:** Two ounces chocolate, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

**Cake Base:** Beat together eggs and sugar until thick. Place butter and chocolate in small saucepan, melt over very low heat, stir well to blend, then cool slightly. Add cooled, melted butter mixture to eggs and sugar. Fold in sifted flour, chopped almonds, and peppermint. Turn into greased lamington tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Leave in tin to cool.

**Peppermint Cream:** Cream butter and cream together. Beat in sifted icing sugar and peppermint; tint green with little green food coloring. Spread evenly over cold cake base.

Top this with chocolate icing, made by melting together 2oz. chocolate and 1 tablespoon butter. Leave icing to cool before spreading on top of peppermint cream; chill. Cut into small squares or finger lengths to serve.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. N. Peck, 63 Guy St., Kings Meadows, Launceston, Tas.

### MUSHROOM RISOTTO

Half pound mushrooms, 1-3rd cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 small onion, 1 cup rice, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups stock,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  bayleaf, 1-3rd cup blanched almonds.

Wash and roughly chop mushrooms, place in saucepan with the water, lemon juice and 1oz. of butter. Cook 5 minutes, until barely tender. Chop onion, saute in remaining 3oz. butter. Add rice and cook until rice is transparent, stirring well. Add stock, cinnamon and bayleaf. Cover pan tightly, cook at low heat 15 minutes, or until rice is tender. Stir in almonds, cut into slivers, and mushrooms. Reheat if necessary.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. S. Spencer, 245 Wellington Rd., Woolloongabba, Qld.



**CHOCOLATE MINT SLICE** has a peppermint-cream filling, chocolate topping. Recipe above.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1966



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Sugar is a natural source of energy made by sunlight in the leaves of the sugar cane plant.

**Sugar is an energy food.**



**For a balanced diet you need three main kinds of food: body-building foods, energy foods and protective foods.**

**Body-building foods**

These include meat, fish, poultry, milk, eggs and cheese. They contain proteins which your body uses for building new tissues.

**Energy foods**

Foods such as bread, butter, rice, sugar and potatoes are fuel-foods and provide energy.

**Protective foods**

Protective foods like fresh fruit and vegetables are rich in the vitamins and minerals necessary to your body for good health.



"Ducky!" shrilled Sadaba. "Ducky," said Penelope, "if you lay one hand on me—"

Whatever might have followed from this was interrupted by a sharp knock at the door. From outside came the voice of Larry Cohen, attempting to be very official and commanding.

"Open up in the name of the law!"

Afterward Larry Cohen admitted that it was the first time he had ever used this construction or had ever been in a position to instruct anyone to open any door. He considered it to be rather old-fashioned, but it had its effect. Sadaba opened the door to her salon, and Penelope said delightedly:

"Dear Mr. Cohen. Like a knight of old. What a perfect, perfect entrance!"

"Is Sadaba you are arresting?" Sadaba demanded, drawing herself up to her full height, looming over Cohen, Penelope, and Ducky. "Please to change your mind. Sadaba you are not arresting. Sadaba is not a fool. District attorneys are not arresting nobodies."

"Then suppose we all quieten down and forget this whole matter? I am willing to propose that you had no idea of your actions when you attempted to detain Mrs. Hastings here—something done in the heat of excitement. But if you should insist on making trouble, Madame Sadaba, I must remind you that forcible detention is a very serious charge indeed."

"Ha!" "When she says that," Penelope interpreted, "it means that she does not agree with you."

"Exactly," Sadaba nodded. "Sadaba does not agree with you. The police make arrest, and Sadaba exposes a thief."

"What thief?"

**S**ADABA pointed a stern and accusing finger at Penelope. "Is sitting right there, Mrs. James R. Hastings, who robs City Federal Bank across the street."

"That is a very dangerous thing to say," Cohen warned her. "Actionable, too, I might add."

"And utterly ridiculous," Penelope put in. "Actionable? What is actionable when Sadaba is right—or doesn't Sadaba see with her eyes?"

"And just what did you see?" Cohen demanded coldly. "You are district attorney—whose side are you on? Sadaba tells you what she sees. She sees coming from bank across the street at moment of robbery, Mrs. James R. Hastings, wearing a black wig and yellow rag is absolutely the Givenchy suit. That is what Sadaba sees. Is Sadaba right, Ducky?"

"Sadaba is right," Ducky said from near the door where he had stayed.

"But no proof?" Cohen asked. "No evidence—nothing except your own judgment that a woman in a yellow suit with black hair was Mrs. James R. Hastings? Oh, come now, Madame Sadaba, Mrs. Hastings is a delicate woman of wealth and reputation. Are you seriously attempting to make me believe

Continued from page 68

that she robbed a bank, that she mysteriously changed the color of her hair, the shape of her face? Well, really—"

Sadaba's eyes narrowed. Her rage at the hurt and insult offered to Ducky had simmered down, and now again her larger plans were re-shaping in her mind. She said nothing.

"You could call the police," Cohen said.

Sadaba shrugged. "Sadaba is not calling the police. You say Sadaba has no evidence—so what is the use calling the police?"

"Then suppose we write this off as one more error, perhaps a bit more unpleasant than most, and let bygones be bygones."

"Sadaba is willing. Ducky is willing."

After they left Sadaba's salon, Penelope and Larry walked for about a block in silence, then Cohen took the bit in his teeth.

He began by saying, "Well, there you are."

"Did I ask you to call me Penny?" Penelope wondered. "You know, so many people abhor nicknames—but I love mine. Do call me Penny."

Larry Cohen was conscious of defeat, even if said defeat was not yet disaster. "Yes—of course," he answered gallantly. "Penny... well, it makes me feel that I have known you for so long."

"But you have. Twenty-four hours can be an eternity, if they are used well... just as a year can be a meaningless moment."

"You don't care very much for your world, do you, Penny?"

"Why do you say that?" "Because I have been trying to understand why you should rob a bank."

Penelope made no response to what Cohen had said. "Where are you taking me to lunch?" she asked.

"Where do you want to go?"

"To the cafeteria at the zoo. The odor is impossible and the food is dreadful, but right now I want to go there, if you don't mind. I am sure it's a pose. Poor Sadaba—she sees through all my poses, and the world rejects her. But James won't reject her. Poor James. Sadaba will tell him that his wife is a thief and he will pay her to keep her mouth shut."

"Do you mean that Sadaba is going to blackmail your husband?"

"Of course."

"My dear lady—"

"There, you've stopped calling me Penny, and this means that you have taken the bit in your teeth and you are now going to be dreadful and dutiful and exceedingly moral. I must say, though, that I take a very dim view of what gentlemen call morality."

"Penny, for heaven's sake," Cohen cried, "don't you see anything wrong with blackmail?"

"Well, it's not an open and shut matter at all. It depends on whom you blackmail. Poor Sadaba is only planning to blackmail James. I don't see anything terribly wrong with that."

"Don't you have any sense of right and wrong at all?" Cohen demanded.

"Poor Larry. Are you going to arrest me and send me to jail?"

"I am not a cop, and I do not arrest people. As far as I am concerned, what has been taken has been returned. We are still short forty-two thousand and six hundred and eleven dollars. Where is it? Or have you given it all to the cancer fund?"

"What a good idea, Larry. Would you let me?"

"No!"

"Don't shout. I detest shouters. James is a shouter."

## PENELOPE

"I am sorry," Larry said.

Penelope opened her purse and took out an oblong package wrapped in white tissue. "You don't have to count it," she said. "It's all there. And it is a very pretty pass a thief comes to when she steals almost a million dollars and winds up without one penny of her ill-gotten gains."

Penelope pecked at her food, drank her coffee, looked at the Central Park zoo, so lovely and pretty and uncrowded in the January sunshine.

"It always makes me feel so good to be here," she said to Larry Cohen. "You are a native New Yorker, aren't you? So you ought to understand that."

"Penelope?"

"Don't scold me, please." She smiled. "Go ahead and ask me—why do I steal?"

"I think I know why."

"Do you?"

"I think so."

"Good," Penelope leaned over and touched his hand. "Dear boy, you do feel that you are falling in love with me and you are prepared to make great and noble sacrifices—"

"You're laughing at me now."

"I am not," Penelope said indignantly. "I am touched and moved—and really, you are so brilliant, the way you worked everything out by yourself, and then you came to my rescue at Sadaba's. Larry, you're the only man I ever met in all my life who would believe that I am capable of robbing a bank."

"I think you are capable of anything you set out to do, Penny."

"Do you—really? My children tolerate me, my friends say, 'Oh, Penelope!'—which means that I am rather feckless and witless; and my husband, James R. Hastings, considers me to be a sort of half-wit, a sea anchor of sorts, dragging away at his career."

"All of which you foster carefully," Cohen said. "And what on earth am I into now? I am an assistant district attorney of New York County, sitting here and having lunch with a confessed bank robber—"

"Did I confess, Larry?"

"Well, it amounts to the same thing."

"Does it, Larry?" Penelope cocked her head at him. He really was quite attractive in a skinny, long-faced sort of way—a pleasing contrast to the stolid seriousness of Gregory Mannix. And he was unquestionably enamored of her. This made her feel guilty, and she hated to feel guilty.

"Well—"

"Larry, what evidence?"

Dumbfounded, Cohen said, "But you just handed me the money you stole."

"Did I? Of course. You know, it slipped my mind completely. We were talking about so many good, interesting things."

"It doesn't bother you, Penelope?"

"Not as much as the fact that you don't appear able to call me Penny. Why should it bother me, Larry?" she asked him seriously. "You have the money back. Even the insurance company was not the loser. Don't you understand what it meant to me to be able to rob James' bank?"

"I have the money, Penny. Now what on earth am I going to do with it?"

"Suppose you turn it over to me," a deep, unloving voice said.

They both looked up at the short, wide man who stood at their table. Cohen's mouth remained open, but Penelope had the presence of mind to say, "Dear, dear John Comaday. What a delicious surprise! You must join us."

"It is a pleasure, Mrs. Hastings," the commissioner said, dropping into a chair by the table. "What I want to know—and your answers don't make one shred of sense," Comaday then said to Larry, "is where you got that money."

"My answers don't make any sense," Cohen said, "because you haven't given me a chance to answer."

"I haven't noticed you pushing me," the commissioner growled. "You talk in the biggest circles I ever saw."

Penelope laid one hand on Commissioner Comaday's blunt fist and another on Larry Cohen's bony hand, caressing each of them ever so gently as she said:

"Dear Mr. Comaday—"

"I think we know each other well enough for you to call me John, dear lady," he said.

"Thank you, John then. Dear John—" lingering on the name—"dear John, you must understand that dear Larry is hopelessly romantic. He fancies me as someone who needs protection." She smiled at Cohen, who was watching her uncertainly. "And he thinks that if he tells you the truth a suspicion will arise in your mind that I robbed my husband's bank."

"You!" Comaday exclaimed, as if someone had just accused Joan of Arc. "He thinks that I would accuse you—the kindest, most gentle creature I have ever known—of robbing—oh, no!" He turned on Cohen angrily. "You know what you suffer from?"

**C**OHEN shook his head in bewilderment. "A sick mind," Comaday spat out. "I may be a cop—but I have always felt that down underneath every DA is an executioner. You got the mind of an executioner."

Cohen listened in silent amazement, while Penelope squeezed both their hands tenderly. "John—dear John Comaday," she said, "how gallant of you! But your anger is directed toward the most innocent of innocents. Poor Larry was only demonstrating his own gallantry. You see, I gave him that package of money—exactly forty-two thousand six hundred and eleven dollars."

"You did?"

"I did," Penelope nodded. "So, you see, he had every reason to believe that I had stolen it—"

"If he was a half-wit," Comaday snapped. "Penny," Larry said, "where did you get the money? You never told me."

"Didn't I?"

"No," Cohen said.

"No, I don't suppose I did. I was going to when you came along, John. You see, I had this lunch date with Larry—poor dear, he wanted to assure me that my yellow suit would be returned to me—and I had left my apartment and walked down Park and then the block to Madison Avenue when this woman stopped me—"

"What woman?" Comaday demanded.

"She could have been your robber," Penelope nodded, being both thoughtful and serious and weighing each word. She knew that Comaday was no fool, but she knew that a man enamored of a woman will believe exactly what he desires to believe. Also, basic premises are fairly unshakable. Comaday's premise was that Penelope could no more rob a bank than he could jump over the moon, a judgment her

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## AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 6.

<p><b>ARIES</b> MARCH 21-APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.</p>	<p>★ There's an adverse hangover from the 5th and bad stars on the 7th. However, things will improve, and if you're rearing to go, get cracking until the 21st—you'll accomplish a lot.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> APRIL 21-MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p>	<p>★ Affairs of the heart could still be at sixes and sevens for a while. Your best plan is to stay emotionally put. The 12th could see boost in finances, either in business or a windfall.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> MAY 21-JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ If you intend marrying, don't expect plain sailing—not yet for a while. A partnership could go on the rocks. The 12th is good for personal and home affairs and family.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> JUNE 22-JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.</p>	<p>★ There could be much to-ing and fro-ing with little result—unscheduled trips that don't really pay for themselves. Be very cautious, but the 12th favors new plans.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> JULY 23-AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Underground, unlooked-for influences could lead to sudden money setbacks. Around the 12th there could be happy news about loved ones and close friends.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> AUGUST 23-SEPT. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ Those in the 9th-11th September bracket should still walk warily, but all Virgos should enjoy an improving week. Opportunity to start something new on the 12th.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> SEPT. 23-OCT. 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.</p>	<p>★ Your ability as an equilibrist is still needed for a while. Try and make your decisions away from others. The 12th could mean improvement in environment.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> OCT. 24-NOV. 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ The 6th is muddling, the 7th depressing and dragging, but the 12th gives a lucky break. There's a windfall for some, especially if it is shared with friends or relations.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> NOV. 23-DEC. 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, lilac, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>	<p>★ Conditions are still upsetting and delaying until the 8th. There could be a big assist in status and career, with very good news of a romantic nature on the 12th.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> DEC. 22-JAN. 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.</p>	<p>★ Lottery prospects are considerably enhanced on the 12th, particularly if shared with a partner—married or otherwise. The 7th is adverse, so sit tight and don't take risks.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> JAN. 21-FEB. 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.</p>	<p>★ The thing you are inclined to value most—friendship—is still under a cloud. Don't lose money on the 7th, but romance and work conditions are favored on the 12th.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> FEB. 20-MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.</p>	<p>★ Take no risks for a while, especially beware of pitfalls in business and finance on the 7th. The love star has moved into your sign and helps romance, while 12th is propitious.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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husband would have shared. "Describe her," Comaday said shortly and professionally, and as Larry Cohen listened with dumb and continuing wonder Penelope said: "About my size. Oh, perhaps an inch or two taller; jet-black hair — it has to be dyed, believe me, because no woman of her age has hair naturally that black — bright blue eyes . . ."

"What age?" Comaday interrupted.

"Oh, thirty-five, thirty-six," Penelope shrugged. "You know, John, when a woman cuts black hair into a bob and has the kind of face to carry such a haircut — you know, one of those round, tip-nose faces — well, it is almost impossible to tell what her real age is. Except that her nose could have been better."

"A bit lopsided?" Cohen asked.

"What?" demanded Comaday.

"The nose," Cohen said. "You are clever, Larry," Penelope nodded.

"Black mole?"

"No."

"Well, she puts that one on and off," Comaday said. "The rest fits."

"John, do you mean that I was talking to the bank robber herself?"

"You were. Did she have an accent of some kind?"

**P**ENELOPE nodded. She drove herself to try to understand why an otherwise sane and intelligent man could believe this kind of nonsense. Cohen was observing her with undisguised admiration, and Comaday said:

"You seem very puzzled, Mr. Hastings."

"Please, dear John, call me Penny. I feel that we are all of us such old, tried friends."

"Penny."

"Yes, of course. And you were asking why I was puzzled. But, John, why should she give me the money?"

"She gave you the money?"

"First she stopped me, and in this strange accent of hers—"

"What was the accent like?" Cohen asked her.

"I wish to hell you wouldn't keep interrupting," Comaday said testily.

"Like the Gabor sisters," Penny sighed. "I do love a foreign accent. I feel that I myself am so hopelessly, practically American—"

Comaday flashed Cohen a knowing look. "Like the Gabor sisters," Cohen whispered. His face twitched, and he covered it quickly with his hands.

"Oh, you perfect fool, Penelope thought. The whole thing was saved so nicely, and now you're going to give it away because you don't have the self-control of a twelve-year-old. Aloud she said, "Poor Larry—is it anything serious?"

"A twinge of migraine. I put it, you know. It only lasts a moment or two."

"I didn't know. Terribly sorry," Comaday said.

"Well," Penelope continued, "she stopped me and asked me whether I was not Mr. Hastings. I said that I was. Then she thrust this little package, wrapped in white tissue, into my hands, and she said, 'Heaven help me!' and then she fled."

"Just that? No more?" Comaday asked curiously.

His hands still covering his face, Cohen made small noises. He arose and began to fumble away.

"Can I help you?" Comaday asked; but as the commissioner made to rise Penelope grasped his arm and assured him that Cohen was better off alone. "All he wants is a bit of cold water, and he'll find that in the men's room."

Continued from page 75

Larry is shy about his pain. He doesn't like people to watch him."

"How do you know all this?" Comaday asked.

"People tell me things. They confide. I don't know why."

"By heaven, I do," Comaday said. "It's because your heart is as large as your face is lovely."

"That's so sweet. Thank you, John. We're both of us lucky, I guess. Larry has so many problems — they overwhelm him. Don't you think that's the source of his headache?"

"Larry will live," Comaday said. "Let's go back to the lady with the dark hair."

"Will you keep after her, now that she has given the money back? The poor woman—"

"The routine continues," Comaday nodded. "We can't have people going around and sticking up banks, even troubled women."

At this point, Cohen rejoined them. His headache, it appeared, was much better, and he wanted to know whether he could not take Penelope home.

But Penelope was in no mood to deal with Larry Cohen just now. She had been through a long and de-

what the devil she wanted with him.

"I am a busy man."

"Sadaba is a busy lady. But not so busy she doesn't stand by the window of her shop which is across Madison Avenue from the newest branch of the City Federal Bank—and is actually watching the bank robbed."

"All right. If you have information about the robbery, take it to the police."

"Such information as Sadaba got you want Sadaba to take to the police — is that it, Mr. James R. Hastings?"

"Exactly what do you mean?"

"Is meaning perhaps Mrs. James R. Hastings, wife of Mr. James R. Hastings?"

"Sit down, please," he said, his manner changing. "Sit down and say right out whatever you have to say to me."

"Good, Sadaba is liking straightforward conversation." She seated herself on one of the chairs beside the desk.

"Please, a cigarette?"

He handed her a silver box and then offered a light, while Sadaba examined the underside of the box.

"Excellent," Sadaba said; but whether she was referring to the cigarette or the silver box James R. Hastings did

"All right, who is the robber?" Hastings asked.

"Your wife, Mrs. James R. Hastings," Sadaba said calmly. "You think about it, Mr. James R. Hastings — is possible you are agreeing with Sadaba. Sadaba is impossible not to recognise your wife, Mrs. James R. Hastings. All Sadaba's life is with figures and shapes and sizes. Is quicker Sadaba can make a mistake about a face than a size."

Staring at Sadaba, James R. Hastings thought about it, and the more he thought about it the larger became the possibility. One part of his mind rejected it, and would always reject it; women were incapable, and of all women Penelope was particularly incapable. So in any practical terms Penelope was simply not to be thought of as a bank robber. But in another part of his mind, the part that did the work of a practical man of affairs, a series of circumstances was beginning to build up.

"Black hair," he pointed out.

"A wig. Please, is plain to Sadaba."

"The shape of the nose?"

"A little cotton in one side."

in some nightmarish manner which he hardly understood, the pattern fitted a woman he had been married to for over two decades, and whom he understood not one iota. Never had a faith been shattered more immediately and wholly than James R. Hastings' faith in himself, his home, and all of the institutions he revered. As he paced his office, he composed headlines and painted them in enormous black letters across his mind's eye: **MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE CRACKS BANK**

While it was true that he was hardly as rich as some millionaires, Mr. Hastings was richer than most, with enough millions to develop the kind of absolute and unique security that only American millionaires possess. It was this security that had been so morally shaken; and watching his face, which she read with the facility of a professional fortune teller, Sadaba realised that she had made an awful error by asking for only twenty-five thousand dollars instead of the fifty she had originally decided upon and which Ducky had talked her out of. But having given her word she remained a woman of her word.

**W**HEN Mr. Hastings finally stopped pacing and faced Sadaba, he began with the same plaintive cry of all those facing blackmail. "How do I know that once—"

"Sadaba is getting tired of whole thing," Sadaba said, beginning to rise.

"No, no! Wait a moment. Let me write you a cheque for five thousand —"

"What is this? Do gentlemen bargain? Twenty-five thousand dollars, and certified."

"Ten."

"Mr. James R. Hastings, Sadaba is disappointed with you —"

"Damn you, I am not a man without influence or power —"

"You are threatening me, Mr. James R. Hastings?"

"Fifteen . . . and not a cent more."

But in the end Mr. James R. Hastings wrote out a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars, and Sadaba sat composedly in his office until the cheque was certified.

The thunder of her name announced to Penelope that her husband had come home — at least an hour early.

"Penelope!" he roared. "Must you shout?"

"I damn well must!" he replied.

Penelope turned to look at him and sighed. "Poor James — Sadaba has been to see you, hasn't she?"

"Penelope, will you put both feet on the ground for one moment and answer one question? Did you or did you not rob my bank?"

Watching herself in the mirror as James spoke, Penelope realised that the corners of her mouth had begun to twitch. It would be dreadful if she burst out laughing, and she was also uncertain as to the reaction of a man like James if pressed too far.

"Yes, James," she answered as gently as possible.

"I don't believe you!"

"Then why did you ask me? And why did you pay all that money to Sadaba?"

"How do you know I paid her off?"

"Because she told me she was going to blackmail you, James."

"What? She told you that?"

"Yes."

"And you did nothing to stop her?"

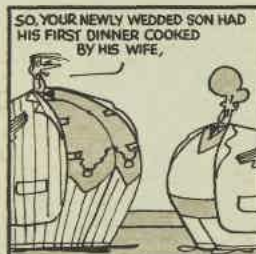
"Really, James, what could I do?"

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## PENELOPE

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



manding day. "I am so sorry," she said, "but I have three colleagues from the Children's Aid Society waiting for me at home, and I must rush off. I hate to do this, but will both of you take me to Fifth Avenue and find me a cab there?" They were delighted.

In the City Federal Bank Building on Park Avenue, Mr. James R. Hastings' secretary finally lost her battle with the implacable Sadaba and told Mr. Hastings of his unexpected caller.

"What is Sadaba?" he asked his secretary. "I mean, what does she do?"

"She operates a dress salon."

"Oh? Why didn't you tell me that?"

"You did not ask me."

"The whole thing is obvious. Four or five thousand dollars of clothing bills that have slipped my wife's mind. Did she call?"

"Who?"

"My wife, Penelope."

"No, Mr. Hastings, she did not call. Shall I call her?"

"What the devil good is that going to do? No. Send this Sadaba in."

Ignoring his request that she be seated, Sadaba paced slowly around James R. Hastings' office, observing the place with a proprietary eye.

"Nice, airy place," she remarked finally. "Is better if you open window a little."

Ignoring her suggestions, Mr. Hastings barked at her, "Well, what can I do for you, Mrs. Sadaba?"

"Is not Mrs. Sadaba. Is plain Sadaba."

"I hardly think I know you well enough to call you by your first name."

"Is not first name — is not last name. Is Sadaba."

His hand hovering over the security button, Hastings regarded her narrowly and demanded to know exactly

not know. For a moment it piqued his curiosity; but rather than engage in this particular discussion he hewed to the matter in question.

"What has the robbery of my bank got to do with my wife, Mrs. Sadaba?"

"Ha!"

"I'll thank you to be more explicit."

"All right, Sadaba is explicit. Your bank is robbed by lady in yellow suit and black hair. Yellow suit is your wife's — yes?"

"Givenchy — yes?"

"What?"

"We know it is my wife's suit. It was stolen from her the same day that my bank was robbed."

"So Sadaba is telling you this. Sadaba is standing by the window of Sadaba's shop, across the street from your bank, when the lady who robbed the bank comes out from it. Is unmistakable — one lady, one Givenchy suit."

"Granted. The woman who robbed my bank may have worn the suit that was stolen from my wife. It's a theory the police are working on. They have not proved it yet, but it is a theory that they hold."

"Sadaba turns theory into fact."

"You mean you know who the woman is — the woman who robbed my bank?"

"Of course."

"Then why don't you bring your information to the police?"

"Sadaba has her reasons," Sadaba shrugged.

"For heaven's sake," Hastings exclaimed, "stop talking about yourself in the third person and get to the point. If I understand you, you pretend to know who the robber is, but you prefer not to go to the police, and you claim that my wife is in some manner concerned with all this."

"Sadaba does not pretend."



# Q.A.

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"She was lying. You never robbed the bank."

"Poor James," Penelope said. "It's so much harder to believe me capable of robbing a bank than to accept evidence that I did. And it was so very simple, James."

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," Hastings said grimly. "Do you know that I just gave that wretched woman a cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"Thank goodness," "What in hell does that mean—thank goodness?"

"I thought she was going to ask you for fifty thousand."

"Fifty? It just so happens that most of my cash resources are tied up, and I can't afford even twenty-five. If you had one shred of responsibility in that silly head of yours you would sit down this moment and write me your own cheque for twenty-five thousand."

Continued from page 77

"Oh, James — how ungallant."

"Like hell it's ungallant!"

"Really," Penelope said, "you act as though it were my fault that Sadaba blackmailed you."

"And isn't it?"

"Absolutely not."

"Only one thing — one thing. Why did you rob my bank?"

Penelope dared to smile. "Oh, James — isn't it evident?"

James R. Hastings swelled, swallowed, almost choked, and stalked out of the room.

For a minute or two after James had gone, Penelope stood motionless, thinking very hard and trying to determine exactly how she felt about the man who was her legally wedded husband and the father of her two

children. Her thoughts brought her precisely nowhere.

James R. Hastings called Gregory Mannix late that afternoon and insisted on an appointment; and although Mannix tried to explain that a psychoanalyst's day is scheduled well in advance Hastings would not take no for an answer.

"I know how you chaps feel about fees," Hastings said.

"You do?"

"I don't know what my wife pays you, but I suspect a nice little bundle each day."

"Oh?"

"So when I say I have to see you tonight, I have to see you."

"Is something wrong with Penny?" A new note crept into Gregory's voice.

## PENELOPE

"What do you mean 'Penny'?"

"Look, Hastings, you can't carry on an analysis for three years without getting on to informal relations with your patients. If this concerns Mrs. Hastings legitimately, I will make room this evening. Suppose we say six o'clock."

"Six, then," Hastings agreed. . . . Gregory Mannix regretted the impulse that had led him to seeing Hastings the moment the man walked into his office. For three years he had known Hastings only from Penelope's descriptions; and while Penelope was the gentlest of women and he himself — as he liked to think — the most objective of men, he had somehow accumulated a malevolent hatred of the man who faced him. The fact that Hastings

was tall, pleasant, and eminently distinguished in appearance did nothing to lessen Gregory's intense distaste. So now he eyed Hastings with concealed disgust and asked him just what he could do for him.

"I'll get right to the point, Dr. Mannix," Hastings said. "I have just left my wife. We had a rather stormy session, but I may state with some satisfaction that I controlled myself. The point is that my suspicions are completely verified."

"And what are your suspicions, Mr. Hastings?" Gregory asked in a detached and professional manner.

"That my wife is insane, psychotic. I want to have her committed."

"Oh?" said Gregory. "So your wife is insane? And how, pray, did you come to this conclusion?"

"By observing her. You are her physician. Surely you agree with me?"

"Put away — committed. That would give you control over her funds, her fortune."

"That is completely beside the point," Hastings protested. "I have no need for her money. I am a very wealthy man in my own right, as you surely know."

"Of course," Gregory replied, thrilled with the evenness of his professional voice, the calm of his clinical manner. Oh, he thought, if only Penelope could see me now, how pleased she would be with my objectivity; and with a honey voice that matched James R. Hastings' honey voice, Dr. Mannix asked:

## FROM THE BIBLE

● And when He came to Himself He said, I will arise and go to my Father.

— Luke 15:17, 18.

"And what event, precisely, brought you to the conclusion that your wife is insane, Mr. Hastings?"

"Anything I tell you is privileged?" Hastings demanded cautiously. "You cannot be forced—"

"Certainly not!" Gregory replied indignantly.

"Very well, I came home late this afternoon and confronted her with the fact that I was in possession of knowledge to the effect of her robbing a bank."

"What! Now, wait a moment, Mr. Hastings. That was somewhat involved. Are you telling me that you accused your own wife of robbing your bank?"

"Yes, I did." Dr. Mannix drew a deep breath and nodded.

"And she admitted that my charges were true. She admitted that she robbed my bank."

"She admitted that?" Dr. Mannix asked incredulously.

"Indeed she did."

"We must never underestimate people — especially the female of the species. Mr. Hastings—" Gregory leaned forward. "—Mr. Hastings, at the moment your bank was being robbed your wife was right here in my office."

Stunned into silence, at first James R. Hastings simply stared at Dr. Mannix. Then at last he shook his head. "No," he said weakly. "That can't be."

"No? And what time yesterday was your bank robbed, Mr. Hastings?"

"Two thirty-three p.m. was the time the police gave, I think."

Dr. Mannix touched the buzzer on his desk and Nurse Doris Gilmore entered. She carried her appointment book, and Gregory's cold eye told her plainly that it she muffed this one she was finished. Her own eyes said, "I adore you, and you might adore me if that Penelope tramp were only out of the way."

"Miss Gilmore," Dr. Mannix

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asked casually, "at what time yesterday was Mrs. Hastings' appointment?"

Nurse Gilmore consulted her book, swallowed, almost choked over the words, and finally said, "Two-thirty p.m."

"And when did she leave?"

"Three-fifteen."

"Thank you. You may go."

And, as Miss Gilmore left, Gregory said somewhat diffidently to Hastings, "We have a forty-five minute hour, you know. A part of the practice."

Hastings only stared at him dumbly.

"I'm sorry," Gregory said, "are you not well?"

"Why would my wife admit to robbing my bank?"

"Don't you know?"

**H**ASTINGS had to confess. "No—I am afraid not."

"Well, it's obvious, but perhaps you are too close to the whole thing. You said you came home very disturbed?"

"Yes, very disturbed, Doctor."

"Agitated?"

"Yes, I will admit to a degree of agitation. I had just been told some very disturbing news. Very disturbing news indeed."

"Of course. And your agitation was visible?"

"Yes. I saw no reason to conceal it from Penelope."

"Well, there you are," Dr. Mannix said, leaning back and spreading his hands. "There's the whole answer."

"What answer?"

"Your wife, Mr. Hastings, is a sensitive woman—an extremely sensitive woman. She is waiting eagerly for your homecoming, this gentle and delicate matron. She waits to open her arms and welcome you. But when you enter, you are enraged. You are agitated. Conceivably, you are shaking with anger and fear. Then you hurl at her the most incredible of all charges. You do not accuse her of being unfaithful. You do not accuse her of spending too much of your money. No, no—you accuse her of robbing your bank."

Hastings nodded wordlessly.

"You see—then?"

Again Hastings nodded.

"What is she to do?" Dr. Mannix asked softly.

"Deny your charge? But she has learned enough about dealing with disturbed people to know that this would be both wrong and dangerous."

"Dangerous? Good heavens, do you think I might have—"

"Who knows?" Gregory shrugged.

"Who knows what black depths are hidden in our hearts? Who knows what you might have done? Oh, she agreed with you. She confessed to all your accusations. She sacrificed herself to your obsession."

"Heaven help me—so she did," Hastings whispered.

"What a swine I am—"

"No worse than any of us," Gregory said magnanimously.

"I must get down on my knees and beg her forgiveness."

"No, no, no—that would be the worst possible thing that you could do, Mr. Hastings. Don't forget that your wife is my patient—that she needs help and care—"

"Tell me what to do," James R. Hastings implored earnestly.

"She has been a good mother, a faithful wife, and in return—Dr. Mannix, tell me what to do."

"Say nothing to her about the robbery, not another word. All that must be forgotten. Be cheerful, pleasant. You both need to get away from each other. I would suggest a cruise—five or six weeks in the Mediterranean, the Greek Islands, the Red Sea. As a matter of fact, the Arden sails day after tomorrow. With your influence, Mr. Hastings, a suite for your wife

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should not be difficult to obtain."

"Alone?"

"Of course alone. That is the healing process. She must be alone. And by the way, Mr. Hastings—how were you informed of this bit of slander, your wife robbing a bank?"

"A woman called Sadaba—a wretched blackmailer whom the police will deal with—"

"No, no—how could you even think in such terms? The notoriety would destroy Penelope, not to mention what it would do to your own reputation."

"I paid her twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Charge it to your wife's happiness. My dear fellow," Gregory said, coming around the desk and laying one arm across Mr. Hastings' shoulder, "you are a rich man. What is this money to you? Nothing. But your wife's health—forget it all and concentrate on one thing—getting your wife out of this fat race and on to that cruise ship."

Hastings was visibly moved as he shook hands with Dr. Gregory Mannix. He tried to pay for the time that he had been with him, but Mannix refused. "Not one penny, sir."

"I always heard that you

John Comaday on the telephone, "I can't tell you just how much this devastates me. I had so looked forward to it. But I have only one day to pack for a six-week cruise, and that is asking the impossible. So how could I possibly lunch with you?"

"Cruise? Cruise? You say you are going on a cruise?"

"A gift from James. He wants me to have six weeks in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, or something of the sort. And Gregory agrees with him. I think that's nice."

"Who's Gregory?"

"My doctor. But why am I boring you with all these details? You must come to see me off."

"And the ship?"

"The Arden. We sail at eleven in the morning, and I shall have drinks in my suite. It will be such a nice party. Please come."

"Dear lady, I am afraid that my day will be as full as yours," the commissioner said—and then rang off with what Penelope thought was indecent haste.

Larry Cohen had the same sense of haste when he talked to the commissioner an hour later. "Aren't you lunching

is not all roses with the wife. She drives him mad."

"Of course. Naturally. And how long will he be gone?"

"Six weeks. One of those cruises," the secretary said.

"Of course," Cohen replied.

"Of course."

Then Cohen telephoned the James R. Hastings residence and spoke to Martha. "Just a friend of the family, Martha. Flowers to the cabin, Martha, or champagne?"

"Champagne, of course."

"Cabin D on Main Deck?"

"Suite four on the Boat Deck. Who am I speaking to?"

"Time?"

"The ship sails at eleven. Guests at ten. Who is this?"

Cohen hung up, but later that afternoon Mr. Hastings' secretary called and invited him to a small party on the Arden in Mrs. Hastings' suite.

Meanwhile, the sailing departures had informed him that the only ship that was leaving at eleven for six weeks of cruise was the Arden: and armed with that information he walked into his chief's office and demanded six weeks off.

"You can't be serious, Larry?"

"But I am. Never more serious in my life."

"No use asking why?"

"No use."

"Then I guess you're fired," his chief said. Cohen was already looking at his watch and counting the hours.

The party in Penelope's suite was all that a shipboard party should be—with only three omissions that served to put a damper on her enthusiasm. Not only was Josie Stoneham there, wearing the one hundred and twenty thousand dollar bracelet that she had received in the mail from the unknown thief, but the Carters and the Parkinsons and the Crichtons were all there, Cobey Parkinson stoned at ten-thirty in the morning; and the Richardsons and Ward Copley and the Pollocks, all of these directors of the City Federal Bank; and two telegrams from Penelope's children, who were away at college.

Penelope had herself undertaken to invite not only Lieutenant Leonard Rothschild and Captain Harold Bixbee of New York City's finest, but also Sadaba and Ducky—having decided that they had suffered sufficiently and that twenty-five thousand dollars, tax free, more than entitled Sadaba to mingle with the indecently rich.

When James R. Hastings was confronted with Sadaba in the flesh, Penelope had a sudden fear that he would either choke or burst, but he composed himself to the extent of causing Sadaba to remark to Penelope, "Is a wonderful control of disposition your husband has, Mrs. James R. Hastings."

Ducky kissed Penelope's hand.

Lieutenant Rothschild appeared with a gift, the Givenchy suit, cleaned and as good as new; and Penelope embraced him and kissed him heartily. Then, of course, she had to kiss Captain Bixbee—a process that her husband bore with commendable toleration.

Happily, the party was short-lived, and in the midst of the champagne-generated goodwill and excitement the guests were gently handed off the ship—leaving Penelope with the mess of her rooms and her memories.

She stood in the very centre of the room for a while, trying bravely not to cry and wondering how three men of whom she was so inordinately fond could have deserted her so crassly and completely. The

ship sounded its whistle, gang-planks rumbled, ropes dropped, and under the firm touch of the tugs the great hulk of the Arden came alive and into motion.

Still Penelope stood in her room, feeling bereft as never before. She walked over to one of the portholes to watch the receding pier, and standing there heard someone enter the room. Thinking it was the steward, she said:

"You can clean up now if you wish, don't mind me."

"Clean up? But all the loose ends are tidy, Penny. I saw to that."

"No," she said, refusing to turn around. "I do not believe it."

"Claphorn," the voice said, and now Penelope turned and Dr. Mannix stood there.

"Main Deck, Room 42—for six glorious weeks, Penny," Mannix-Claphorn said.

"Who the devil is he?" Commissioner John Comaday wanted to know, coming through the door, his arms filled with roses.

"Dear John Comaday," Penelope said.

"Fine. But who's that?"

"Gregory?"

"Gregory—Good grief, wouldn't you know!"

"Of course, Gregory—"

Penelope said.

Penelope was smiling with delight at Larry Cohen, who stood in the doorway now, a great magnum of champagne cradled in his arm.

"And why couldn't we anticipate that? Penelope, my lovely one, there is a process of justice and a process of punishment, too. Do you remember the Dunsany play where the hell of the two criminals is to empty bottles endlessly, with the eternal hope that one at least contains a mouthful of beer?"

"How did you get here, two-bit philosophy and all?"

"I walked," Cohen replied, beginning to shake with laughter.

"Shall I throw them both overboard?" Gregory Mannix, ne Claphorn, asked Penelope.

**B**UT she was not alarmed, even though Gregory was large enough to carry out his desire, though running to fat a trade in the waistline. "Dear Gregory," she said, taking his arm. "I'm sure you could, but it would be an overt manifestation of hostility—and then you and I should be totally compromised, shouldn't we?"

"I intend to marry you," Gregory said firmly.

"My own intentions are precisely that," Comaday barked.

"Since I am not divorced, marriage is not on the agenda for the next six weeks—is it, Larry?"

"I think not."

"Well, here are three of us," Comaday said. "I think you have to choose."

Penelope smiled again and shook her head. "I choose to be very, very happy for at least six weeks," she said.

At dinner that evening, the four of them sharing a table, Penelope lifted her glass and said:

"To the practice of wickedness!"

"I drink to that," Larry Cohen agreed, "and also to the four most inept neophytes who ever attempted it."

John Comaday, who had ordered the wine as his treat, reached for his wallet to tip the wine steward. He went through pocket after pocket, but the wallet was in none of them. Gregory, with fine awareness, handed him a dollar bill under the table so that the toast might not be interrupted.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 13, 1966





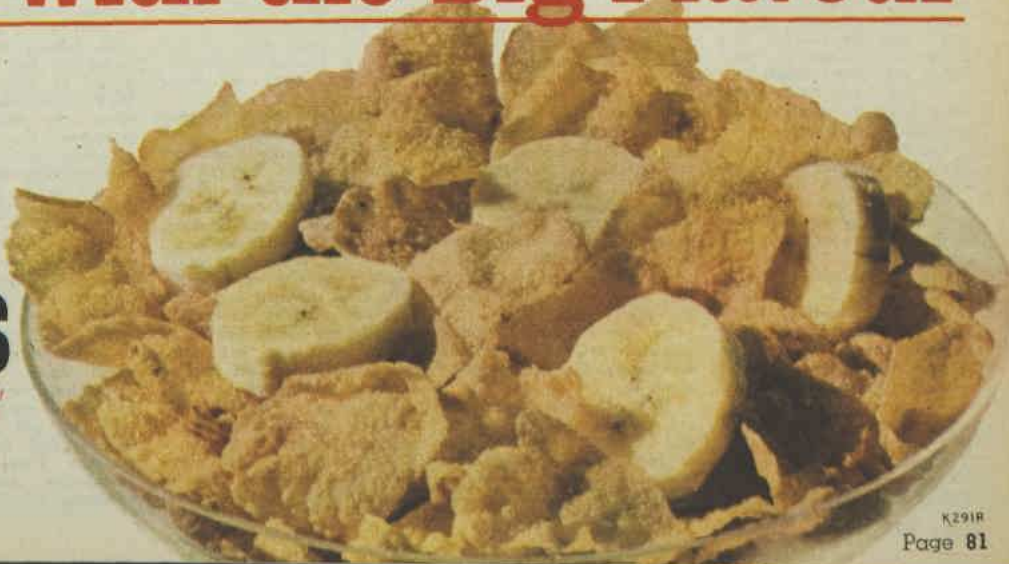
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"No, it's lovely." Joan forced enthusiasm into her voice.

"Well, I'm pretty pleased with my fishing reel," her father said. "Don't know how you two girls managed to find just the right thing, the little you know about fishing. It's always been Danny —" He stumbled over the name — "Danny and me who've been the fishermen in the family."

Why did he have to slip, Joan thought, and say that about Danny?

They had been so gay opening their gifts, exclaiming and admiring, but it had been forced gaiety to cover the aching emptiness. There was something unbelievably pathetic about three adults crouching around a Christmas tree, trying to enact a ceremony which needed a nine-year-old boy.

I should tell them, Joan told herself. Now — now while we're all together here.

But instead she got to her feet and said, "I think I'll get dressed."

She smiled at them and she kept smiling as she crossed the room to the stairs. She kept the smile carefully in place until she had shut the door of her room behind her, and then she let it go, throwing herself across the bed and pressing her face against the rough wool of the blanket.

"Tim," she whispered, "Tim — I wish you were here — I wish I were there — I wish I'd never come home at all!"

She let him come into her mind, seeing him again as he had been at the station when they said goodbye — tall and thin and surprisingly handsome.

And back further, to last spring to a little patch of woods just south of the university campus when she had looked up and seen for the first time the face that was to become so beloved.

"Hello," she had said it more as an exclamation of surprise than as a greeting. She had thought she was quite alone.

He looked surprised also. "I didn't know other people hiked out here to study."

"I do often," Joan said. "Especially in spring. It's so much nicer than being cooped up in the library."

"It sure is." He introduced himself. "I'm Tim Norton. You look familiar, but I can't place you."

"I'm Joan Garrett."

They had sat there a full hour concentrating on their books, and then they had laid the books aside and begun to talk. Tim, it turned out, was a junior majoring in electrical engineering, and was there on a science scholarship. Later he would go into the Air Force when he graduated.

Joan, for her part, told him that she, too, was a junior, majoring in education, and planned to teach grade school in Westville, Georgia.

It was just before they parted for summer vacation that Tim first said, "I love you," and he said it very softly as though he were afraid she might laugh.

"I love you, too." And there it was in words, simple and strong and right.

Tim went to training camp that summer, and Joan took a job in a day camp in Westville and spent her evenings at home with her family. Her parents were surprised.

"Aren't you going to any of the dances at the Civic Centre?" her mother asked her. "Last summer you went to every one of them. I saw Johnny Bordon on the street yesterday; I'm sure if he knew you were in town —"

"He does know. He called me yesterday," Joan said. "I'm not going out with him this summer."

"But I always thought you

Continued from page 41

liked him!" her mother exclaimed.

"I do," Joan said, "but I'm not going out at all until I get back to college. You see —"

But at that point the phone rang, and by the time the call was over Mr. Garrett had arrived home and it was time to get dinner, and there was no more chance for confidences.

The next day was the one they would remember for ever.

It was a hot, sticky day in mid-July. A letter had come from Tim, and Joan was reading it at the breakfast table, only half aware of the conversation going on around her. Danny was begging to go to the beach and Mrs. Garrett was promising to take him if it did not rain and Mr. Garrett was wondering the best place to take a client to lunch.

Thinking back on it afterward, the conversation came back to Joan's mind as a hazy blur, a background for the important thing which was the letter — "I miss you — never felt like this before — can't wait till fall — what's the chance of my coming to see you for a few days after summer camp is over?"

Tim coming here — seeing her home — meeting her family! The thought was so tremendous, so thrilling that it blotted out everything else. Joan left for her job carrying the letter with her, and spent the day thinking up ways to broach the subject to her parents that night.

AS it happened the subject was never broached. Joan could no longer remember that evening in detail; she had forced it from her mind so often. Now it hung there, a period through which she and her parents moved numbly and with disbelief.

The story as she learned it later was that her mother and Danny had been ready to go to the beach when Mr. Garrett phoned from town to say that his client had arrived with his wife and he needed his own wife to help entertain her.

Mrs. Garrett told Danny she could not take him to the beach after all and that they would go the next day instead. Then she dressed and drove into town, leaving him to have lunch at a neighbor's.

When she got home, mid-afternoon, and Danny was not there she was more irritated than worried. Even after checking at the neighbor's and finding that he had left for home immediately after lunch, she did not worry. Danny often wandered off with his friends on summer afternoons. But when Mr. Garrett got home from work and still Danny had not returned they began to telephone his friends.

One boy told them that Danny had called earlier and tried to get him to ride over to the beach. Fighting a rising panic, they drove to the beach three miles away and found Danny's towel and bicycle. Policemen went over the beaches with a spotlight most of the night.

It was not until the next morning that they found Danny, and the fears they had not been able to speak aloud became reality. Joan had thought she would never be happy again.

But she was. In September when she saw Tim again she was happy. And she felt guilty about it.

"It's not right," she said one evening. "It's so callous and dreadful to still be able to laugh and be silly and everything, just as though something awful hadn't hap-

pened. It's as though I didn't love Danny at all, and I did — I loved him so much."

"It's good you can forget a little," Tim said seriously. "I know what it is to lose somebody you love."

"You mean your parents?" Joan asked gently. "You've never told me much about them."

"They were killed in a car smash," Tim said, "when I was twelve. After that I kind of bounced around from one set of relatives to another and finally somebody stuck me in a prep school."

"You're the first person," he said very quietly, "who's really cared anything about me for years. You're the first person I've cared about. I couldn't bear to lose you now, Joanie."

"You won't lose me," Joan said. "You couldn't lose me if you tried."

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I mean it."

"Then —" he hesitated; "then let's get married."

Hearing the words, Joan felt no surprise, for they were inevitable. She took a deep breath.

"When?"

"This June. After graduation."

"I had planned to teach back in Westville," Joan said. "There's a place waiting for me. I'll have to tell them I won't be able to take it."

"Then it's settled? We'll get married this June?"

"This June," Joan said. "And at Thanksgiving vacation I think you'd better come home to meet my parents."

She had meant to tell them then. But she didn't. Thanksgiving was too dreadful a time. Her parents were nice to Tim, accepting him without question as their daughter's current beau, but as nothing more. It took Joan a while to realise that they were still so stunned from the loss of Danny that they were hardly seeing or hearing anything.

Joan spent the days showing Tim round Westville, and pointing out to him the places that were part of her childhood. It seemed to her that her parents hardly knew she was home.

She realised how wrong she was in this when she left to return to college and her mother caught her close to whisper, "It's been wonderful having you home, dear. I wish you didn't have to go back so soon."

"It's only a few more weeks," Joan said, "until Christmas."

"I know it's not long until Christmas. It's just that the house seems so empty with you gone. When Danny was here it was different, there was always something noisy going on, but this year it's been so empty."

The words stayed with her all the way back to college.

"You didn't tell them," Tim said in the car.

"No," Joan said, "I just couldn't. It was too soon."

"They've got to know sometime."

"I'll tell them," Joan said, "at Christmas."

And now it was Christmas. Lying here face down on her bed, Joan wondered idly if Christmas would ever be anything again except a long, memory-ridden day of forced gaiety. She took a deep breath and sat up, realising suddenly how long she had been here and how anxious her parents must be for her to join them.

She went into the bathroom and bathed her swollen face in cold water and put on make-up. She had just reached the top of the stairs when she heard it. It was a funny sound — odd and grating — a strangled, choking kind of sound, and she stood

still in horror, one hand on the railing, one foot half lowered to the first stair.

It's Daddy, she thought. Never in her life had she known her father to cry, and the fact was more frightening than she had thought it possible for anything to be.

"I know —" She could hear her mother's voice, very soft. "I know —"

"I'm sorry." Her father's voice came gruffly. "I didn't mean — to make such a fool of myself. It was just that fishing reel —"

"I know," her mother said again. "But, do you know —"

There was a forced lightness to her voice — "Joan got really interested in buying that reel for you? She read a lot of catalogues before we went to buy it, and in the sporting goods store she and the salesman were talking about lures and weights and things like a couple of experts. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she turned out to be an enthusiastic fisherman."

"Really?" Her father's voice began to sound more natural. "It's possible, I suppose. I could take her along on weekends this summer. It'll be good having her home again, won't it? To stay, I mean."

"Wonderful," her mother agreed gently.

Joan stepped down on to the next stair, letting her heel click loudly as she did so. Her parents' voices stopped. Slowly and noisily she descended the stairs the rest of the way. She chatted with them and all the while she could hear her voice, gay and lilting as though it were somebody else's, and she knew with a deep tearing certainty what she must do and that she must do it immediately before her courage failed her.

Once up in her room again she took out a sheet of paper and a pen and wrote the letter.

"Dear Tim, I have not been able to keep my promise. I realise now that I will not be able to get married so soon. They need me too much here. I know how impossible it would be for the two of us to go through the spring together under the circumstances, so I am not coming back for the next semester. I will get my final credits next fall and graduate in January."

Please don't write me or phone me. It would be too hard on us both. You know how difficult this decision has been for me, but I feel it is the only right thing to do . . .

Somehow the next week passed. At first Joan experienced a feeling of panic every time the phone rang, but after a few days she realised that Tim was not going to call. Two more days passed, and she knew that he was not going to write, either. He was following her wishes, and it was finished. Completely finished.

That night she went out with Johnny Bordon.

Johnny had been a class ahead of Joan all through high school, and for a while when she was sixteen or seventeen she had had a schoolgirl crush on him. He was probably one of the few eligible young men in Westville. If she were going to teach here she would quite possibly end by marrying Johnny someday and settling down in a home a few streets away from that of her parents.

They had dinner and went to a movie and had coffee at a diner. They talked easily together because they had known each other a long time and had a great many friends and experiences in common. There was nothing stimulating about the conversation, but it was enjoy-

able, and to her surprise Joan found she was sorry when the evening was over.

"It's awful to feel this way," she said when they pulled to a stop before her house, "but this place is such a morgue without Danny I actually hate going in."

"It was a rotten thing to happen," Johnny had known Danny as long as he had her. "I've seen your mother a couple of times, and all she's talked about was how they were waiting to get you home again."

"I know." Joan felt ashamed of the bitterness in her voice. "I haven't told the folks yet, but I'm not going back to school until fall."

Johnny said, "Do you think that's smart?"

"Smart?" She was surprised at the question. "The least I can do is stay around until they get a little more adjusted to losing Danny."

"But do you think they will ever get adjusted that way?" Johnny asked. "If you're here they're going to be leaning on you, letting you fill in the gap. What will it do except make the break harder when it comes?"

"I don't know. I just want to do the best thing," Joan was close to tears.

"I know it," Johnny said gently. He put his arm round her. "Don't think I won't be glad to have you in town again! I'll be sitting on your doorstep!"

HE tightened his arm and drew her to him, and Joan let him do it, reminding herself that, after all, this was Johnny. Johnny had kissed her many times in the past and she had never minded. Then she gave a choking little sob and drew back violently, breaking Johnny's embrace.

He sat looking at her a moment. "There's somebody else, Joanie?"

Joan nodded without speaking. She knew that if she spoke she would begin to cry, and that would really put the finishing touch on the evening. At least she could spare Johnny that.

"Joan?" Her mother was calling to her from the front steps. "Is that you? Hurry, dear — there's a long-distance call for you. I held it because I thought I heard Johnny's car."

"Long-distance!" Joan was out of the car and in an instant was running up the walk to the house. She plunged past her mother into the living-room and picked up the receiver, trying to quiet her heavy breathing. "Hello?"

"Hello, Miss Garrett?" It was a woman's voice. Not Tim's. "This is Mrs. Chambers, Tim Norton's landlady. I thought you should know about the accident."

"Accident?" Joan whispered. "What accident?"

"Tim was in a car accident this morning. His condition is good; the doctors say he's going to be all right, but I'm afraid he's in a good deal of pain. Both legs are broken — compound fractures. He's going to be flat on his back for some time."

"Oh, no!" Joan's hand was trembling so that she could hardly hold the receiver. "Did he — did he ask you to call me?"

"No, he didn't say to call you," Mrs. Chambers said hesitantly. "I just — well, I know how close you two have been, always going around together and everything. I hope you don't think I'm sticking my nose out —"

"No — oh, no. Thank you! Thank you so very, very much, Mrs. Chambers!" Joan tried to keep her voice steady. And then, because her mind was a blank and she could think of nothing more to say, she said, "Goodbye."

Her mother's hand touched her shoulder. "Joan, what is it?"

"It's Tim," Joan said numbly. "He's been hurt."

"Oh, dear, how terrible!" There was genuine concern in her mother's voice. "Is it serious? Was that his mother on the phone?"

"He's not going to die, if that's what you mean by serious," Joan said, wondering how her voice could remain so calm when everything inside her was screaming. "That was his landlady. He doesn't have any family. He doesn't have anybody."

"Then you'll want to go back early, won't you?" Mrs. Garrett asked.

"Mother, if I go to Tim now I won't be coming back here. If I go, if I ever see him again, I'm going to marry him. It would be cruel to him — to both of us — for me to go and come away again than not to go at all."

Her mother stared at her. When she spoke her voice was very low.

"Why didn't you tell us you felt this way? We had no idea you were in love with this boy."

"Because it wouldn't solve anything," Joan said miserably. "Because I love you, too, and you need me here. But now Tim needs me, too — you don't know how much he needs me because you don't know him the way I do, but — but —" Her voice broke. "Oh, Mother, I don't know what to do! I feel so — so sort of torn in two! I love you and Daddy, and I love Tim, and you both need me at once!"

"Joan, I'm sorry," Her mother was looking at her as though really seeing her for the first time. "I didn't realise. I've heard about grief blinding people; I didn't know how true that was. I didn't ever mean to put you through something like this." She hesitated and then said an odd thing. "That feeling — the torn in two feeling — I know it, too. Every woman knows it."

"Then tell me how to decide!" Joan said wretchedly. "How can you be sure that what you do decide is the right thing?"

"You can't be sure," Mrs. Garrett said. There was pain in her eyes. "You do your best and hope, that's all. This summer I had to decide between your father and your brother, whether to help Daddy entertain his clients or take Danny to the beach. It seemed such a little thing. There was no way to know."

She drew a deep breath and went on in a steadier voice. "But in this decision it's not so hard. Daddy and I have each other. I had almost forgotten that; that's what I meant by grief blinding you. We had each other long before your children came, and it was enough for us then, and it can be enough for us now."

Joan stood gazing at her mother, not touching her, but feeling somehow closer than she ever had before.

"You said this feeling —" she whispered — "that every woman has it. Do you mean this will happen again?"

"Off and on," her mother said gently, "for the rest of your life. That's a woman's burden, being needed — her parents, her husband, her children, eventually, I suppose, her grandchildren, all needing her and loving her and pulling her in all directions at once. That's a woman's burden. But it's also her glory."

She smiled suddenly — the first real smile Joan had seen on her face for a long time.

"Just remember that, dear — it's also her glory!" They went upstairs together to pack Joan's suitcases.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1966



# ... JUST A HOLIDAY ROMANCE



● Two weeks on a Pacific island . . . waving palms, blue lagoons, and sweeping bays of talc-white sand . . . the reward for scrimping and saving out of my weekly pay packet, a pay packet small enough to spend in any lunch hour, but large enough to buy a package holiday — and, perhaps, a package romance as well.

It was the first plane trip for my girlfriend and me, and we were both excited and nervous as we turned for the final wave to our friends before we disappeared into the plane.

As a dark-eyed, olive-skinned steward shook our hands and said, "Bonsoir, mademoiselles, welcome aboard," my stomach flipped. This was it. Our holiday on a French island had begun.

A couple of hours later when this flying novice was feeling like a life-long member of the jet-set, the familiar "fasten your seat-belts" signalled we were about to land.

It was almost midnight as we passed through Customs ("No, I didn't hide crown jewels in my toothpaste!") and headed for our hotel.

A lush orange moon had come out to give us a better look at the tropical island we had only drooled at on travel posters.

We willingly fell to the spell of the islands and floated up to our room. Not bothering to unpack we went straight to sleep — we wanted to make our first day come more quickly.

The next morning as we sipped mango punch (it was too hot and too heavenly to worry about breakfast) on our balcony overlooking the most tempting beach, we were only too aware of the boys on the balcony above us.

We'd noticed them briefly in the lobby as we checked in, and it wasn't really a co-

incidence that we happened to be at the hotel pool about an hour later when they strolled by.

They were coming toward us, and I tried to look indifferent as I glanced up at the taller, blond boy. He was gorgeous.

Diana is a slim, glamorous model-type, not usually overlooked. How I hoped that HE preferred small and not-so-thin, mousy blondes.

"Bonjour, mademoiselles," he said, looking straight at me.

I was confused. A blond, blue-eyed Frenchman?

But as he went on I noticed he was an all-Australian "Frenchman." "Mind if we join you for a swim?" he asked.

That was the beginning. It was as simple as that. Before the end of our first day all my ideas of exciting French beaux had vanished. It was not Jean but a plain John, and he came from Sydney, too.

So did Steve, John's friend from university, who immediately took over Diana. By nature she's often shy and aloof when she meets someone new, but he had her laughing already. Could it be the South Seas atmosphere?

The day just flew with so much swimming, sunbaking, and talking to do.

It wasn't long before John and I found we both liked lime ice-blocks, "Peanuts," and black olives—things that matter so much!

We liked the same films, the same books, and we even

had the same sense of humor. We must have known each other for years! No, that's just how holiday romances are.

As we changed for dinner, Diana noticed I was putting on my best special-occasion dress—"On the first night?" My complexion matched the shocking pink silk, but I pretended not to have heard.

Later in the dining-room fate (or was it the charming French *maitre d'hotel*?) was at it again. We were to share our table with two other guests—oui, John and Steve.

The French spend hours over meals and after one

skiing (how John could ski!), and even skindiving. I'd never felt so adventurous.

We'd wake up at five some mornings to visit the early-morning markets and try our schoolbook French on the friendly and colorful islanders. After bargaining for hours over something, we'd breakfast on hot rolls and coffee in the busy market square.

We hired the maddest little Continental motor-scooters and went scooting off into the tropical countryside, stopping every few miles to visit tiny native vil-

Diana and I had talked about meeting two boys on our holidays, but we'd made a pact not to take them seriously.

She was sticking to the rules, but I had broken the pact. I was in love.

So was John.

"It's not just a holiday romance," John was telling me as we danced so closely on our last night together. "You mean much more than that."

So it was not goodbye but *au revoir* when Di and I left our adorable French island.

John and Steve were booked there another week. "But I'll write," he promised. And I had no need to doubt him.

Back at the office, I don't know how I ever managed to work. Sure, my fingers were on the typewriter keys but I was more than 1000 miles away!

I couldn't wait for my letter, to know I wasn't dreaming. But it didn't come.

It must have been lost in the mail? Could I have given him the wrong address? Perhaps the planes were delayed?

I know he wrote. He must have.

Anyway, he'll be home tomorrow. He'll ring, perhaps from the airport? But he didn't.

And he didn't ring the next day, or the next. I convinced everyone (except myself) that I didn't care, but I found myself staying back

at lunchtimes, after work — just in case he did.

One week, two weeks went by. I loved him before, but I loved him even more now.

I thought I'd die if I didn't see him again — but I almost died when I did.

I'd been to the movies alone — anything to stop being miserable — and was just leaving the theatre when someone called my name.

I don't think I said a word as John somehow ushered me to the nearest coffee lounge.

"There was someone back here," he was saying. "We were almost engaged, but I just couldn't tell you."

I looked blankly at the stranger sharing coffee with me—why was he looking so troubled?

"I couldn't hurt you, because I really loved you then, Kiki . . ."

He knew my nickname.

Of course! I did meet him somewhere. Was it Noumea? Or perhaps it was on the north coast last year?

I smiled for the first time in weeks.

Funny, how a golden boy on a golden beach looks just like any other boy in his grey business suit. Funny, too, how when his tan's a little paler, his grin's a little sheepish—you find you don't really know the love of your life those few short weeks ago.

More often than not you discover you're not in love with John, or Jim, or David. No, like the sun and the surf, that romance was just as essential part of your holiday.

And, like your suntan, it lingers on for a little and then fades away . . .

— KIKI

## Teenagers WEEKLY

mouthful of their delicious food you soon know why. Diana and Steve ordered simple, "safe" dishes, but John and I went *tres* French with everything from snails to frog's legs.

Much later we all moved on to a gay beach cabaret, where we danced (The Madison of all things!) and sang to the romantic music of a colorful island band.

It was well after midnight as we strolled home along the beach, and we had to wake the nightwatchman in the lobby to open the doors of the sleeping hotel!

The days that followed were just as much fun.

We went sailing, water-

lages, pick papaws from the trees, or swim in the cool rivers.

Often we'd just go to one of the island's romantic beaches for the day, with long loaves of French bread and hunks of strong cheese for our lunch.

When we weren't swimming or sunning, we borrowed bark canoes and John and Steve would serenade us around the lagoons. Who cared if our "gondoliers" turned the canoes upside down a dozen times!

Every day was madder than the one before. I'd never been so happy. Then, I'd never known John before.



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## Conscription and the Vietnam war

I WAS appalled by a picture of a student from a Sydney university burning his draft papers. He was quoted as saying, "Vietnam is a dirty war."

Did our fathers feel they were fighting clean war as they crossed the Kokoda Trail or suffered malaria and dysentery in Korea, Borneo, and Malaya? With the more mature men, boys in their teens fought, prepared to die, if necessary. Many were below the age of present-day conscription.

Now some of their counterparts are not prepared to take two years of compulsory training, then, if necessary, fight in Vietnam.

Is it because their uncles and older brothers have already been killed in Vietnam? Because they don't realise the danger of letting Communist aggressors get too close?

Because they don't understand the policy in Vietnam?

Or is it because they lack that basic quality, such a characteristic in Aussie fighting men, of courage? — "Perplexed," Hunters Hill, N.S.W.

SURELY there is some better form of National Service call-up. Why take my brother and not my neighbor? Why should it be left to the luck of the draw.

It would be fairer to have every boy called up for one year after he has finished school. In this way university and other careers would not be interrupted, and every man in the country would know what to do in the event of war.

Two years is too long an interruption from study, but one year is surely long enough to teach the basic methods of defence.

Our present method of call-up brings out the worst in some people, who go to great lengths to avoid it.

I feel that sending men on National Service to Vietnam is wrong, for people who have been forced to join up can hardly be expected to have the right mental attitude. — Sally Spence, Toronto, N.S.W.

I HOPE that the people who protest against sending troops to Vietnam will excuse my ignorance, but I fail to see on what grounds they base their protests.

It is vital that our allies win the Vietnam war, especially for Australia's sake. The Communists have gradually worked their way down South-East Asia, smothering countries with the Communist regime.

It is of the utmost importance that they be stopped and beaten. They can be, as it has been proved in Malaya and Korea.

If I am called up in the next ballot and required to

enter the Army, I would be more than glad to do my share in Vietnam. Our fathers fought to protect this country against aggression in World War II, so it's up to us to do the same.

It is our duty as citizens of this country and of the free world to do our best in defeating Communism. If this means sending troops to Vietnam to fight, then we must do it.

Surely any person with some intelligence and a sense of responsibility can see this point.

I have come to the conclusion that people who protest against the Vietnam war either have limited intelligence or are pro-Communist. — Kevin Bown, Claremont, W.A.

## CONGRATULATIONS to

Doug Walters for his refreshing attitude toward National Service. This fine young man, with a brilliant cricket future, is willingly putting aside his personal ambition for the welfare of his country.

Although this example is typical of some of Australia's conscripts, many go to great lengths to avoid their Army training. Where has the national spirit of such people gone?

I agree that national conscription is a good and necessary thing, but I do not agree that these young men should be compelled, so soon after their call-up, to risk their lives on the battlefields of Vietnam.

Instead, I believe that our national Army and other voluntary bodies should first be made use of. Then, and only then, should the conscripts be sent into active service. — "Aussie," Kyogle, N.S.W.

## BEATNIK



Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

## Screams good fun

IT is my opinion that pop stars definitely prefer screaming fans. Many of today's idols are not very good singers and they intentionally entice girls to scream and rush the stage.

Their popularity is measured by the screams — and once the screaming finishes they are finished.

I thoroughly enjoy myself at pop contests and suggest that those who want to hear their idols undisturbed should buy their records and stay at home and listen. — I. Standen, Eagle Junction, Qld.

## Adults hate change

IN the past I have noticed how much people resent changes. When a new model of a popular-make car comes out, people can do nothing but criticise it, never mentioning the good points about it.

The complaints about the changeover to decimal currency almost made me sick. The design, color, weight, and shape of all the new money was really torn to pieces. People resented the change so much that they vented their feelings unmercifully.

I'm beginning to think that people resent teenagers

solely because the teenagers' outlook on life is a change from that of the teenagers of a few years ago.

To the adults this is just another change to be resented. This is the only reason I can think of why so much criticism is heaped upon the teenager of today. — Garry Singleton, Osley, Qld.

## She's nothing!

OH, woe is me! I have just spent a very interesting half hour trying to classify myself — with the following result:

(a) I am not a mod because I can't afford to keep up with the trends.

(b) I am not a surfer. I have horrible dull brown hair and I have never sat on a surfboard in my life.

(c) I am not a rocker because I look terrible in jeans.

(d) I am not an intellect because I can't pass my exams.

(e) I'm definitely not an outdoors girl, as I'm a ghastly white color.

Oh, woe is me! How I envy those lucky people who fit into one of the above categories. — D. Wright, West Hobart.

ROUND  
ROBIN

## BIRDS IN GILDED CAGES

● I see that a group of go-go girl dancers are on strike in Berlin.

THE girls have told discotheque owners they will not return to work until wages and conditions improve.

They have banded together in a union — acting on the principle, perhaps, that watusi heads are better than one.

One of the girls' complaints is that the cages in which they are penned to demonstrate the dances are often too cramped and suspended unsafely.

When they go-go slow to protect themselves, managers accuse them of falling down on the job and sack them.

One industrial answer would seem to be the awarding of pen-alty rates and long-nervous leave.

They complain, too, that the cages are lowered too close to the customers and that the bars are too far apart.

Drunks are thus able to pinch them.

Clearly they need an award that protects them. In the go-go game there should be no openings for tight young men.

The girls also say they have to pay out of their own pockets for lessons to keep up with all the dances — the duck, the frug, the watusi, the jerk, etc.

They claim that the discotheques make money from this knowledge.

So all they ask for is a fair day's pay for a fair day's jerk.

Wages are poor, too, say the girls.

Perhaps their frugal existence could be brightened by more discotheque-home pay.

— Robin Adair



# PAMPER YOUR SKIN

• This is the third instalment of "A Teenage Guide to Healthy Skin and Hair," in which noted dermatologists continue their advice on skin beauty.

**N**ANCY'S skin is oily. Her older sister, Anne, has dry skin. Their mother has sensitive skin. Is skin type a matter of age? Or of sex? Or of the city where you live?

Sometimes it is related. We know that both boys and girls tend toward oily skins in the teen years. The sebaceous glands that produce the skin lubricant, sebum, are especially active in adolescence. And, as we've read in the last chapter, oiliness encourages enlarged pores, blemishes, and acne.

If your skin tends to be oily, what can you do about it? You can keep it clean, eat the right foods, and generally obey the rules of good health. Let's cover those points one by one.



First, how clean is "clean"? For teens with oily skins, clean means very clean. You should wash your face and neck at least three times a day with an antiseptic soap or detergent cleanser. Cleansers with drying agents keep the sebum from accumulating on the skin surface and float off dirt and grime. In lathering, pay special attention to the skin of your forehead, nose, and chin, which are the oiliest areas of your face. Why? These areas contain the largest number of oil-producing sebaceous glands. Complete your cleansing routine by rins-

ing carefully with lukewarm water, followed by a tingling splash of cold water. Then pat dry.

There are also some liquid cleansers made especially for oily skins that may contain detergent, sulphur or salicylic acid.

Astringents, witch-hazel, and cleansing grains are other aids for oily skins that temporarily tighten enlarged pores and stimulate circulation.

By  
Irwin I. Lubowe, M.D.,  
and  
Barbara Huss

If your skin is oily, ask your doctor about the right type of cleansers to use. There are many good preparations that are inexpensive and do a good job of keeping oiliness in check. Your doctor will know which ones are best for your skin.

Girls with oily skins should be particularly careful about make-up. Remember that a thick coating of make-up plastered over an oily face is neither good-looking nor healthy for your skin. In most cases, girls with oily skins should use cake-type powder that is slightly drying. Of course, it should go without saying that you never apply a new "paint job" over one that is several hours old, and you must always remove every last smidgen of make-up at night.

## Shave lotion

Boys with oily skins should take care in keeping faces and necks clean. A splash of an alcohol-based after-shave lotion not only makes your skin feel fine it also cuts down on excessive oiliness.

Oily skins usually mean oily scalps, since the sebaceous glands are active on the scalp, too. Stay away from oily, sticky lotions and

hair goo. Instead, use a light, non-greasy dressing.

Girls may want to check their hairstyles. An attractive fifteen-year-old whom we helped with an excessively oily skin found that by wearing her hair shorter and away from her forehead she could wash and set it more easily. And by keeping bangs off her forehead (the oiliest portion of the face) she did not aggravate the oily forehead condition.

The foods you eat can help control an oily skin condition. As we've said before, greasy, fatty foods contribute to an oversupply of sebum. Look over the acne diet in the last chapter, paying special attention to the foods we've underlined. Cutting down on your intake of animal fats, greasy foods, excessive amounts of ice-cream and homogenised milk, and eating a healthful balance of carbohydrates and proteins will aid your complexion as well as your good looks.



Vitamin A, sometimes called the complexion vitamin, keeps your skin, eyes, glands, and membranes healthy. It also helps you resist colds. Vitamin A is found in fatty foods, which you want to avoid. However, it's also found in leafy vegetables, yellow vegetables, fruits, liver, eggs, and fortified margarine.

An oily skin may stay with you all your life or it may

become dried when you reach your twenties or thirties. Kept under control, an oily skin can be nice to have. It keeps a glow of youth and an elasticity longer than other types. It can take severe temperature changes without roughening or chapping. And it tans easily.

What about the other extreme—dry skin? It may surprise you, but dry skin is one of the most common complexion problems. A recent survey showed that three out of every five adult women suffer from dry skin.

## Why dry skin?

What causes dry skin? One reason is the climate in which we live. Another cause of dry skin is that the sebaceous glands do not manufacture enough lubrication for the skin, so that the skin flakes and dries, is subject to sunburning and chapping, and so has a tendency to develop tiny lines. In other cases the acid mantle of the skin, which helps destroy bacteria on the skin surface, is removed through continuous use of alkalies or harsh soaps, leaving the skin sensitive to irritation and infection.

In our practice we have encountered a condition for which we have coined the name "city skin"—the drying, flaking, and reddened skin of the city dweller who comes in contact with noxious industrial, and other air pollutants. Your doctor may prescribe specially formulated creams for this condition.

Dry skins must be nourished with a balance of emollients and oils. When it is fed these ingredients, a dry skin can be beautifully smooth in texture, with small pores and delicate coloring. This process of nourishing the dry skin is called hydrating.

You can care for a dry skin by taking special pre-



CLEAR, clean, and healthy skin is one of the most important beauty assets.

cautions in cleansing your face. In the morning, wash with warm water and a non-alkaline complexion bar or a creamy skin cleanser, lotion, or cleansing cream. During the day, freshen up with a bit of cleansing lotion that does not contain alcohol. At night, cleanse gently with warm water. Don't use very hot or very cold water on your skin.

Girls with dry skins will find this prescription fun for a beauty treatment before a big date: Draw yourself a tub full of warm water that's scented with a teaspoonful of bath oil. Cream your face and neck thoroughly, then soak in the tub. The combination of steam and cream lubricates your skin and leaves your face silky and soft. Bath oil, while not a permanent lubricant, does leave your body feeling velvety smooth for several hours afterward.

In cosmetics, girls with dry skins should use creamy make-ups and cream-formula lipsticks.

Boys with dry skins will find that their faces feel especially tender and sensitive after shaving. Use moisturised shave creams and, after shaving, a non-drying

lotion. Or follow up with talcum powder.

Dry skin types also need plenty of Vitamin A. When someone suffers from extremely dry skin, the doctor may prescribe supplements of Vitamin A in capsule form.

In addition to healthful foods, fluids also are good for dry skins. Six to eight glasses of water, fruit juices, or milk daily make good sense and good health.

Outdoors, you'll want to take precautions against the drying effects of sun, wind, and weather. Skiers and sunbathers alike know the importance of using a good sun-screen preparation for skin protection.

To put a postscript on the subjects of extremes, ever looked at yourself in a mirror after a week of late studying or partying? The face that stares blearily back at you looks muddy, broken-out, and downright decrepit. No wonder! Your skin needs plenty of sleep and rest. So get smart. Plan to give yourself a daily dose of rest, sleep, and exercise for your skin's sake.

**NEXT WEEK:** Accent on cleanliness.

## PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY

DONALD IS FURIOUS WITH ME FOR GETTING CHOCOLATE MALT ON HIS BEST SWEATER. WHY? ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN



I KNOW...BUT IT HAPPENED WHILE I WAS OUT ON A DATE WITH RODNEY!



HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?



PENROD IS GOING STEADY WITH GRETA KRANIUM!



I WONDER WHAT HE SEES IN HER.



AND WHAT A FIGURE!



22, 22, 22!



I KNOW, BUT HER I.Q. IS NEARLY 200!





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### She stutters

"I AM a girl of 14 and I have a problem. I stutter an awful lot, and this embarrasses me terribly and has made me quiet and withdrawn. Could you please help me in any way?"  
"Unhappy," N.S.W.

Anything that gives you confidence in yourself will help you. A beauty course and elocution classes are obvious first steps. Read a lot and have something to say and be sure of what you are saying. Try to forget about yourself and take a sincere interest in others. Practise elocution exercises, first on yourself in the mirror, then on your family, then close friends. Then make each time you go

shopping an exercise in speech. If you work up this way you should find that all these things help. Your doctor may be able to give advice, too.

### Telephone trouble

"WE are six girls who have been disturbing and annoying two girls we do not like by constant phone calls. From what the girls' mother said on the phone we gathered that they are blaming other girls from a school and are trying to get them into trouble. Most of us feel guilty about this, because we don't want anyone else to be blamed for our pranks. What shall we do—without disclosing our identities, if possible?"  
"Guilty," N.S.W.

The right thing to do would be to go and see the girls' parents and apologise and face their anger—but I don't suppose you will do that. You do not seem to realise that "prank" is rather a light word for what you have been doing—misuse of telephones in this way is downright illegal. If you still want to be anonymous, all you can do is write a sincere letter apologising and saying that the girls suspected are not the culprits and that the calls will stop. Then see that they do.

### He was jealous

"UP until a while ago my girlfriend and I were very happy and very much in love. It is my fault that we aren't any more. I was extremely jealous and didn't even like other boys dancing with her or whistling at her. She thinks this was because I wanted to own her and not because I loved her. I love her more than anything and did not want to have even a slight chance of losing her—but it worked in just the opposite way. She says she is terribly confused and is going out with others as well now. What can I do? It was perfect for two years. In the last month I have learned to control my jealousy and now I feel proud when she is whistled at, but I can feel her drifting away from me. Can you help me?"  
"Losing Love," S.A.

You have had to learn, the hard way, the lesson that you cannot MAKE someone love you and you do not keep anyone by isolating them. All you can do now is curb your jealousy and never attempt to own your girlfriend again. If this was the only reason you argued she may come back to you again after a while. Do not attempt to persuade her in any way, just be happy when she accepts an invitation from you.

### Wrong "bait"

"I AM 16. I live in a fishing village—a holiday paradise—but I am the only girl living here. I travel 30 miles once a week to go to the pictures and I meet a few boys. I am overweight—or fat, really—but I have a rather pretty face and an A1 personality. I can't find myself a boy, and when I do get one he is only interested in petting. There is one boy I like, and they tell me he is a good catch, but I don't seem to have the right bait. What can I do to find some nice boy?"  
"Fed-up," N.S.W.

Just as pretty girls can't rely on their prettiness, girls with "A1" personalities can't rely on that. I think you should try a sensible diet and get your weight down. And then stop trying so hard to find yourself a boy—it's one sure way of scaring them off. Just bide your time and learn how to make the best of yourself in all ways—boys will follow naturally in a few years.

### Was she wrong?

"MY cousin (who is also my best friend) has been out with this boy a number of times. She became annoyed with him about something and cancelled a date she had with him. He pestered her, but she still wouldn't go. Two days before the day of the outing he came and asked me to go with him. I talked it over with Mum (he had written a love letter to my friend on the same day), and I decided that it was like second choice. When I told him, he just said 'OK,' and walked off. Do you think I was right?"  
"Worried," Qld.

Yes, in these circumstances, I think you were right.



Now! decorate your bathroom with

*Colour Harmony* **Dri-Glo**  
TOWELS

Only Dri-Glo brings you "Colour Harmony" . . . radiant new patterns that mix and match with plain colours in endless variety, to make every bathroom more beautiful. See the Dri-Glo "Colour Harmony" range at your favourite towel counter now.

Also on sale in New Zealand



# BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3763



3226

3763.—Easy-to-make tab-front dress with long, slim sleeves bias-banded, self-tie belt, bias neckline band. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/6 or 65c includes postage.

3226.—Pretty blouse and shift wardrobe. Semi-fitted shift, front-buttoned blouses, one with self-ruffled neckline and the other with swallow-pointed collar, each has long, full sleeves with three-button cuffs. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 6/- or 60c includes postage.



3226

3243.—High-yoked, semi-fitted dress with pockets in panel front, three-quarter sleeves, top-stitch trim. Sizes: Sub-Teen, 28, 29, 31, 33in. bust. Young Junior, 30, 31, 33in. bust. Teen, 30, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.

3714.—Semi-fitted A-line dress with away-from-neck collar, three-quarter sleeves, patch pockets, purchased belt passing under pocket flaps, braid trim. Sizes 4 to 12 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.



3243

3595.—Back-buttoned A-line dress with low U-neckline at back and slightly scooped in front. Purchased eyelet ruffle trim. Sizes 2 to 8 (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest). Price 5/- or 50c includes postage.



3715.—Straight-seamed sleeveless dress with high, square yoke, button and top-stitch trim, carriers for low-line self-belt. Sizes 4 to 12 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Price 6/- or 60c includes postage.

3595

3715

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.  
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

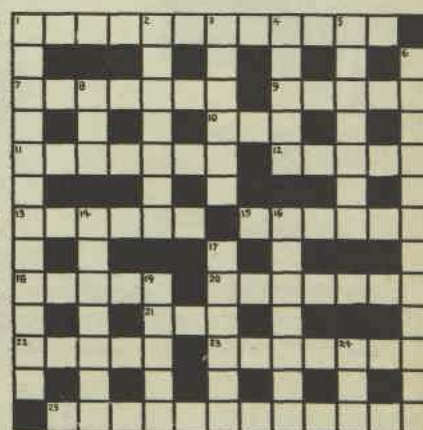
THE COBRA has failed in three attempts to destroy Xanadu and Mandrake, but still he won't give up. He doesn't care how many lives are lost in his efforts to kill. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- They have cells, but never a prisoner in them (3, 9).
- False pronunciation of a word (7).
- Beseech in start (5).
- Horse in the kindergarten (3).
- Smallest of the Great Lakes, North America (7).
- Corrupt a bookie with oil (5).
- Son of Ethelred, known as Ironside (6).
- Sect or stays (6).
- The greatest of Italian poets (5).
- To endure (7).
- Mechanical force in revision (3).
- United, yet say farewell at the end (5).
- Ant and a rat give a blast of horn (7).
- Rural clay pit (anagr., 12).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

- Medical cubes? (8, 4).
- Rule on a protein found in some seeds (7).
- Put to the test a turned stump for a stingray (6).
- Gowns that may be sober (5).
- Drinks that take some beating (3-4).
- A fly in ration (anagr., 12).
- Pussy in location (3).
- The capital of this State of the U.S.A. is Helena (7).
- Lord in a number denoting position in a series (7).
- Result of oxidation I see in characteristic of country people (6).
- Happening that starts smooth (5).
- Melody (3).





## in Paris

*in the Spring — at a sidewalk café — wine and laughter.  
In the fun — Peter Stuyvesant, — so much more to enjoy.*

*In Paris — all over the world — wherever life is fresh, vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the international passport to smoking pleasure. Light up a Stuyvesant. You'll be so glad you did.*

# PETER STUYVESANT

RICH, CHOICE TOBACCOS — PLUS THE MIRACLE FILTER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1964



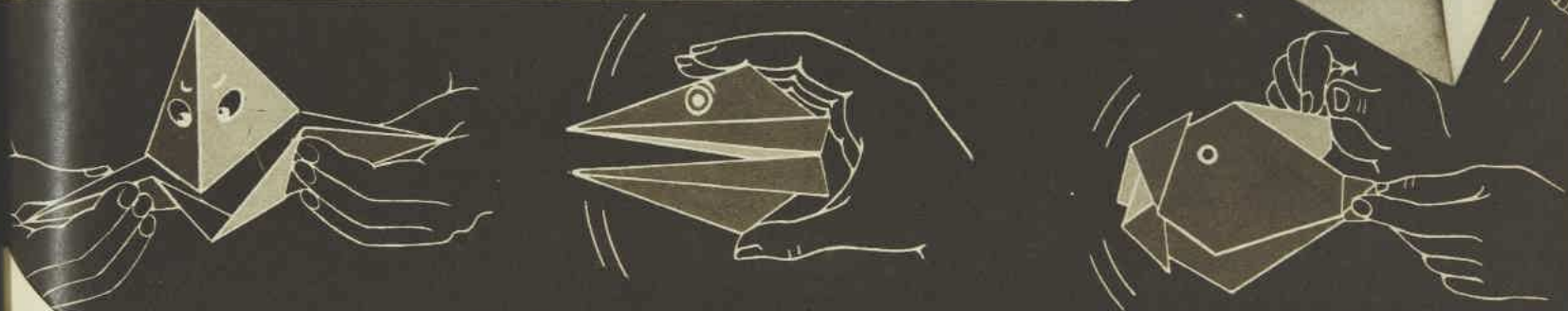
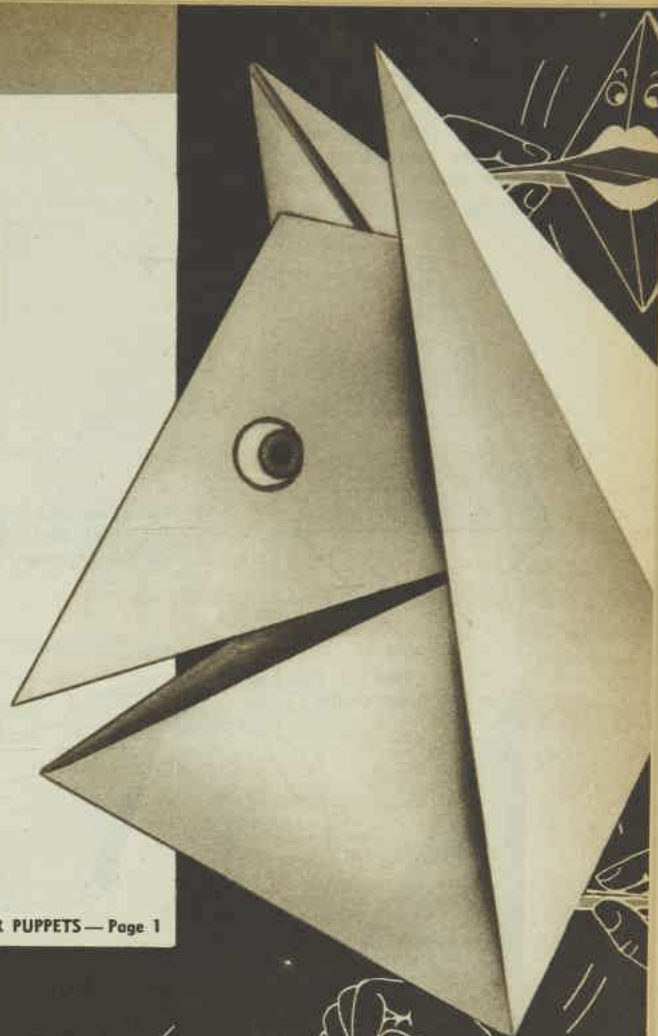
# FOLDING PAPER PUPPETS

◆ Hey, there! That talkative rabbit (see him at the right?) says the Japanese art of paper-folding, called Origami, is fun . . . and that you can make the delightful animated toys, simple puppets, and inexpensive party decorations, too.

## BASIC RULES OF ORIGAMI:

1. Choose a flat, hard surface to work on.
2. Be sure to make your folds straight.
3. Make your creases sharp by pressing along them with your thumbnail.
4. If possible, choose a paper with color, texture, and design that will add beauty and interest to your model.
5. Experiment with different kinds of paper. Try typing paper, gift-wrapping and shelf paper, magazine pages, colored comics, and even stiff fabrics (like buckram) for a variety of effects.

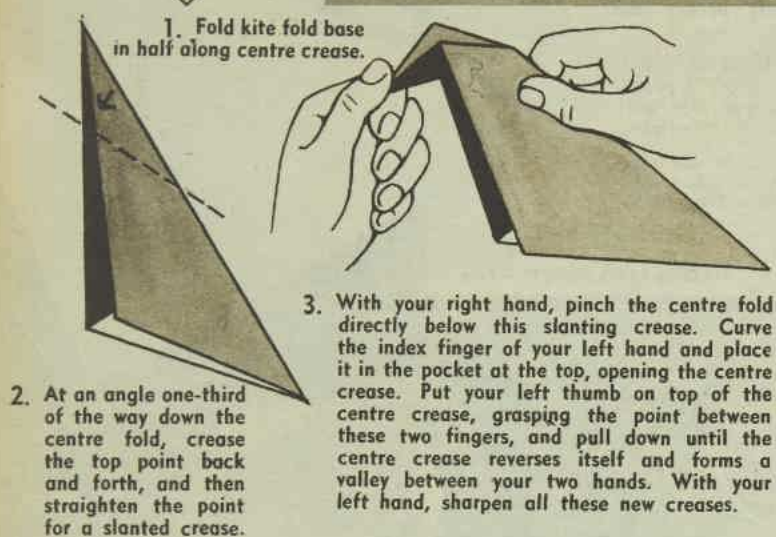
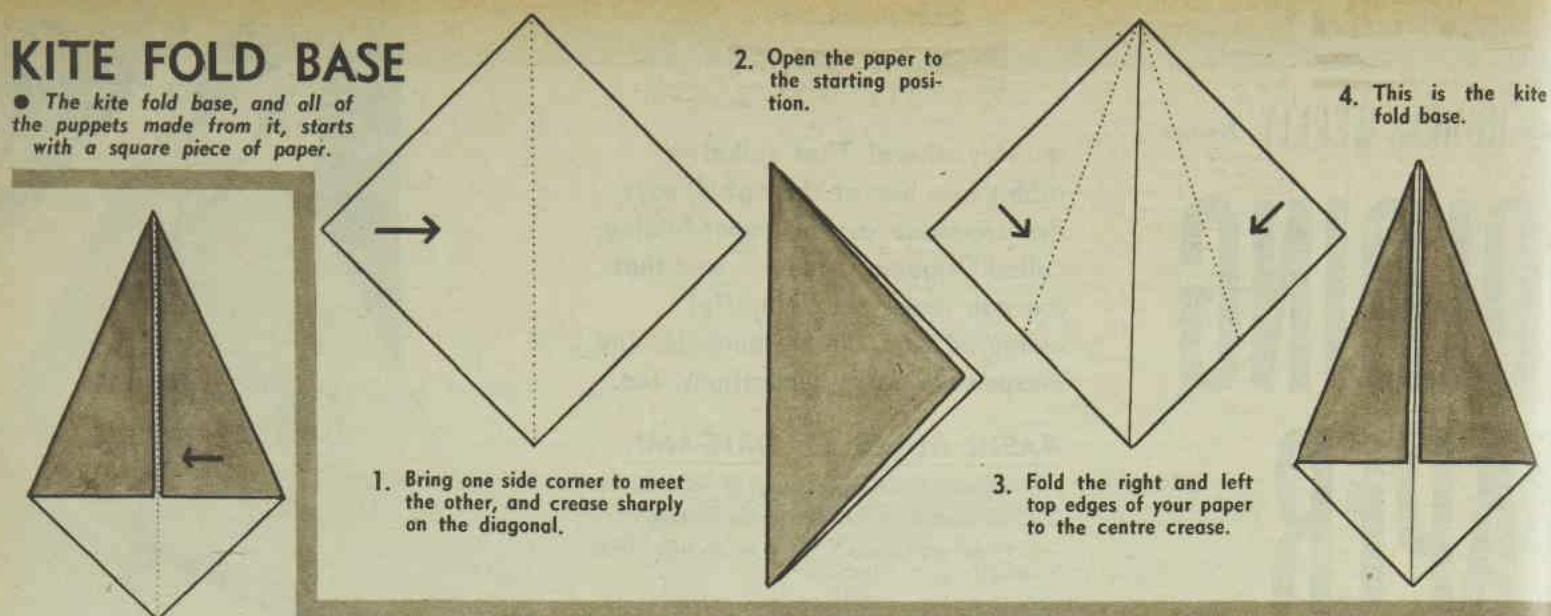
● "Folding Paper Puppets," by Shari Lewis and Lillian Oppenheimer, is published by Frederick Muller Ltd., who also publish "Folding Paper Toys" and "Folding Paper Masks."



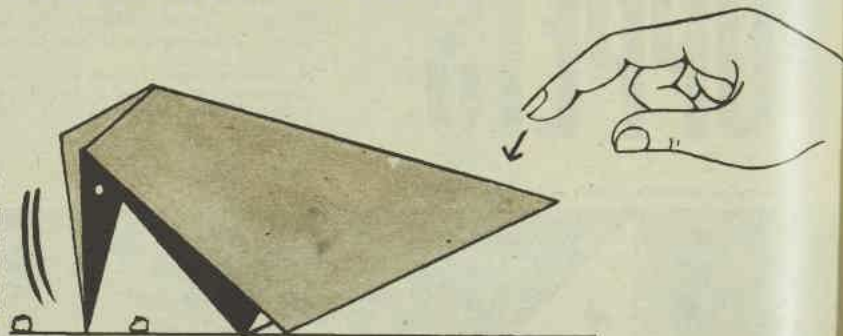


## KITE FOLD BASE

● The kite fold base, and all of the puppets made from it, starts with a square piece of paper.

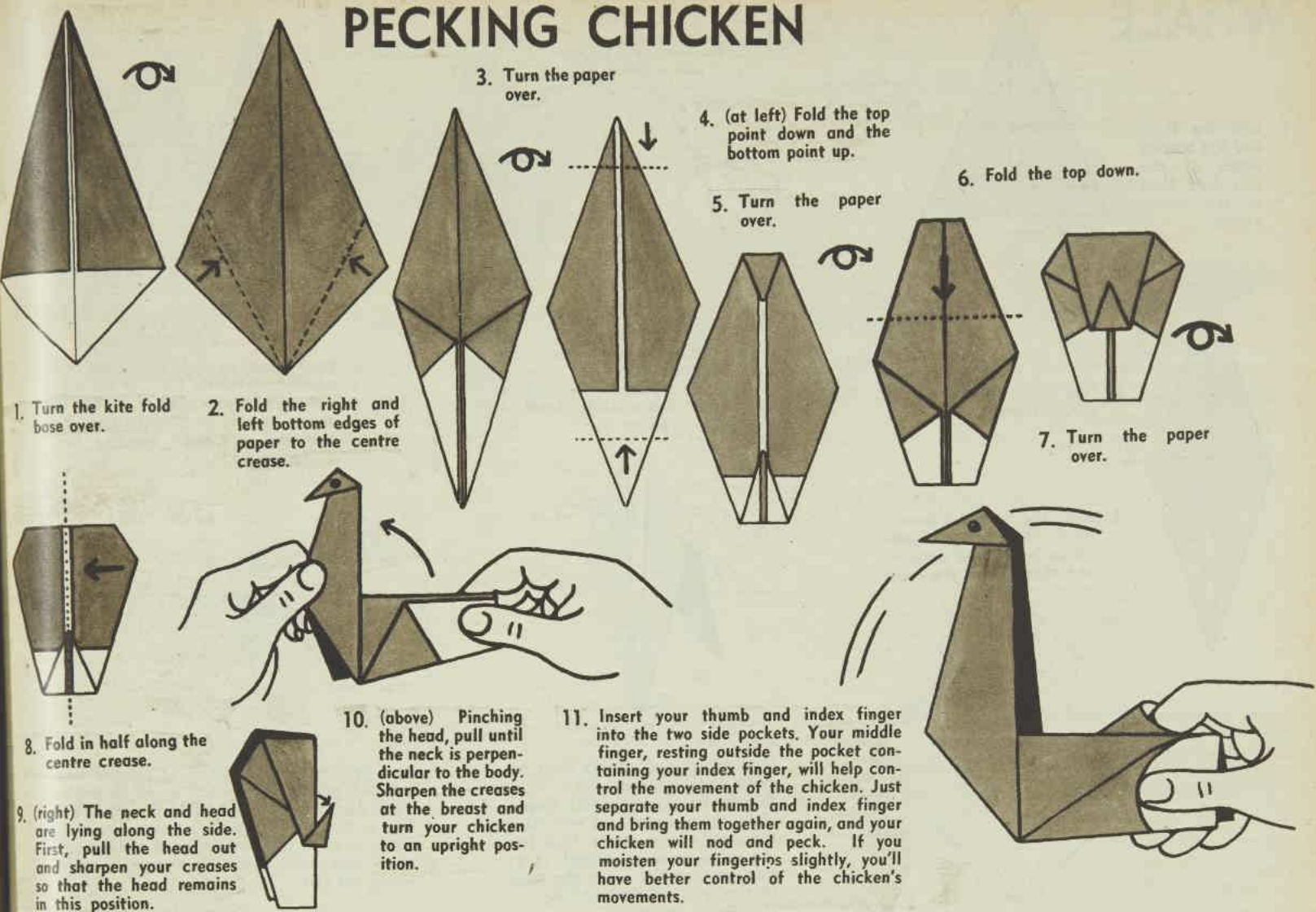


## HUNGRY CROW





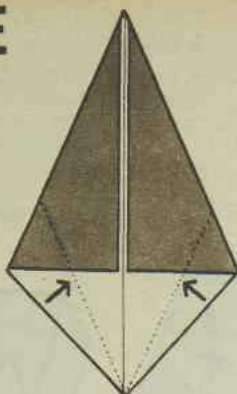
## PECKING CHICKEN



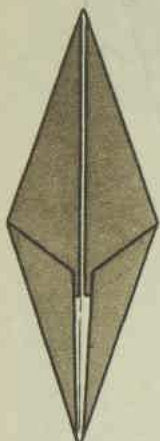


# WHALE

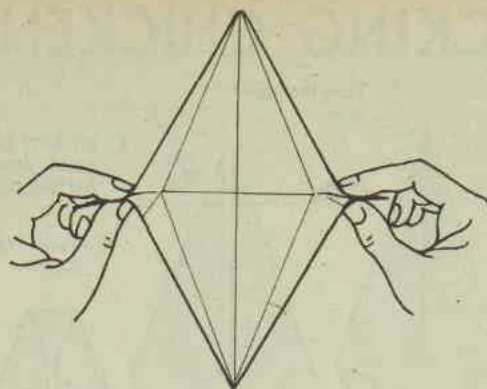
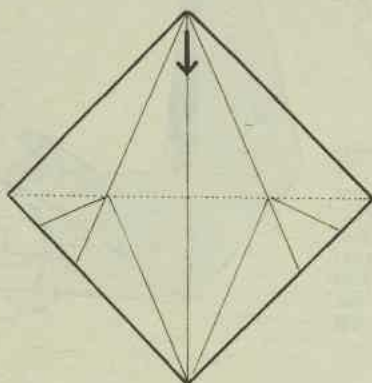
1. Fold the right and left bottom edges of the kite fold base to the centre crease.



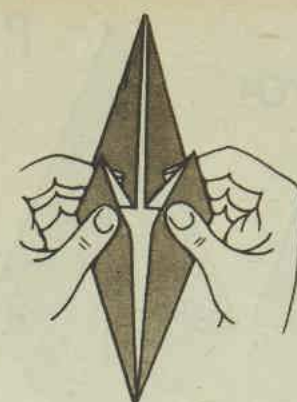
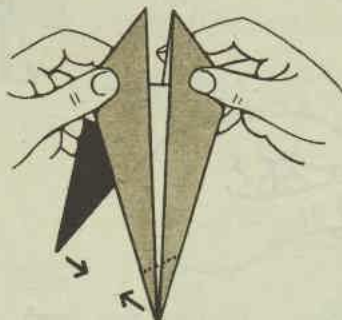
2. Now open the entire piece of paper.



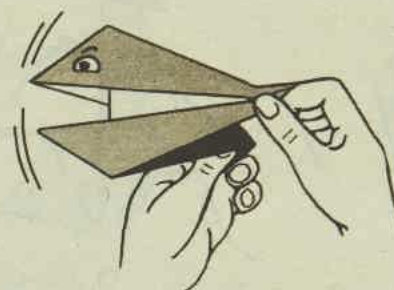
3. Bring the top point down to meet the bottom point, crease along the diagonal, and then reopen the paper.



4. Place your thumb and index finger under the paper at each side corner, pinching the centre fold closed at these points.



5. Bring your hands (and these side points) together in front of the paper and sharpen your creases so that the paper remains in this position. You now have two small standing flaps in the centre.



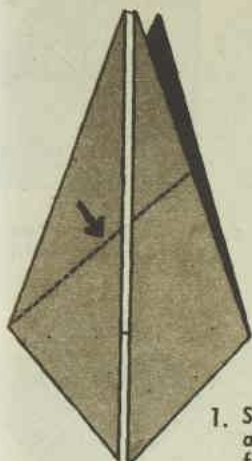
6. Hold these small centre flaps between your thumbs and index fingers. Place your middle fingers under the paper at each side along the small centre crease. Now fold the large upper point back (away from you) until it meets the large bottom point. Crease sharply.

7. Turn your whale to a swimming position and fold the top flap of his tail up at an angle. Turn your whale over and fold the other tail flap so that it points in the opposite direction. Grasp one tail flap in each hand and, as you move your hands apart and together, your whale will talk.

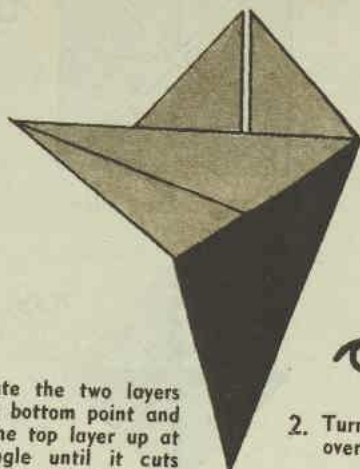


## BLOODHOUND

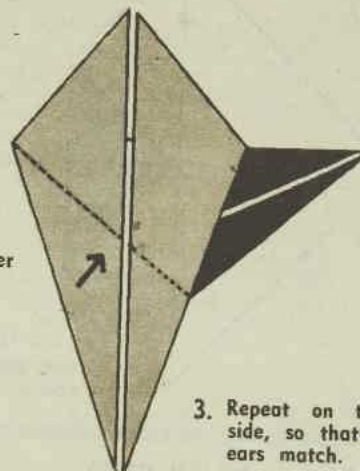
● Start with the kite fold base, and then do Step No. 1 to Step No. 6 of the whale (on opposite page).



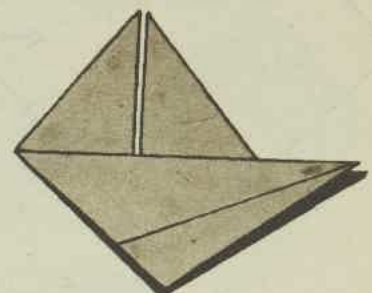
1. Separate the two layers at the bottom point and fold the top layer up at an angle until it cuts across the two side points. Crease it sharply. This is the bloodhound's ear.



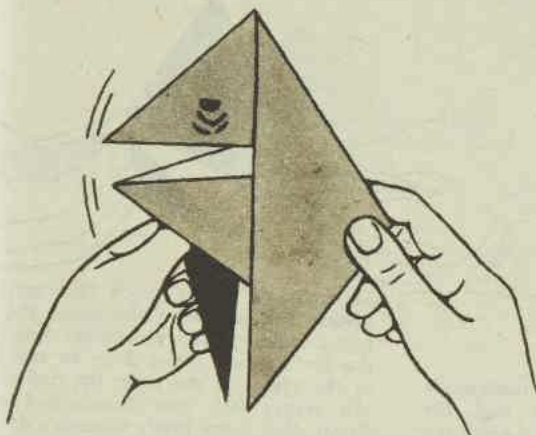
2. Turn the paper over.



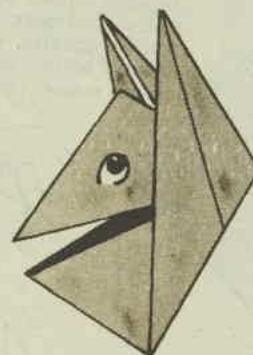
3. Repeat on the other side, so that the two ears match.



4. Turn your bloodhound so that his ears hang down.



5. Hold each ear — not at the bottom but at the back point. Move your hands apart and together and the bloodhound will bark (very quietly, of course!).

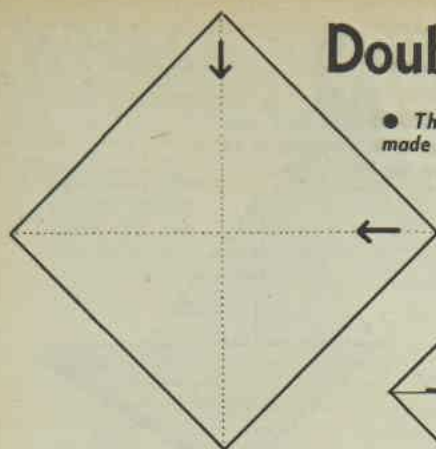


6. Turn the completed paper-fold so that the ears point up. Hold them in the same way as the bloodhound — and you have a TALKATIVE RABBIT.

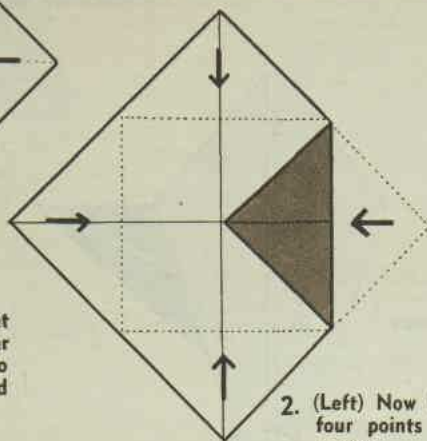


## Double Diagonal Base

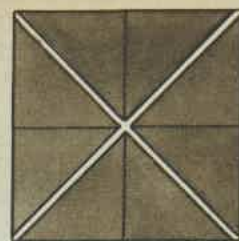
• The double diagonal base, and all the puppets made from it, starts with a square piece of paper.



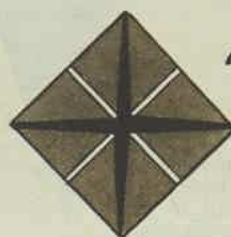
1. Bring the top point down to meet the bottom point, crease the paper sharply, and open it. Bring the two side points together, crease, and open it again.



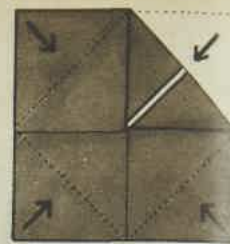
2. (Left) Now fold all four points to the centre.



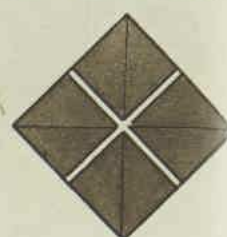
3. Turn the folded paper over.



5. Turn the paper over again.

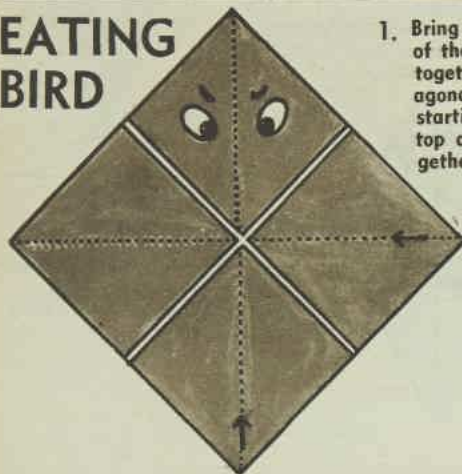


4. Fold each of these new points to the centre.

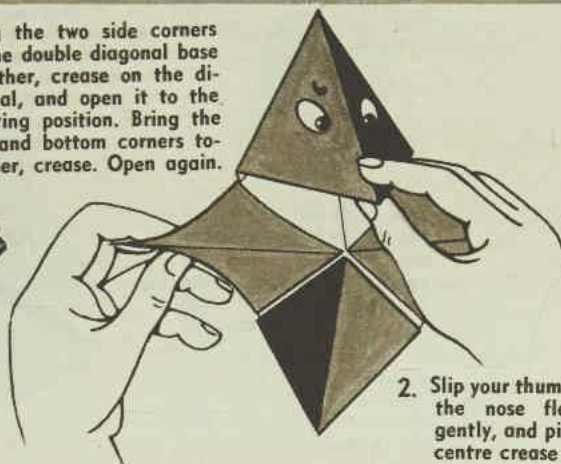


6. This is the double diagonal base.

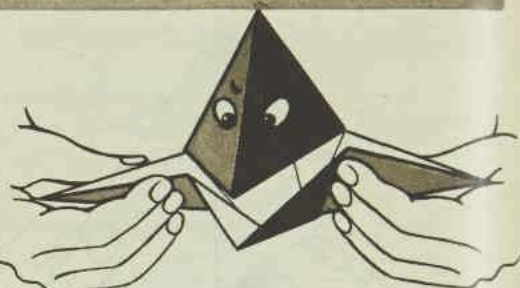
## EATING BIRD



1. Bring the two side corners of the double diagonal base together, crease on the diagonal, and open it to the starting position. Bring the top and bottom corners together, crease. Open again.



2. Slip your thumb under the nose flap, lift gently, and pinch the centre crease so that the nose stands out.

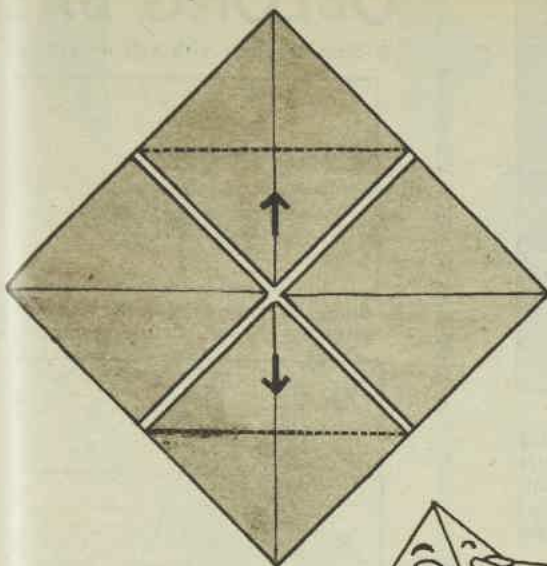


3. At each side corner, pinch the centre fold closed. This will bring the upper and lower beaks together. Slip your index finger into the bird's mouth, press down on the crease in the centre of the lower lip, and sharpen the crease with your thumb and middle finger. Now grasp firmly on each side of the mouth, and the slightest movement of your hands will make your eating bird eat.

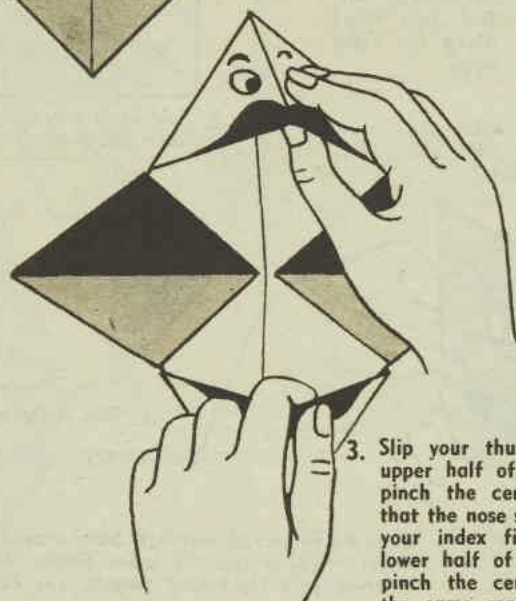
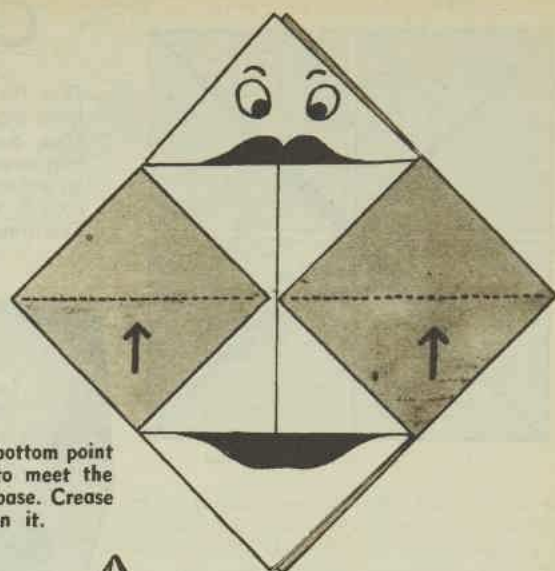


## CHATTERBOX

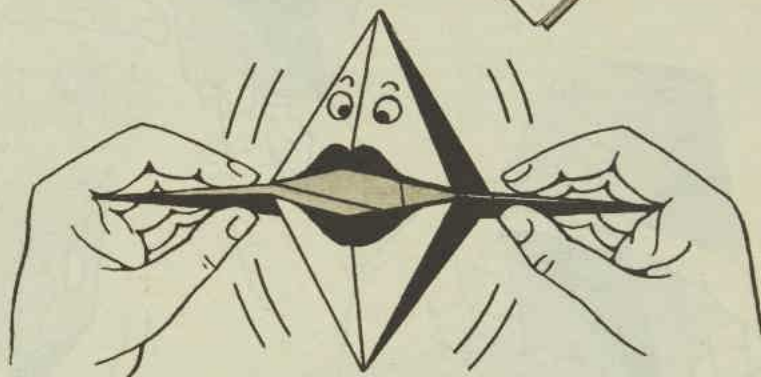
1. You will find four centre flaps in the double diagonal base. Grasp the tip of the upper centre flap and fold it so that the tip of the flap meets the top point of the double diagonal base. In the same way, fold the tip of the lower centre flap to meet the bottom point of the base. These two triangles are the upper and lower halves of the chatterbox's face.



2. (right) Bring the bottom point of the base up to meet the top point of the base. Crease sharply, and open it.



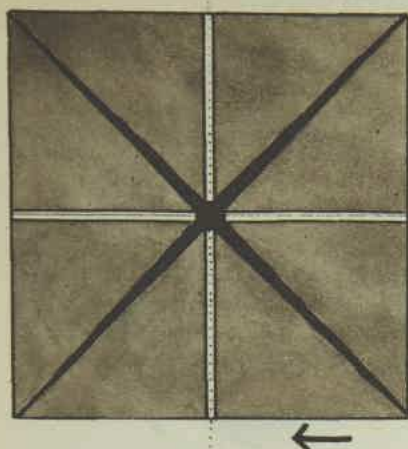
3. Slip your thumb under the upper half of the face and pinch the centre crease so that the nose stands out. Slip your index finger into the lower half of the face and pinch the centre crease in the same manner.



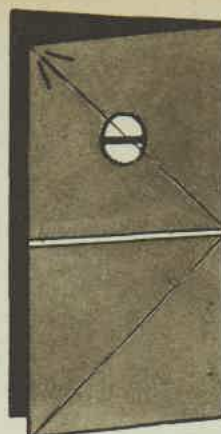
4. Place your thumbs and index fingers under the double diagonal base at each side corner, pinching the centre fold so that the two halves of the face are brought together. Move your fingers up to the sides of the mouth and, by pushing your hands together and apart, you'll make the chatterbox chatter.



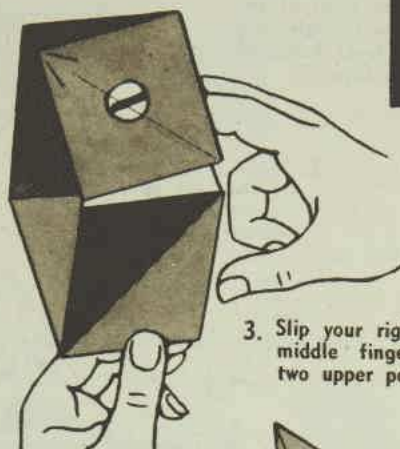
## CAT



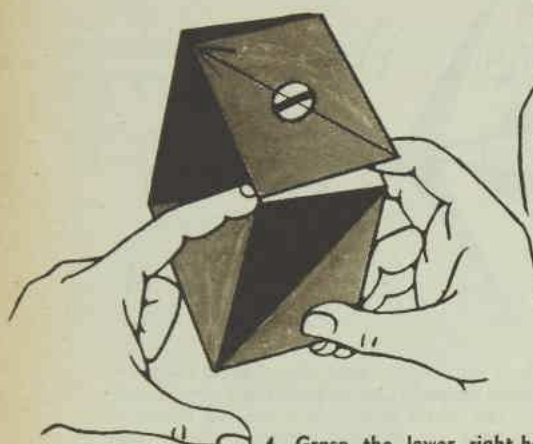
1. Turn the double diagonal base over. Bring the top edge down to meet the bottom edge, crease sharply, and open. Fold the right edge to meet the left edge. This time do not open.



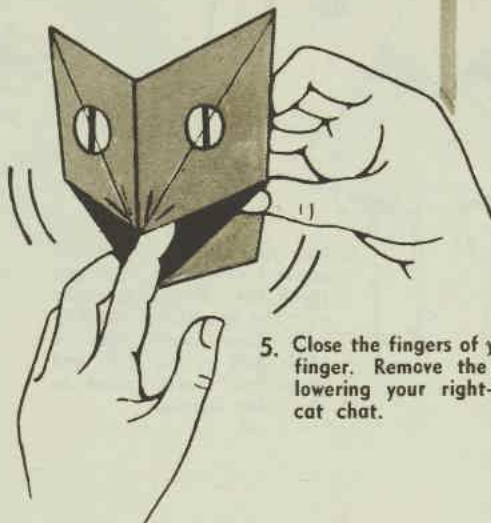
2. Lift the folded paper in your left hand. You will find four flaps along the right edge.



3. Slip your right index and middle fingers into the two upper pockets.



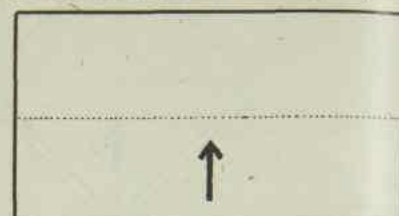
4. Grasp the lower right-hand corner between your right thumb and ring finger. Insert your left index finger into the cat's mouth.



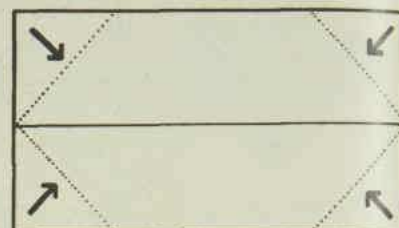
5. Close the fingers of your right hand around the left index finger. Remove the left index finger. By raising and lowering your right-hand fingers, you can make your cat chat.

## OBLONG BASE

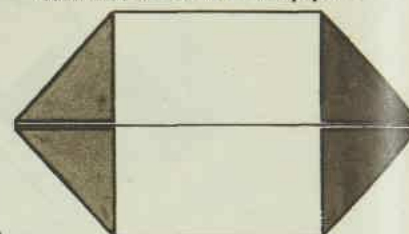
- Start the base with half a square.



1. Bring the lower edge of the rectangle to meet upper edge. Crease sharply; open.

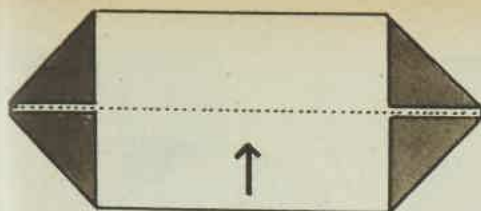


2. Fold each corner to the centre fold so each side comes to a sharp point.



3. This is the oblong base.





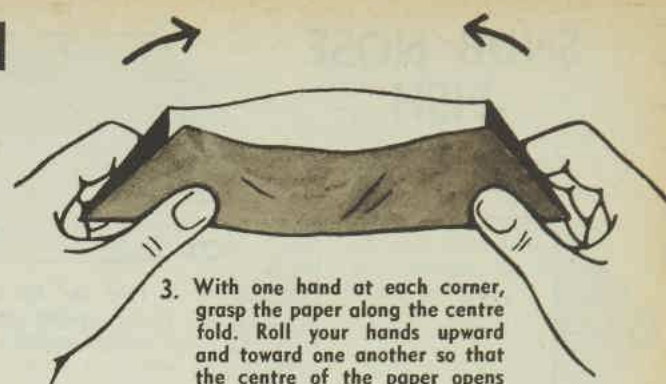
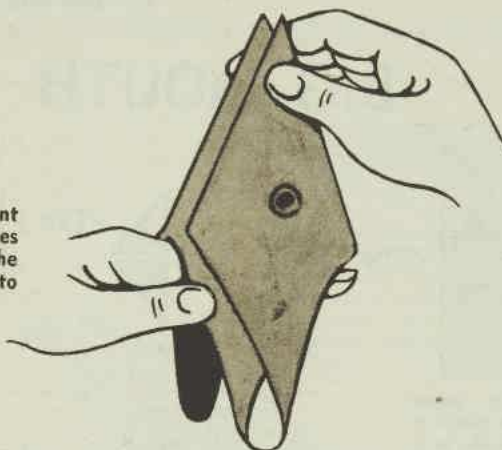
1. Fold the bottom edge of the oblong base to meet the top edge. Do not sharpen this fold.



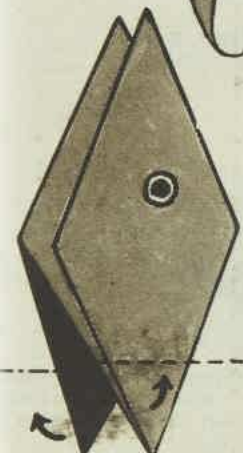
2. The centre fold is now on the bottom.



4. Slip the left point (and the two sides adjacent to the left point) into the right point.

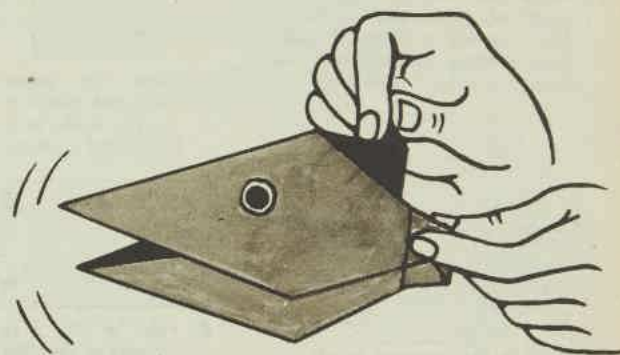


3. With one hand at each corner, grasp the paper along the centre fold. Roll your hands upward and toward one another so that the centre of the paper opens and the two points start to meet.



6. The tail is divided into two fins. Fold back the very tip of the upper fin. Turn the fish over, and fold the other fin in the same way.

7. Grasp one of these tiny tail fins in each hand. When you pull your hands apart, the fish's mouth will open.

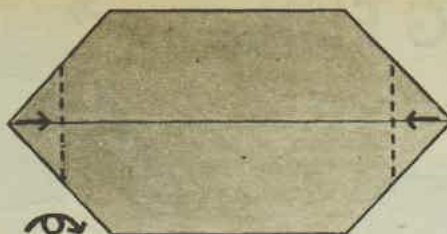
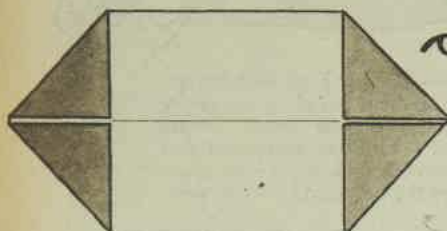


5. Grip these points (now one within the other) in your right hand. This is the fish's mouth, so pinch firmly to keep it shut. Place your left index finger on the round section and tap gently toward the points until you have made a distinct indentation. Place the fish carefully on the table with your right index finger. Wipe your extended left index finger over the entire fish, flattening it tip to tail. Sharpen tail folds.

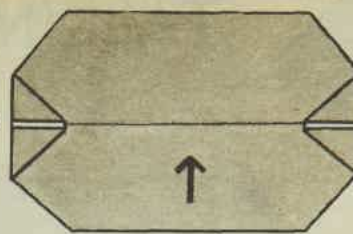


## SNUB NOSE FISH

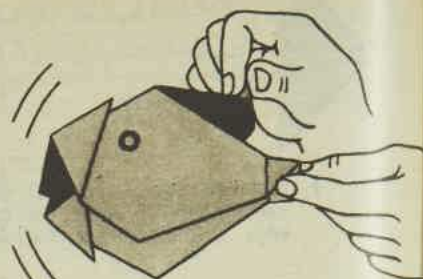
1. Turn the oblong base over.



2. Fold the tip of the two side points to meet the centre crease.

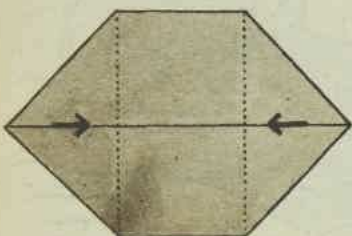


3. Fold the bottom edge up to meet the top edge. Now refer to Step No. 2 of the "Talking Fish" (page 9) and proceed as directed up to Step No. 4. In Step No. 4, slip the left side into the right side until it touches the right centre fold, but do not force the points to meet. Now proceed as directed to Step No. 7. Your snub nose fish will have a little turned-up nose.



## BIG MOUTH

1. Make your oblong base with a piece of paper that is 8in. x 12in., or use a sheet of paper from a large foolscap-size pad. Turn the oblong base over.



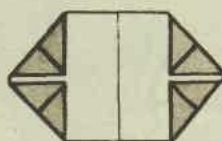
2. Fold in the two side points so that the paper is in thirds.



3. Turn the paper over and place it on the table in a horizontal position.



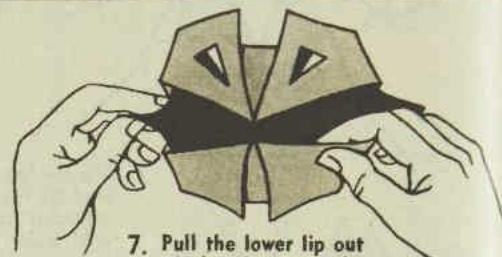
4. Fold in the side corners so that the rectangle comes to a sharp point on each side.



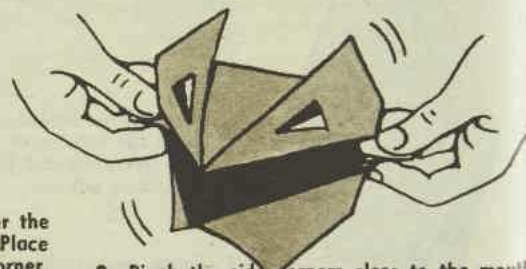
5. Turn the paper over.



6. Now the bottom lip is tucked under the top lip. There are two side corners. Place your index finger on top of a side corner, your thumb and middle finger below the paper, and pinch your index finger between your thumb and middle finger, pressing down to create a crease at the side corner. Repeat with other corner.



7. Pull the lower lip out so that it meets the upper lip.



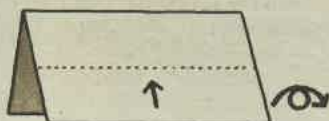
8. Pinch the side corners close to the mouth. By moving your hands together and apart, the big mouth will show you what a big mouth he really has.



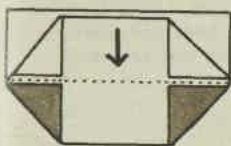
## SNAP DRAGON



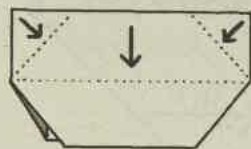
1. Start with a square piece of paper and fold the top edge down to meet the bottom edge.



2. There are now two flaps, one in front and one at the back. Fold the bottom edge of the front flap up to meet the centre fold of the square. Turn the paper over.



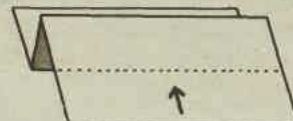
5. Fold the top edge down to meet the bottom edge. Once again, do not include the flap of paper at the back.



6. Now fold the two upper corners down to meet the centre crease and bring the upper edge of this single flap down to meet the bottom edge of your model.



9. Fold both of the back lips down in the same way.



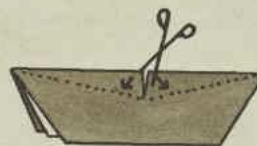
3. Bring the bottom of the flap facing you up to meet the centre fold. Crease sharply and open this flap.



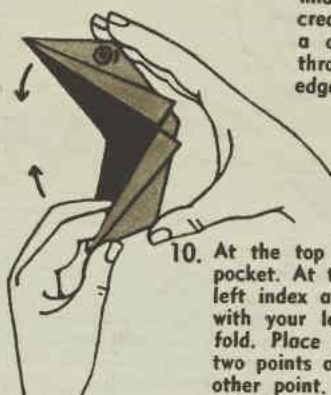
4. Fold the four corners facing you so that they meet this new centre crease. Do not include the flap of paper at the back.



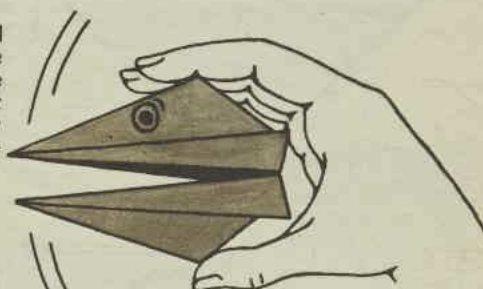
8. You have just created four separate lips. Fold both of the front lips down and turn the paper over.



7. You now have two folded edges on top. At the middle of the centre crease, cut or tear about a quarter of the way through both of these edges.



10. At the top of the model you have an open pocket. At the bottom, two points. Place your left index and middle fingers into the pocket with your left thumb resting on the bottom fold. Place your right thumb on one of the two points and your right index finger on the other point. Now bring these two fingers together. Remove your left hand and you will have closed the snap dragon's mouth.

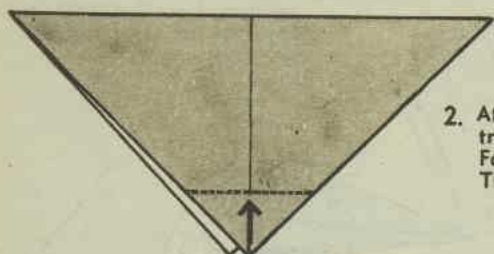
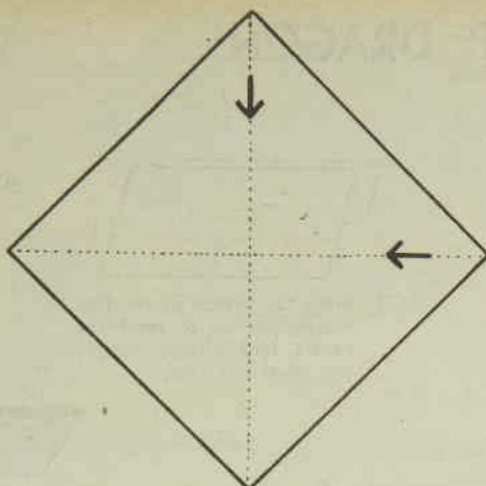


11. By opening and closing your right hand, you can make your snap dragon snap.

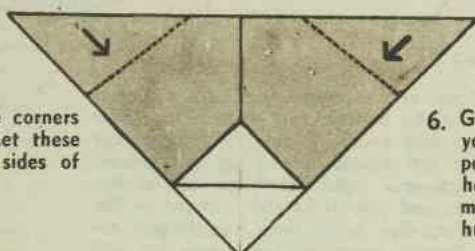


# PIG

1. Start with a square piece of paper. Bring the two side points together. Then crease sharply and open the paper. Fold the top point down to meet the bottom point. Do not open the paper.

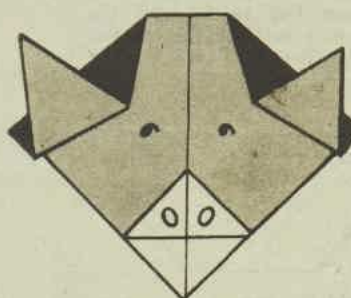
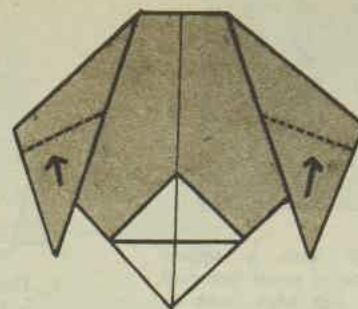


2. At the bottom point of the triangle there are two flaps. Fold the top flap up a bit. This creates the pig's snout.



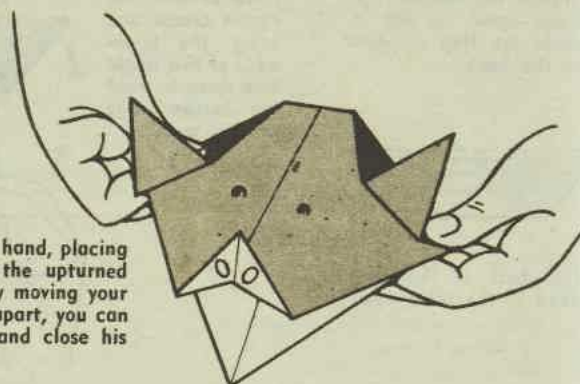
3. Fold both of the side corners down to form ears. Let these ears cut across the sides of the pig's face.

4. Fold the points of the ears up, allowing each point to extend just past the edge of each ear.



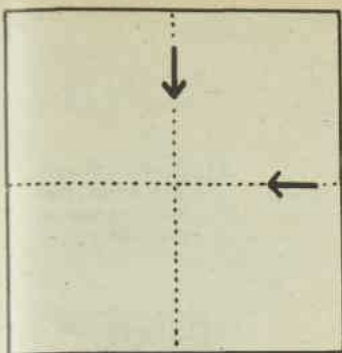
5. This is your pig. He has a crease running down the front and back of his face. With your fingernail, carefully sharpen this crease in front and at the back.

6. Grasp an ear in each hand, placing your fingers behind the upturned points of the ears. By moving your hands together and apart, you can make the pig open and close his hungry little mouth.





# FOX

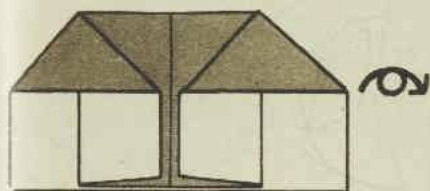


1. Bring the right edge of the square to meet the left edge. Crease sharply and open the paper. Then fold the top edge down to meet the bottom edge. Do not open.

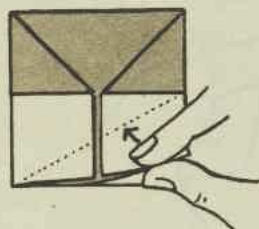


2. Fold both sides to the centre crease.

3. Lift the top layer of the right flap, insert your index finger, and flatten the triangular "roof" that appears.



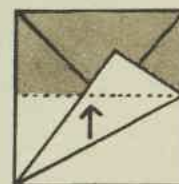
4. Repeat with the left flap, and turn the paper over.



5. Fold both sides to the centre crease.



6. At the bottom of the paper there are now two distinct layers. Lift only the upper and fold it diagonally from the lower left corner to the middle of the right side.

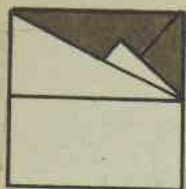


7. Now raise the lower left corner of the same layer as far as it will go and crease sharply.

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## FOX (cont.)



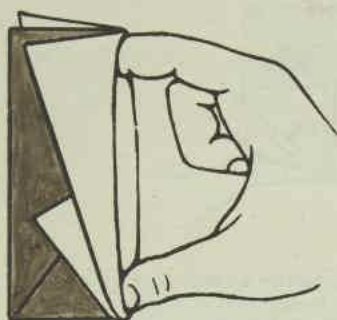
8. Turn the paper over.

9. Repeat Step No. 6, folding diagonally from the lower right corner to the middle of the left side.

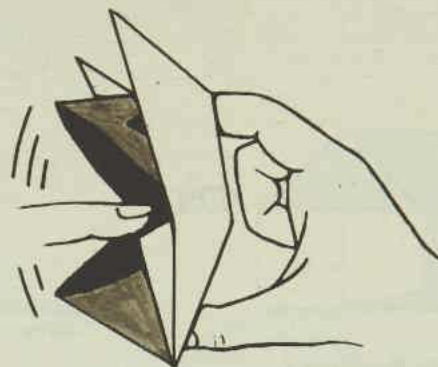


10. Raise the right corner as far as it will go.

11. Crease sharply. The open "pocket" is now at the bottom.



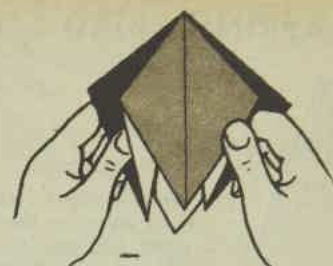
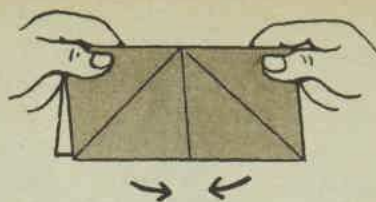
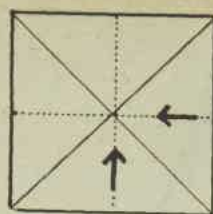
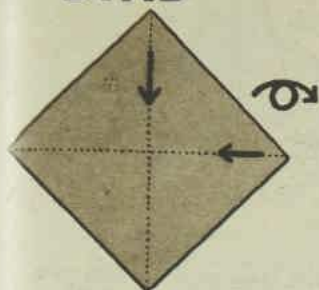
12. Insert your right thumb and index finger into the corners of this "pocket."



13. Press your left index finger against the centre fold, and "bite" this finger with the fingers inside the pocket. Remove the left finger. By repeating this biting motion, the fox will talk; whether he's a sly fox or not is up to you!



# FLAPPING BIRD

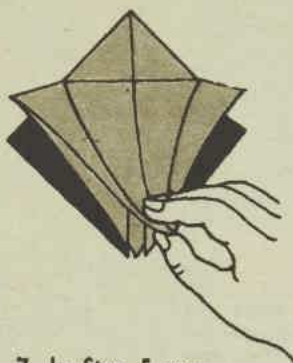
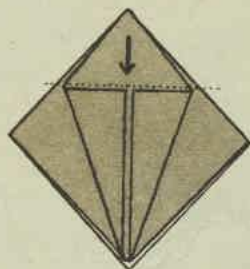
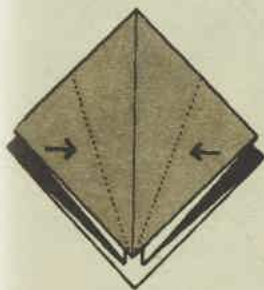


2. Bring the side edges together, crease, and open. Fold the top edge to meet the bottom edge. Do not open.

3. Grasping the upper corners, push your hands together. You now have four sections.

4. Flatten two of these sections on each side, forming a small square.

1. Bring the top point of the square down to meet the bottom point, crease sharply, and open the paper. Bring the two side points together, crease, and open. Turn the paper over.



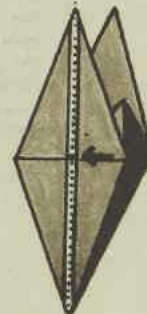
9. Turn the paper over and repeat Steps Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8.

5. Lifting only the upper section on the right side, fold the open edge to meet the centre crease. Repeat with the upper section on the left side.

6. There is now a small angle on top. Bring down the point and crease along the base of this angle, and lift the point once again.

7. In Step 5 you folded two sections to meet the centre crease. Now run your index finger down this centre crease, separating these two sections. At the very bottom point, lift the point of the single top layer.

8. Pinch together the layer exposed by lifting the point, simultaneously pulling this point as far as it can go, until you have formed a long diamond. Flatten and crease the edges.



10. On the right side there are two layers, one on top of the other. Lift only the top layer, and fold this right side point to meet the left side point.

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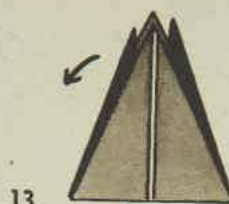
## FLAPPING BIRD (cont.)



11. Turn the paper over. You now have three layers on the right side. Once again lift only the top layer and fold the right side point to meet the left side point.



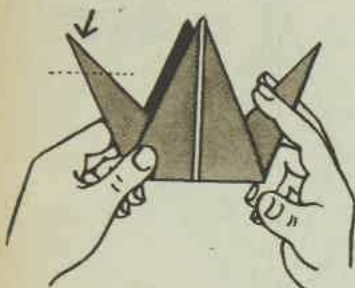
12. At the bottom of your diamond you have two wings. Lift the wing facing you and fold it up so that the tip of the wing meets the two points at the top of the diamond. Turn the paper over and fold up the other wing, so that the four points meet on top.



13. Hold the triangle in your right hand. On top there are two inner points between the two wings.



14. Grasp the left inner point between your index and middle fingers and pull this point out to form the bird's neck. With your thumb and ring fingers, pinch the folds at the base of the neck to keep the neck in this position.



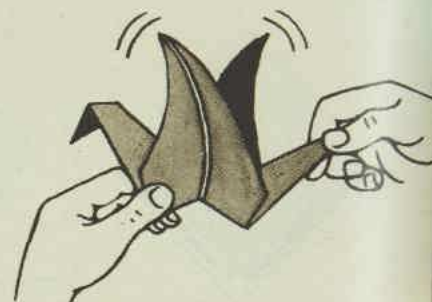
15. In the same way, pull out the right inner point. To form the bird's head, fold the tip of the neck down at an angle, crease sharply, and then fold back and forth along this same crease. Now straighten the point. (You've created a slanting crease.)



16. With your right hand, pinch the centre fold of the neck directly below this slanting crease. Place your left index finger into the pocket under the centre crease so that it opens the centre crease at the top point only. Put your left thumb on top of the centre crease, pinching the point between these two fingers, and pull down until the centre crease reverses itself and forms a valley between your two hands. With your left hand, sharpen all these new creases.



17. Now, with your left hand, grasp the middle of the bird. Gently roll the wing around your right index finger. Curl the other wing the same way.



18. Pinch the point at the base of the neck with one hand, pull the tail with the other (gently, now!), and your flapping bird will live up to his name.